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A PRISONER AMONG FILIPINOS.

By Lieutenant-Commander James C. Gillmore, U. S. N.

With Illustrations by W. R. Leigh, from Sketches and Plans by the Author, and drawn under his personal supervision.

Editor's Note.—In the following paper, and in another to be published in the September number of McClure's Magazine, Lieutenant Gillmore tells the story of his boat-battle with Filipinos on the east coast of Luzon, his capture and narrow escape from execution, his extraordinary experiences during eight months of captivity, his journeys for hundreds of miles through the interior of Luzon, and his rescue by American troops just after he and his six comrades had been abandoned by their guards in the mountains and when their murder by the savage tribes seemed imminent.

FOR more than eight months a little band of fifty Spanish officers and men had held out against 500 Filipinos. The Spaniards were in a church at Baler, a straggling town on the east coast of Luzon. They had barricaded doors and windows, and transformed the shambling old church into a rude fortress, stocked with provisions and ammunition. Night and day, by unceasing vigilance they had fought off the persistent besiegers. Admiration for human bravery is as wide as the world, and stops at no frontiers of race or nation. Admiral Dewey and General Otis, the American naval and military commanders at Manila, though not without troubles of their own, felt deep sympathy for the handful of Spaniards engaged in that long, desperate struggle against heavy odds. At length a rescuing expedition was decided on, and the "Yorktown" was assigned to the difficult task of relieving the besieged men. I had just arrived in the Philippines, and right glad was I when ordered aboard the "Yorktown" as navigating officer. The adventure was quite to my liking. We steamed from Manila round the southern coast of Luzon and arrived at Baler Bay April 11th.

A wooded shore spread out before us. We could smell the fragrance of the forest. At the southern side of the bay was a small cove, where luxuriant plants and underbrush ran almost to the water's edge, and the shadows of the forest fell invitingly upon sandy beach and rippling shoals. Just north of this was the mouth of the Baler River, and along the shore upon the far side we could see a number of sentry boxes, and Filipino soldiers running about among them, apparently in a state of great excitement. The town of Baler was not to be seen, even from the masthead of the "Yorktown," for it lay two miles up the river, and was screened by the tropical forest which grew all round it. Before plans could be laid for the relief of the garrison it was necessary to locate the church and the enemy's defenses, if any existed. Accordingly Ensign Standley was sent ashore under a flag of truce. His instructions were to communicate with the Spaniards, if the insurgents would permit him to do so, and if he thought it prudent

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to make the effort. To his surprise the native officers promptly agreed to permit him to visit the church, accompanied by an interpreter and two of his men. There was something suspicious about the alacrity with which the natives assented to this proposal. Filipino treachery was not by any means an unknown thing among our American troops, and Ensign Standley decided not to place himself within the power of the uncertain foe. He returned to the ship and offered to lead a scouting party ashore.

The commanding officer of the "Yorktown" at once sent for me. He had a little job for me to do, one which would probably keep me away from the ship for an hour or two. I was to take a boat and crew next morning, and under cover of darkness land Ensign Standley and Quartermaster Lysac, who were to make a reconnoissance. I was not to go ashore myself, but having landed the two men was to sound at the river's mouth and survey the coast. If necessary I was to make a demonstration, which might serve to divert attention from the two scouts.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER J. C. GILLMORE, U. S. N.

Drawn from life, June, 1900, Washington, D. C.

THE LANDING.

It was still dark when we left the ship in the second cutter a little after four o'clock the morning of the 12th. There were seventeen of us in the boat, all told—Standley and Lysac, the scouts; myself and boat crew composed of Chief Quartermaster Walton, Sailmaker's Mate Voudoit, Coxwain Ellsworth, Gunner's Mate Nygard, Seamen Rynders, Woodbury, Brisolese, and McDonald, Landsmen Dillon, Morrissey, Edwards, and Anderson, and Apprentices Venville and Peterson. With muffled oars, and every man forbidden to speak above a whisper, we pulled for the cove. In the thickest of the shore-line shadows we landed the two scouts, who quickly disappeared in the woods. Not a sound had we made, and we were flattering ourselves that the stupid Filipinos had been completely outwitted; but at the critical moment, as we were pulling out of the cove, the day came down upon us. Like a flash the tropical dawn spread over sea and coast, first lifting the "Yorktown" out of darkness, then dissolving the shadows round about our boat, and finally blotting out the blackness of the wooded shore-line, and streaking and dotting it with expanding lights. The men rowed silently and swiftly toward the ship, while I swept the shore with my glass. I saw a patrol pacing to and fro upon the beach. He walked sleepily. His gun was held at a lazy angle over his shoulder. Suddenly he paused. The butt of his rifle was plumped down into the sand. His right hand came up to shield his eyes from the fast-rising eastern light. Then he started running and waving his arms, and out over the waters I could hear the echoes of his shouts of alarm.

Nothing would have been easier for us than to finish rowing our way back to the "Yorktown." But the two shipmates hiding over there in the woods were first to be thought of. Fearing the sentry might suspect we had landed men in the cove, and wishing to do all I could to deceive him and thus avert pursuit of our scouts, I had the boat pulled round to the mouth of the river, as if we had been seeking the river all the time, but had gone into the cove by mistake. To promote the deception, I stopped at the bar to make soundings and to sketch the

coast, as ostentatiously as I could, as if that were the only errand which had called us forth so early in the morning. Then we continued up the river for about a thousand yards, sounding and sketching as we went along. I knew that we should have to sustain the fire of the enemy as we came out of the river, but we were not afraid of that. Filipino marksmanship is never good; besides, we had a Colt gun in the bow of our boat, and most of our crew were armed with Lee rifles, which they knew how to use, and their ammunition belts were well filled. To tell the truth, we were more than willing to have a little brush with the foe, especially if that would help to avert suspicion and danger from brave Standley and Lysac, who had a few moments before jumped into the enemy's country with their guns and their lives in their hands. Our ruse worked successfully so far as the scouts were concerned, for they got back to the ship that afternoon. We were not so lucky.

When we had pulled up the river as far as I thought it prudent to go, we found the right bank high, steep, and thickly wooded. We had no reason to fear attack from that quarter, but cautiously kept well over to the other side of the channel. There the shore was low and marshy, deep with mud, covered with high swamp grass; clearly the enemy could not get at us from this bank.

DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

"The natives lined us up in a row on the sand-bar. . . . they were going to shoot us."

THE AMBUSH.

I had just given the order to return, and the men were in the act of swinging the cut-

ter round, when before our astonished eyes the low mud shore lifted into a bit of high, wooded ground. It was not more than fifty or sixty yards from us. There stood a sentry, and he saw us the very moment we saw him. He fired his rifle as a signal, and disappeared in the woods. Still, we did not fully realize our danger. We thought we should be attacked, but we could reply. If the range was short for the foe, it was no longer for us. If worst came to worst, we could pull farther off; and then there was the rapid-firing Colt. Trouble was coming—that seemed clear enough—but on the whole we were rather glad, and we had not the slightest doubt the other fellows were going to get at least their fair share of it.

Trouble came more quickly than we had bargained for. Within a minute after the disappearance of the sentry a volley burst out of the thick brush which covered the bit of high ground. Bullets hissed all round us. Some of them took effect. Morrissey was shot through the head and instantly killed. His brains flew over the boat and the crew. He fell heavily, like a tree struck by lightning, and carried another man down with him. Dillon was pulling at his oar. A ball caught him in the eye, and he never knew what had hit him. He, too, toppled over and plowed down through the sailors sitting, oars in hand, upon the thwarts, knocking one or two of them into the bottom of the boat. Rynders, the starboard stroke oar, felt something go wrong with his left hand. A chance shot, running along the oar and taking advantage of the tense muscles and taut joints, had cut off all the fingers as a surgeon's knife might have done it. The man held the bleeding stumps up for me to see.

"You are fearfully wounded, Rynders," said I; "you may drop your oars."

"Oh, no, it is not much," he replied; "I am used to this sort of thing. I used to be in the Dutch navy."

That he had once served in the Java fleet was one of Rynders' little hobbies, and as he returned to his work I had just time to think something about the ruling passion. Then I looked at the other men. They, too, were calm. They did not speak to one another or cry out. They were trying their best to obey my order to back oars so as to work the boat farther out. Some of the landsmen were firing their Lees. Walton and Voudoit were in the bow, trying to get the Colt into action again. They had fired a few rounds from it, but it had been disabled by the enemy's second volley, the ammunition box being shattered and the loading tape cut. The two men were cool and deliberate, but they were not able to repair the gun. Walton had the visor of his cap shot away. Voudoit found several holes in his jacket.

THE BOAT-BATTLE.

More volleys came cracking and hissing at us from out of the brush. I was standing in the stern of the boat. By my side were McDonald and Nygard. They fell, both mortally wounded, adding their bodies to the heap which was fast accumulating in the cutter's bottom. At this moment it seemed to me my boat-crew had almost disappeared. As a matter of fact, two men were lying in the bottom of the boat, dead. Two were mortally wounded—Dillon was just then dying. Two more were seriously wounded, and two or three, who had been toppled over by the fall of their comrades, were struggling out from under the mass of bleeding flesh. The wounded were begging us to shoot them, that they might not fall into the hands of the savages. Their cries were heart-rending. There was blood everywhere—on men, oars, thwarts, guns. Still, those of us who survived—and who were able to handle a rifle—managed to return the enemy's fire. The worst was, we could not see any one to shoot at. We could not even see the smoke from the insurgents' rifles, so warily did they cling to their ambush in the thick undergrowth. I remember most vividly the fierce desire I had at that moment to get back at the foe—to see some of them fall and bite the dust and writhe in pain as our men were doing. For a short time the fighting instinct crowded out of my mind pity and fear.

Having no other weapon than a revolver, useless at that range, I reached for the rifle dropped by one of the dead. It had been hit in the lock, and the clip was jammed in.

Venville, one of our apprentice boys, attempted to fix it. A bullet went through the flesh of his neck.

"Mr. Gillmore, I'm hit," he said. But he continued working at the rifle.

A second shot plowed through the boy's breast and came out in his arm-pit.

"I'm hit again, Mr. Gillmore!"

He was still trying to pull out the jammed clip when a ball cut a furrow in the left side of his head.

"Mr. Gillmore, they've hit me again!"

THE BRAVERY OF A BOY.

He wiped the blood from his brow and eyes with his coat-sleeve, and then returned to his task as calmly as if it were only a mosquito that had stung him. It was not three minutes till a ball crashed into his ankle, inflicting a painful hurt. There was just a slight quiver in the lad's voice as he looked up to me and said:

"Mr. Gillmore, I'm hit once more. But I've fixed the gun, sir!"

This beardless boy of seventeen had never been under fire before.*

I heard bullets singing past me. One cut the loose folds of my blouse. Others passed so near to my face that I could feel little whirrs of air brushing cool against the skin. Obviously the insurgents were concentrating their fire upon me. First McDonald and Nyberg, and then little Venville, had stopped the bullets which just missed the man at whom they were aimed. I fired at the brush again and again, but it was maddening to hear the incessant whistle of bullets and see one's men dropping round him and not be able to draw sight upon a single one of the foe. I had been under fire before, but never like this. I remember when I stood upon the deck of the "St. Paul" as we attacked the "Terror" off San Juan. Heavy shot were flying, and there was danger, but I did not mind it at all. There every man had as good a chance as every other man—it was only a few shot against a big ship. Here I felt that I was the target, the hunted man, and this made it all the more bitter to be compelled to endure a galling fire which could not be effectively returned. Would the cowards never show themselves?

Now the boat was drifting with the strong tide nearer and nearer the enemy. The men at the oars worked nobly—and it required nerve to sit there and keep stroke with one's back turned to a rain of lead—but no headway was made. Several of the starboard oars had been shattered by the heavy .45 Remington balls, and that side of the cutter was pierced with many bullet-holes. Ellsworth, the coxswain, who also occupied an exposed position, flinched not a hair's breadth under the hot fire, but coolly directed and encouraged his men. Seeing that it was useless to struggle further with the oars, Ellsworth, Woodbury, and Edwards jumped overboard on the port side and tried to swim the boat out. Despite their efforts, we drifted slowly toward a bank of sand. Soon we struck. More bullets whistling round our heads, and still not an enemy to be seen! Do the wretches never intend to show themselves in the open?

THE CAPTURE.

Here they come, after all—a motley crew, like savages, half-nude, some in shirts, some with only trousers, a few with nothing more than breech-clouts, armed with bolos, spears, and a rifle here and there, all mad with joy, yelling and brandishing their weapons—running down the spit of sand from the right bank of the river. They were Tagals, Principes, and other tribesmen. By my order the white flag was hoisted at this moment. The man who held it aloft received a ball in the wrist, and the banner came fluttering down to the bottom of the boat. If the tide would not let us get away, if the foe would not permit us to make surrender, there was one thing we could do with what strength we had left, and that was to go on fighting. We resumed our fire.

From the left bank we had heard nothing up to this time but the crack of unseen rifles. Now a voice rang out from the thicket. It announced to us in Spanish that unless we ceased firing and surrendered we should all be murdered in our tracks. The tones were those of an officer—a voice accustomed to command—and realizing that the threat might quickly be made good, I threw up my arms in token of submission. There were no more shots.

In an instant the savage band were upon us. They were wild with excitement. They jabbered incessantly, and threatened us with their bolos and spears. But they did us no harm. One by one, those of us who were living they took out of the boat. They were not rough or cruel. They treated the wounded carefully. More than our lives they appeared to covet our personal belongings. In a twinkling we were stripped of our coats, hats, shoes. They rifled our pockets for money, watches. They even pulled the rings from our fingers. All this time my men were calm and silent. They did not resist.

THE INTERRUPTED CEREMONY.

Then the natives lined us up in a row on the sand-bar. They tied our hands behind

* The fate of the boy Venville is unknown. Lieutenant Gillmore has done his best to learn what became of the lad, and in his inquiry has had the assistance of Admiral Watson. The wounded apprentice was left at Baler, and no tidings of him have since been received.

our backs with bamboo thongs. We thought they were merely making ready to carry us away as prisoners. But soon we perceived it was worse than that—they were going to shoot us. By signs I objected to having my arms bound. I tried to show that it was my right as an officer to die with my hands free. This brought on a difference of opinion, a noisy discussion, among our captors, who, though soldiers in the Filipino army, appeared to be without officers and without discipline. The delay thus secured, short as it was, served a good purpose. The natives who carried guns stepped out in front of us. They lowered their rifles and cocked them. They were taking aim. I was just thinking: "Well, it will all be over in a few seconds —why did I not take out more life insurance before I left home?" when we heard a shout from the right bank. We all looked that way, Tagals and Americans. A native officer came running toward us along the sand-spit. He was shouting and brandishing a sword. We did not understand him, but the Filipinos did. They dropped their rifles and crowded about us. We were not to be shot, so it didn't make any difference about that life insurance, after all.

This Tagal officer sent us aboard our boat and ordered us to row over to the left bank of the river. We started to obey, but had to stop and bale out the cutter and plug up the bullet holes in its side. When we reached the opposite bank, an officer and forty men were drawn up to receive us. The officer was a Spaniard. We were allowed to take the two mortally wounded men out of the boat, and make them as comfortable as we could in the shade of trees. All we could do was to place tourniquets on their wounds and leave water beside them. The natives would not permit us to bury our dead comrades, and their bodies were left lying in the boat. I asked the officer to have a surgeon sent down to look after the wounded, but I could never ascertain whether this was done or not.

Leaving our dead and dying behind and carrying our wounded with us, we were marched under guard to the commandante's office, a mile or so away. We passed within sight of the church where the Spanish garrison were still besieged. The outer walls had been battered down, but the natives were careful not to go within gunshot, and by this we knew the Spaniards were still on guard within. Besides, a Spanish ensign was flying from the top of the fortress, and I confess it did me good to see it there. On our way to the commandante's Woodbury said to me:

"Mr. Gillmore, I think I am wounded."

"Pull up your shirt and let me see."

Sure enough, in the fleshy part of his back I found a gaping wound. In it was a .45 Remington brass ball from a Filipino rifle, and this ball was embedded in a brass cartridge case torn out of Woodbury's ammunition belt. The piece of brass was bent V-shaped in the sailor's body; it had checked the force of the bullet and saved his life. Woodbury said he had received the wound at the first volley, before he jumped overboard and tried to help swim the boat out.

The commandante asked us many questions. He was particularly eager to learn what we had been doing in the river. He evidently suspected we had landed scouts, but I told him I had been making a survey. He permitted me to write a letter to the commander of the "Yorktown," and he promised to have it delivered under a flag of truce. He never did so.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Next we were marched a mile and a half to a bamboo church in the outskirts of Baler. We saw the town as we passed—a mere huddle of native huts; the women and children, most of them half nude, ran excitedly after us. On the way our wounded suffered severely. It was only with great difficulty some of them could drag themselves along. Others we had to carry. At the church a good Samaritan came to their assistance. He was an old man, poorly attired, but he had fine eyes and a kindly, almost fatherly, manner. He ran out into the woods and hastily gathered some large leaves. From these he squeezed a white liquid and let it run in the wounds. For a few moments the agony was so great the sufferers thought they could not endure it. They cried out that they were being burned to death, that the old man had poisoned them. Perspiration poured from their bodies. The old man smiled and tenderly stroked the head of the boy Venville, and muttered in Spanish that they would all feel better by and by. He was right. In ten or twelve minutes the men were free from pain. The inflammation was gone and their fever had subsided. Venville's foot, which had been frightfully swollen, resumed nearly its natural size. The succored men seized the old man's hand and shook it in gratitude. If we had had anything left we should have made him pres-

ents. We all felt better for this one touch of nature there in the jungle. I could never learn anything more about the old man or his healing herb, though I made many inquiries then and afterward. Some day, perhaps, the world may get a new balm out of Luzon.

That day and night we passed in this rude church, a mere shed of bamboo in the midst of the forest. The unwounded men and myself lay on one side, the wounded on the other. The guards were kind enough, but very careful that we should have no opportunity to escape. All through the night they kept a bright fire just without the door. The unwounded men were bound together by a long rope. For some reason I was not bound. The Filipinos are great respecters of military rank, and perhaps my protest against the bamboo thongs down on the sand-bar had produced some effect upon them. So greatly were we fatigued that we all slept well. Now and then in the night a wounded man cried out for water, and a guard carried him drink.

ON THE MARCH.

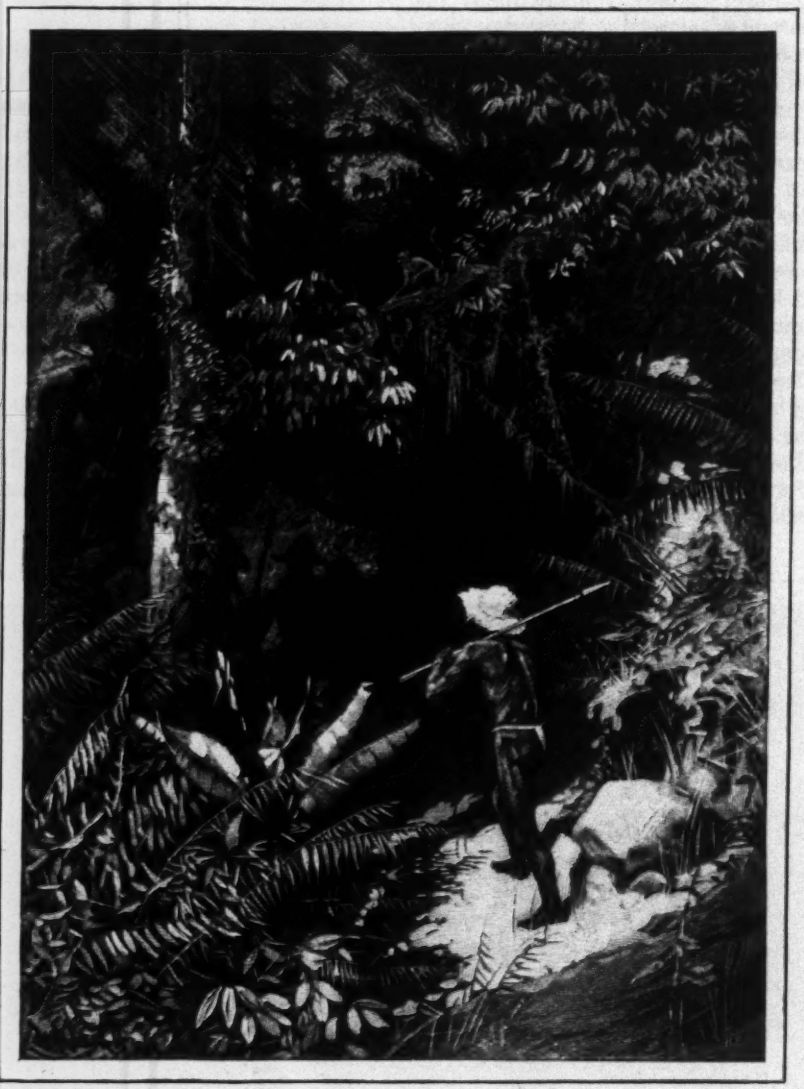
Next day a runner brought orders from Aguinaldo to march us to St. Isidro, the insurgent capital. In the afternoon eight of us, all who were able to travel, set out upon a journey through the interior of the enemy's country—a journey so long and at times so hopeless that we often despaired of ever reaching the end of it. A sorry-looking lot we were. All of us were bareheaded and barefooted, save that I had managed to secure the return of my coat and shoes, the latter mere slippers which I had worn from the ship because it would be easy to kick them off in case I were forced to take to the water. Our clothing was so scanty that it barely sufficed to cover our nakedness. For two days the route led us through tortuous river-beds. We had to wade the swift

DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

"At the church a good Samaritan came to their assistance."

streams, in water from our knees to our necks, twenty, thirty times in a day. Our feet were cut by the sharp stones of the path. Our hands and shins were bruised clambering over great boulders and up and down steep, stony banks. The heat was oppressive, and the fierce rays of the sun blistered our unprotected faces and gave us frightful pains in the head. Our guard, a straggling band of semi-savages, carrying bows and arrows and spears and bolos, and commanded by a Tagal corporal, urged us unceasingly on.

The first night out we were well up in the mountains. It was cold there. To make matters worse, a heavy rain came on, and we were without shelter save that each man was given two big leaves of the bamboo palm. These we arranged over our heads in the vain hope that they might serve to keep off some of the rain. A few of the men managed to sleep a bit, but my eyes did not close through the whole night. I sat on a boulder in a pool of water till daybreak. We had but little to eat, though there was consolation in the fact that our guards had no more than we. At this camp old man Voudoit came near dying. He had suffered a sort of sunstroke while on the march in the broiling sun.



DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

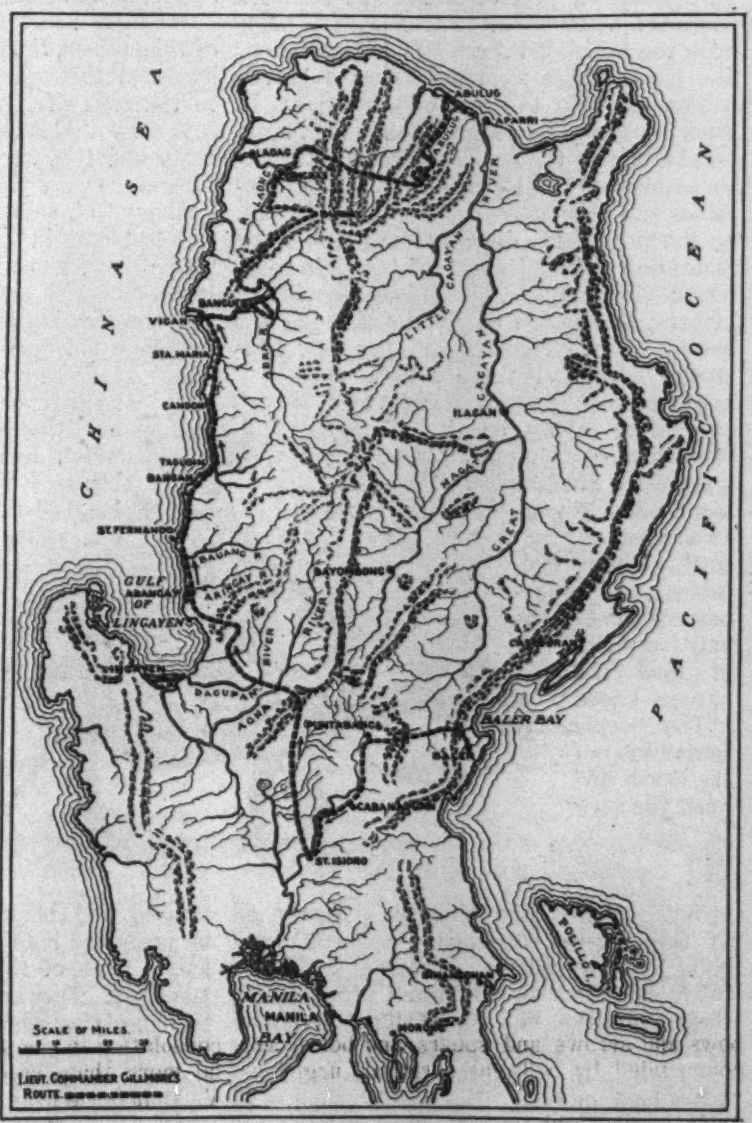
"A mere path trodden in the thick undergrowth. . . . monkeys jabbered angrily and threw nuts and twigs at us as we passed."

We set out early the next morning with only a few mouthfuls of rice for breakfast, and all chilled and soaked to the marrow. Again the intense heat of the sun. Once more the rocky river-bed with the great boulders to clamber over, the banks to crawl up and down, the waters to wade. At this time some of the men thought of attempting an escape, which could mean only a shot in the back and a quick way out of their troubles.

Finally we struck a trail through the primeval forest—a mere path trodden in the thick undergrowth beneath the branches of mighty trees. So steep was the way that our weakened, foot-sore men made progress only at the cost of constant suffering. There were monkeys in the trees, and they jabbered angrily and threw nuts and twigs at us as we passed. They afforded us some amusement, these monkeys, and we were interested in the brilliant plumage of the birds. Under proper conditions we should have enjoyed this novel journey from two to three thousand feet up the wild mountain-side. Now it was like a long nightmare.

THE WONDERING NATIVES.

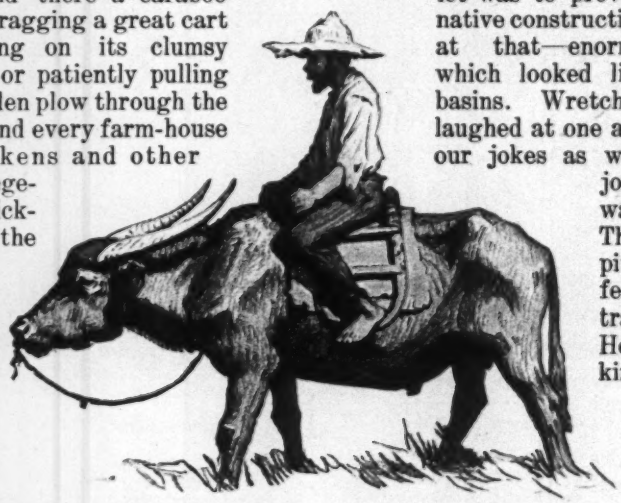
After traveling forty miles or more along this winding, painful path we at last reached the level table-land and the town of Puntabanca. Here, as everywhere along our route, the news that the "Americanos" were coming had attracted crowds of natives from all the surrounding region. It was like a circus in the country districts of America. We were the show, and the people, bursting with curiosity, nearly mobbed us as we passed along the roads. They were not vindictive or rude, except in spots; in fact they were, for the most part, rather kindly. It was easy to see that curiosity was their predominant emotion. They not only wanted to see us but to touch us, to see how strong we were, what kind of teeth we had, if we were built like other men. We learned that strange tales as to the physical characteristics of Americans had run all through these gossiping provinces, and this was the first opportunity the natives had had to see for themselves what the wonderful strangers were like.



MAP OF THE NORTHERN PORTION OF THE ISLAND OF LUZON, SHOWING THE ROUTE FOLLOWED BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER GILLMORE.

We were well received by the commandante of Puntabanca. His name was Maria, and he had been a captain in the Spanish army. But he had married Aguinaldo's niece—a love-match it was, so they told us—and had then taken an important command in the Filipino ranks. He made the men as comfortable as he could in the convent—at that time almost every church or convent in Luzon was a jail, a fortress, an arsenal, or a hospital—and he took me to his own house and gave me a good dinner. He appeared rather weary of his native associates, and glad of the chance to talk once more to a civilized and traveled man.

This eastern part of Luzon was a rather poor sort of country. For miles and miles upon the table-land there was no cultivation. The hard, beaten road led across a barren waste baked in the sun of centuries. In other sections there were bamboo huts scattered about in the woods, surrounded by little patches of tilled ground devoted to vegetables and tobacco. There were no fences, no marking of the dividing line between one plantation and another. Off the main road, which had been built by the Spanish military officers, there were only trails through the brush. These farmers had but few live-stock; here and there a caraboo might be seen dragging a great cart staggering along on its clumsy wooden wheels, or patiently pulling a primitive wooden plow through the black soil. Round every farm-house swarmed chickens and other fowl. Rice, vegetables, and chickens are almost the only articles of food the natives know.



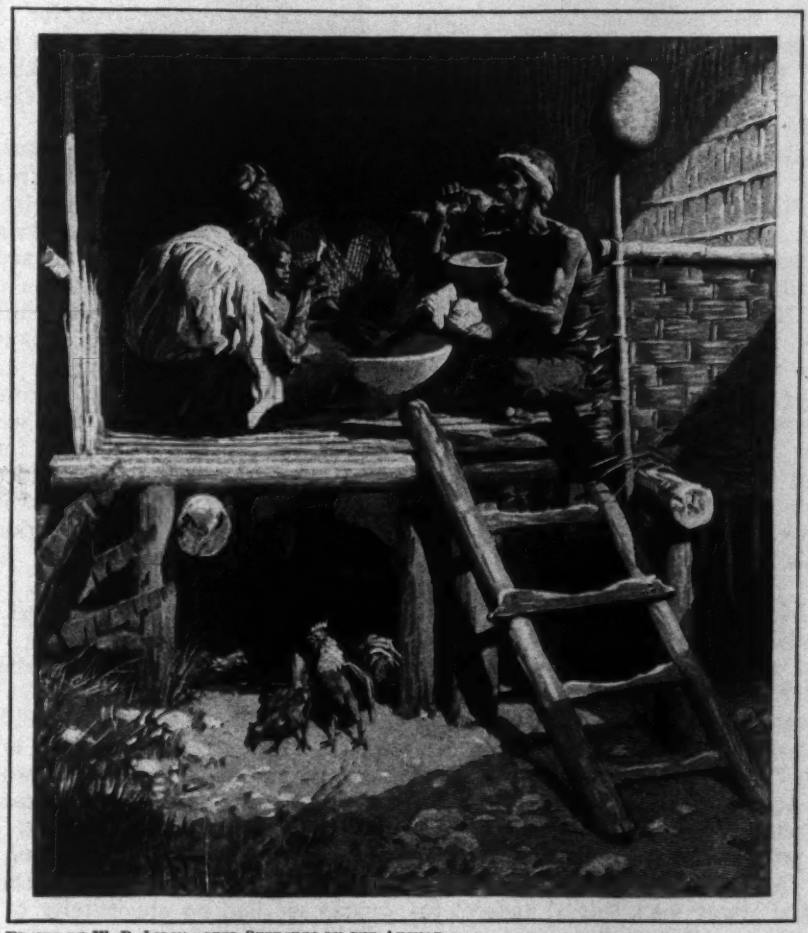
The people came out of the brush and lined the trail to see us pass. They were docile enough, almost like children. Nearly all of them were wretchedly clothed, many being almost naked. Yet we could not fairly call them an uncivilized people—only their civilization, like that of all peoples under Spanish rule, was a couple of centuries behind the times. In every little bamboo hut there was a book or two. The people spoke to us in Spanish or Tagal. All were eager to learn English. One native, wearing not much more than a breech-clout and a smile of child-like pride, sang out to me, "Hello!" as I passed him, and his comrades looked up to him with increased respect because of his mastery of that one English word. Now and then we came upon a little village—a few score bamboo huts clustered about a brick or wooden church with its convent annex. The priests or friars in charge of these buildings received us in a kindly way and gave us food. It was easy to see they were the civil as well as the spiritual leaders, the dominating force of their communities. One good thing they did—they kept school in every village, and the native children were compelled to attend.

We were nearly as naked as the poorest of the natives, though our skin had not been hardened through generations of exposure to the rays of the sun, and we were soon covered with blisters. Worse than all, our heads and feet were still bare. At Puntabangua we were placed in charge of Captain Pading y Gill, another former Spanish officer who had cast in his lot with the Filipinos. This officer, like all the Spaniards we met, treated us with consideration. He tried to procure clothing and shoes for us, but the best he could do in this little mountain hamlet was to provide us with hats of native construction, and second-hand at that—enormous contrivances which looked like inverted wash-basins. Wretched as we were, we laughed at one another and cracked our jokes as we set out upon our journey, so grotesque was our appearance. The captain, taking pity upon our bleeding feet, had procured us transportation, too. He meant it as a kindness, and so we could not well complain, but hard as it was to go on walking with bruised and blistered bare feet, most of us preferred it to riding a caraboo. These native oxen of the Filipinos are not easily managed. They are guided by a rope through their nostrils—three jerks for a turn to the left, one jerk for a turn to the right. Their sliding, reeling gait is something dreadful to the man sitting upon their back, and the saddle was never invented that could save him from being jolted and pounded into

perpetual misery. If the caraboo is not watered every other hour he goes "water-mad," making the lot of his rider infinitely worse.

A wonderful journey we had one night in the soft moonlight—over precipitate mountain spurs, down into gloomy, broken cañons, crawling around immense boulders, fording swift streams, forcing our way through dense brushwood. So rough was the trail that even the caraboo could not keep their feet, and we had many tumbles. The scenery was most beautiful, and if the caraboo had been a little surer-footed, if they had not jolted us till we were black and blue all over our bodies, if the brush had not torn our scanty clothing and lacerated our poor flesh, we might have enjoyed the picturesque surroundings. At Bongabong we ran into a dense crowd of natives who fought with the guards for the privilege of getting close to the "Americanos." Here the Spanish priests had told the people we were red Indians, who wore feathers in our hair and scalped our victims in war. I think the priests got the notion from some old school-books and really believed it themselves. One native woman followed me persistently, and finally, after much trouble, succeeded in getting close enough to pinch my arm and to ask in Spanish what I had done with my feathers.

This childlike curiosity followed us wherever we went. It really formed one of the most objectionable features of our captivity. When we arrived at Aguinaldo's capital, St. Isidro, several thousand people met us and hooted and jeered and called us all



DRAWN BY W. R. LEIGH AFTER SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.

DINNER TIME IN A FILIPINO HUT.

These native huts, built on piles about three feet from the ground, have for a floor simply a layer of bamboo poles, between which the bones, rice, and other morsels from the family meal are dropped to the pigs and chickens which swarm beneath.

manner of vile names in Tagal and Spanish. Our sailormen, after the manner of their kind, hurled back at them as good as they sent, or perhaps I should say worse. This was one of the peculiarities of our little band—they did not appear to be afraid of anything in the island of Luzon. They ordered the guards about like servants, "sassed" the natives all along the road, blarneyed prison keepers and minor officials, and laughed in the faces of Filipino bravos who brandished bolos in their faces and threatened to disembowel them. I think this intrepidity of our men earned for us the respect of our captors. At any rate, we were treated much better than the Spanish prisoners who at times formed part of our caravan. Nor were any of us ever flogged, as many of the Spanish prisoners were. In many ways we could see that the Filipinos had kindlier feelings toward Americans than for Spaniards, and they may have had a secret fear, too, that in the end our people were going to get the upper hand of them, and punish them for all transgressions of military law. In the case of the Spaniards the Tagals were merely paying off old scores.

At St. Isidro the governor asked me the same questions which all the petty presidentes had asked in the villages along our route: "Where were you captured?" "What were you doing there?" "Why are the Americans, our former friends, now fighting us?" This governor was a man of superior education. He had living with him as interpreter, David Brown, an English-Canadian prisoner, and was himself learning English. After cross-questioning me half an hour, and giving me a suit of undercloth-ing, he sent me off to jail, where my men and many other American prisoners were confined. It was a crowded, filthy prison—why is it that Spanish jails the world over are so vile?—and I was confined in a room about fifteen by twenty-six feet along with a dozen native prisoners. Some of them were murderers, others thieves; but they treated me very well, spending most of their time gambling. The only complaint I had to make of them was their curiosity, the national weakness. Though I tried my best to secure a little privacy by rigging up a curtain in my corner of the room, my fellow-prisoners, male and female, were always spying upon me, particularly when I bathed.

This curiosity was not confined to the prisoners. After bathing a few days in a trough at the well in the prison court-yard, used by men and women together, I secured permission to go once a day to the river. The hour of our bathing was known to the townspeople, and it appeared to be quite an event in their daily lives, for they had a habit of gathering upon the river bank, men, women, and children, all smoking cigars, patiently waiting for a close view of the half-stripped "Americanos."

While we were at this jail about fifty Negritos were brought in from the front. They were all that remained of a regiment which had been forced to face our American troops, though armed only with bows and arrows, spears and bolos. It was simple murder to send these unwilling wretches to fight against modern magazine rifles, and this little band had refused to remain longer under fire. Then they were arrested and treated as common criminals. In prison they were miserably fed, and their captors often forced them to show their games and war dances for our amusement. These Negritos were undersized, nearly naked, and remarkably ugly. They had all had their teeth filed down sharp, like the teeth of a saw. However, they were good-humored fellows, and we got along quite well with them. All they wanted was tobacco and something to gamble with.

Aguinaldo's capital was a well-built town with regular streets and many brick buildings, not unlike a European town of 8,000 or 10,000 population. The house occupied by the family of the insurgent chief was pointed out to us, but we did not see him; and as we were locked up all the time, of course we had no opportunity to ascertain what sort of a government organization he maintained there. In a few days there were rumors of a near approach of the American troops, and great excitement prevailed among the people. From our prison we could see them running to and fro. The streets were filled with caratons, or native carts, laden with all manner of household effects, and surrounded by panic-stricken, jabbering men, women, and children, breaking for the mountains. Once we thought we could hear the distant rumble of our artillery, and then it was our turn to become excited. Perhaps rescue was at hand.

But no. Orders soon came to march, and in a few hours we were again on our weary way over the hills, through the mud, across the rivers, from jail to jail in Luzon.

(To be concluded next month.)

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.

A NEBRASKA STORY.

By George Beardsley.

"WHY certainly I'll dubate with him of course why not, do you see¿ Why looky here blank blankit if he wants to dubate with me why in blank blank shouldn't I give him the chance, do you see¿"

The speaker was Bobbie Grant, Populist candidate for the Legislature. He spoke very fast, in the high-keyed voice common to a class of rural Nebraskans, without punctuation until the end, where he turned the interrogation point upside down after his inevitable "do you see¿"

"That's all right, Bob," said Smith, the Fusionist county chairman, a little one-eyed old Mormon, with a quaver in G, and a stout cane. "I admire your nerve, Bobbie, and all that; but Port Ricker's a lawyer, you want to remember, and a skilled debater; and, on top of that, he's unscrupulous, as everybody knows."

"'Aw, skillt your left eye-winker! And as for unscroopolous what the divvel has that got to do with it when I've got the right on my side, do you see¿"—the farmer smote the air—"and most of the brains and the substance and the hard work of Nebraska at

me back, do you see¿ Never you worry, old man, I reckon I'll have to do more or less of the give and take kind o' spoutin' up at Lincoln when I'm elected, and it's as well if I get some practice this side the Roobicon, which is the North Platte, do you see¿"

"But you're as good as elected now, Bobbie, my man. You've everything to lose and nothing to gain."

"Well blank blankit I don't stand on that for a minute, blank blanked if I do. If our side's right, blank blankit, it'll win, spite o' dubates, grasshoppers, the divvel and the long drouth itself, do you see¿ And *what's* more"—the candidate riveted the watery glance of the politician with his own honest eyes—"and *what's* more, me friend, Bobbie the Populist, blank blankit, is not the man to be afeared to stand up for what he represents, do you see¿ Why of course, yes indeed, I'll meet him, and so help me Bryan I'll not make any mistake, do you see¿"

The emphatic Scotchman's primitive trust in the strength of his cause had convinced more pertinacious minds than that of the county chairman.

"Well, well—as you will, Bobbie," said that official. "It's yourself that's running, to be sure; and, if you choose to accept the challenge, why, I say go in and wipe up the Platte Valley with him. How's your folks, now, Bob?"

The reply came in an altered, lower tone, with a note of anxiety.

"Only toler'ble, no more'n toler'ble, I might say, Joe, thank you. As you know, the woman's ailin' consider'ble this fall—rheumatiz and such; and here lately it's 'fected her lungs. It was her account, as you know, I missed the meetin' at the Crick last week."

"Well, don't worry on that score; our fences are all right out that way."

The husband paid no attention to the political remark.

"She ought to have let up on the work long 'go," he said, "but my g-goodness, she's that sot she just couldn't stop workin'. But good-day to you, Joe. You can arrange the deetails of that dubate—any way suits me, only, say, put it the last day 'fore election—grand climax, you know; make it a sort o' picnic for the folks—they mostly need it, workin' as they are night and day with the corn and the stock, do you see¿"

The candidate hurried off before the manager had time to object to this most dangerous of all dates for what he considered a dangerous joint debate. But he reflected that all his efforts to make the farmer candidate see the wisdom of tactical politics had been breath wasted, and so he went forthwith and accepted the challenge officially.

You may be sure the challenger made no objection to the date so innocently suggested by his adversary. The debate was fixed for the very last afternoon before the election, at Platteville, and out of doors if the weather should permit. Ricker, the lawyer candidate, hugged himself with surprised delight when he learned that his loaded gauntlet was taken up so unsuspectingly. "Why, I'll make such a monkey of Bob," he chuckled at headquarters.

"And as for unscroopolous what the divvel has that got to do with it when I've got the right on my side . . ."

"The lawyer launched into his set campaign speech."

"there won't be a jack-rabbit in the county but will be ashamed to vote for him next day."

All the particulars were arranged, and Platteville and the country round billed accordingly. Half-sheet posters in gorgeous red and green types announced:

UNPRECEDENTED POLITICAL FORENSICS!
POPULIST-REPUBLICAN JOINT-DEBATE.

HON. PORTER RICKER
vs.
HON. ROBERT GRANT,
Opposing Candidates for the Legislature,
AT
PLATTEVILLE (COTTONWOOD GROVE),
MONDAY BEFORE ELECTION, 2 P. M.
Special Rates on the U. P.
BRING YOUR DINNERS AND YOUR LADIES,
AND
HEAR BOTH SIDES!
COME ONE! COME ALL!

Then the campaign waxed warm. Ricker, the lawyer, spoke twice a day—afternoon meetings at outlying crossroads (your simon-pure farmer will not come to an evening meeting, as every political manager knows) —evenings in the towns. The prospect of a tongue-to-tongue set-to with his inexperienced antagonist at the critical moment put him in fine fettle. He went about with the air of confidence and good cheer of a man who expects to win. Sometimes, when his audience was one-sidedly cordial to his speech, he would throw out little daring prognostications of how he would carry the enemy's works by storm on the next to the last day. "Come and see the fun!" he shouted, and the good-natured rustics grinned and cheered and led him on. If his spirits were extremely high, perhaps he would throw reserve to the winds and troll out jauntily—

Went to the animal fair,
All the Pops were there;

and he and everybody laughed boisterously over the conjured scene of Bobbie's rhetorical discomfiting, and the exposé of his Arcadian unfitness for the office of legislator to the mighty interests of Nebraska.

Bobbie, meanwhile, pursued the even tenor of his own campaign. As the weeks sped and the days before the "big dubate," as he called it, became few, and he heard of Ricker's boasts, he was not disconcerted. He was the same emphatic, profane, genial Bob. "Are you shiverin', Bob?" a member of his audience called up to him once. "Pshaw! don't be silly," said Grant; "why in—" he checked himself—"why should a fellow shiver? There's nought but one side to this thing, as it happens, and that's the side we happen to stand on, do you see¿" He had trained himself to leave off the blankity-blanks in his public speeches; but the "do you see¿" if he was momentarily off his guard, stuck, and, I think, lost him no votes. He, like Ricker, as epilogue to his speech these last days and nights, invited his hearers to come to the "big dubate," but he never permitted himself to be drawn into any boast that he would have the advantage. Some one asked from the crowd: "What you goin' do to him, Bobbie?" and the hirsute Bobbie looked bland and replied, "Why, haven't you heard? it's a joint dubate—stand up and knock down argufying, half-hour rounds,-do you see¿—come, and bring the women and the babies!" And the

women agreed that Bobbie Grant did have a "way with him."

But these final days, those close to Grant when the meetings adjourned marked the disappearance of the confident look, and the coming in its place of a worried expression and a glance less stout-hearted. "How is the woman to-day, Bob?" they would ask sympathetically, and the big fellow answered only by a slow, solemn shake of the head.

"First time I ever seen Bob when he wasn't cock-sure, dead certain, and blankity-blank blank about a thing, do you see¿" said Somerville, the wag, aside.

The afternoon of Monday, the fifth, the day before election, was crystalline. The November sun seeped through the rifts of the cottonwood trees, warming the air to a sparkling tonic, so that it was like a perfectly mellowed wine. The farmers and small merchants and their families assembled in holiday spirits. Old men were seen arguing the issue earnestly with their brawny sons; wives sought to convince other wives; sweethearts in self-conscious white shoes bandied the ball of debate, and opposition babes cooed and crowed at one another over their mothers' shoulders.

Two o'clock came, and the meeting was not called to order. The minutes slipped by, and the murmur was passed round that one of the speakers was late. At 2.30 the party managers and the vice-presidents of the meeting, the chairman, and one of the candidates climbed the flag-crowned creaking platform gingerly. Voices everywhere demanded, "Where is Bobbie Grant?" Somerville, the wag, cried, "Bobbie's turned up missin'," and there was a laugh. Populist faces grew long and those of the opposition triumphant.

"Backed down!" hazarded a fellow nobody knew, evidently from the marches. Half-Rome frowned, the other Half-Rome cheered at first, and then thought better of it and smothered the cheer. The chairman of the meeting used his gavel.

"So far," said he, "Mr. Grant has not put in an appearance. He is doubtless detained unavoidably. As for backing down, I think I may say that no one who has even so much as a bowing acquaintance with a single hair of Bobbie Grant's whiskers would dream of hinting at such a thing."

The entire audience cheered. The chairman was the Platteville patriarch, beloved of all, and was known as a pronounced enemy of what he called the Don Quixote school of bewhiskered politics; so that his defense of the absent candidate was especially gratifying as a piece of fair play. Ricker, the lawyer, who sat on the stage complacently twirling his black mustache, cheered with the loudest of them. One of his trump cards was the admission of his opponent's solid human traits; he was content to argue that these alone could not make a statesman. His friends now called him to his feet. He responded gracefully, beginning by saying that he would be the most disappointed man on the ground "if Bobbie didn't show up." A voice: "What were you goin' to do to him, Port?" "Oh, nothing much," came the ready answer from the speaker. The crowd applauded, and he added rather importunately:

"In fact, I didn't intend to do a thing to him."

At this went up a howl of delight, which, however, was not general. Bobbie's friends began to drop away from the edges of the gathering, then rapidly the meeting passed into the hands of the other side. The lawyer candidate launched into his set campaign speech. Smith, the Fusionist county chairman, tried to interrupt him to say that a messenger had been dispatched on horseback to Mr. Grant's house, but the audience jeered and yelled, "Sit down, Smith!"

The next thirty minutes were about the longest one-half of that multitude had ever waited out. Drifting from the crowd, they met in knots of eight and ten about the grove to discuss in low, serious voices the surprising turn affairs had taken.

"It will kill him at the polls," said many.

"It will," others assented, "unless he explains mighty handily, mighty soon."

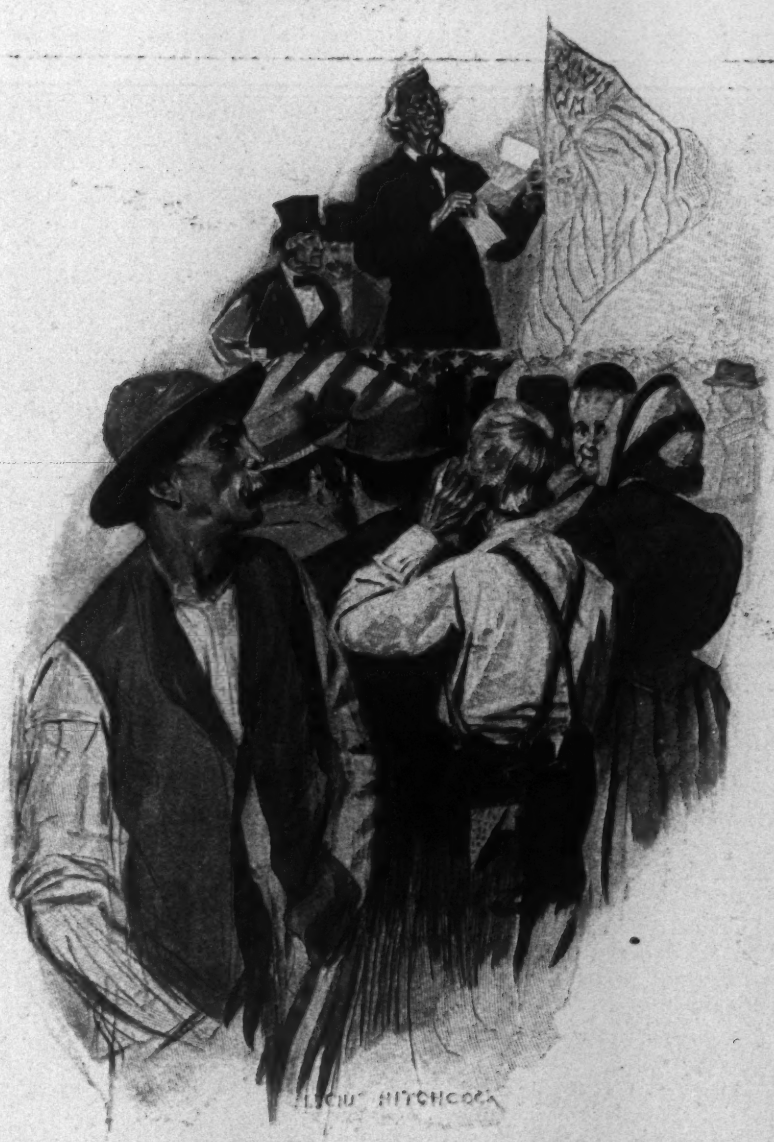
"I bet his woman's worse," guessed one man.

"I expect; she's been right poorly here lately."

Here and there a man speculated that perhaps, after all, it was best for Bobbie that he had stayed away. "Port's a powerful sharp 'un." But the farmer's backers would hear no apology for their favorite; they were as sure he would have come off with glory if he had met the appointment as they were that he was staunch to the last and that his absence would be well accounted for.

At length the messenger was descried returning down the road full gallop. While they waited impatiently the countrymen made small wagers on the character of Bob's explanation.

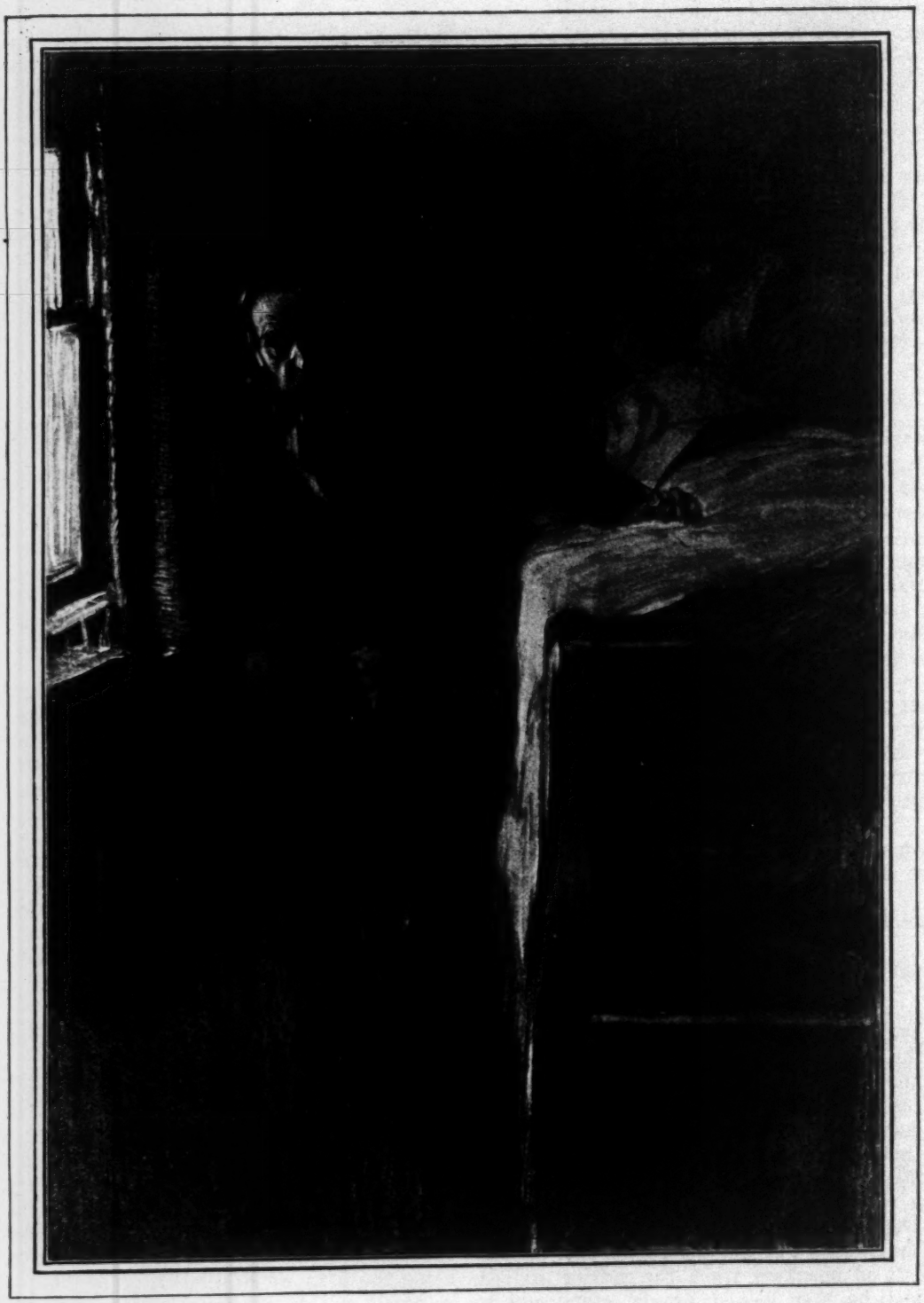
"Bet a heifer it's his woman." The odds were four to one that Bob's "woman" had



An uncertain silence followed the sensational announcement."

had a "sudden turn." They gathered about the messenger as he rode up, demanding to know his news. But this the young man refused to disclose to any but his chief, Chairman Smith of the Fusion organization. To that little man on the platform he elbowed his way with some difficulty, and there was a whispered report lasting some seconds. The audience fidgeted and coughed through the awkward suspense. Ricker had politely left off speaking when the courier arrived, and he, too, looked around quizzically to Smith for the expected explanation. When the ex-Mormon arose you could have heard a pin drop. Smith was no hand at public speaking, and wisely made short shrift of the intelligence he had to impart.

"The simple fact is, ladies and gentlemen," said he, coming forward, "Mr. Grant is staying at home with his wife. . . . . No, she is not worse—at least, he doesn't say she is worse—but she is poorly, very poorly, as we know, and it turns out that this is her birthday. Bob says he never once thought about the day before election being the fifth of November, or of course he would not have agreed to this date for the debate, much less suggested it himself. He further says that to-day, with all their talk and thought in connection with the an-



". . . He forgot all about the debate."

niversary, he forgot all about the debate until the messenger arrived. He says that he has always made it a rule to spend this anniversary by his wife's side, and could not think of leaving her now, especially as she is very sick. I may suggest that it will be hard for us to blame him when we consider that he probably feels this may be the last time they will celebrate her birthday together. Bob sends his apologies for disappointing the audience, his opponent, and the officers of this meeting."

An uncertain silence followed the sensational announcement. The situation was unusual, and not what had been expected. When at length the stillness was broken, it was broken by none other than Ricker, the Republican candidate, and what he did was to nod his head in decided approval and set up a vigorous hand-clapping. The audience took the cue instantly, and cheer upon cheer went up for the devoted Bobbie, making an ovation such as few men are ever honored with in our matter-of-fact political life. Populists forgot they were Populists, and Republicans that they were Republicans; all joined together in unfeigned homage to the chivalry of the absent candidate.

After the demonstration the meeting quickly dissolved. The people appeared quite to have transcended political matters. Neighbors who had begun the afternoon with bandying the thread-worn arguments of the campaign now exchanged kindly greetings in modulated voices. Pairs of sweethearts drove away with subdued glances to be by themselves. Good wives had tender words and inquiries for good wives, and the children nestled sleepily amid the straw in the wagons. The "big dubate" was a thing of the past. The teams rattled off along the road, separated at the forks, and scattered homeward over the prairie.

The following winter, in the halls of legislation at the State Capitol, one of the notable figures among the new members was a very tall, broad-shouldered, Scotchy man with attenuated whiskers, who wore a wide black band around his hat. His fellow members listened respectfully when he addressed the House—which, however, was not often—and, when they approached, spoke to him with awed voices, remembering the story that had gone the rounds in the lobby and the committee rooms of the member from Vista's joint-debate.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

By E. S. Martin.

Read at Phillips Academy, Andover, Commencement, June 27, 1900.

We learned some Latin thirty years ago,
Some Greek; some other things—geometry;
Baseball; great store of rules by which to know
When thus was so, and if it *was* so, why.
And every day due share of pie we ate,
And Sunday under hour-long sermons sate,
And thrived on both; a sound New England diet,
And orthodox. Let him who will decry it.

We spoke our Latin in the plain old way.
Tully was Cicero to Uncle Sam,
And Cæsar, Cæsar. Footballs in our day
Were spheres of rubber still. When Autumn came

We kicked them, chasing after; but the sport
Was a mere pastime, not at all the sort
Of combat,—strenuous, Homeric, fateful,—
Whence heroes now wrest glory by the plateful.

The higher criticism was an infant then.
Curved pitching had not come, nor yellow shoes,
Nor bikes, nor telephones, nor golf, nor men
In knickerbockers. No one thought to use
Electric force to haul folks up a hill.
We walked, or rode on Concord coaches still;
Expansion's quirks stirred then no fiercer tussles
Than such as vexed the growing vogue of bustles.

Girls then, as now, to seminaries went,
But not so much as now to colleges.
The female understanding's scope and bent
Was thought to crave a round of 'ologies
Less full than man's. We've learned, it seems, since then
That women need whatever's good for men,
And that, though boys are tough and girls more tender,
Knowledge is power, without regard to gender.

The shade austere of Puritan restraint
Showed sharper outlines, may be, then than now.
But not to hurt. For now the old complaint
Of joys curtailed, gives place to wonder how,
'Twixt stress of sports and pleasant things to do,
And waxing claims of growing knowledge too,
The modern lad gets time to feel the joy
It was, and still must be, to be a boy.

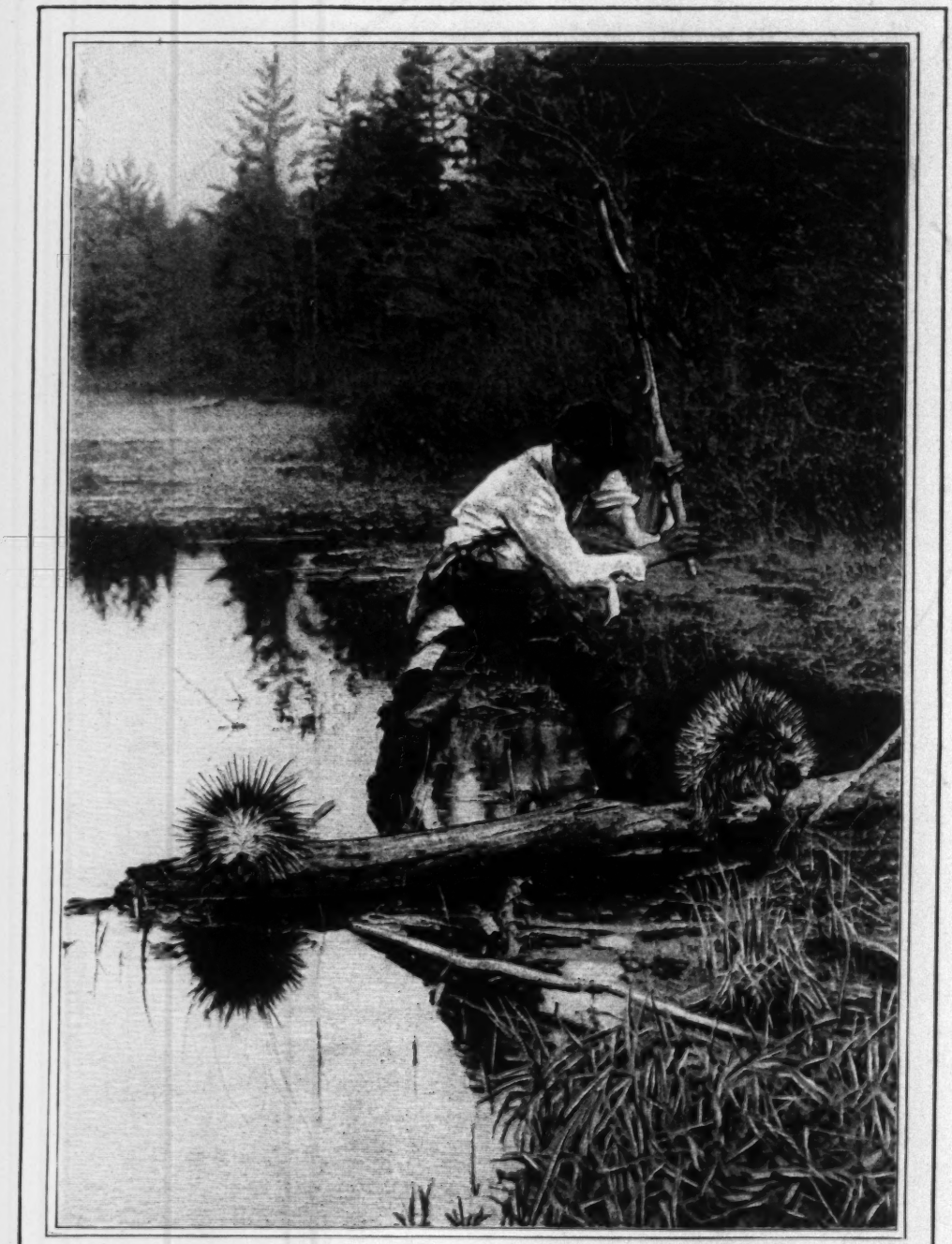
A checkered joy! Progress is man's desire.
And boys progress with swifter strides than men
To greater changes. Little boys aspire
To bigness, and it comes; nor turn again
Regretful eyes toward childhood. To grow strong,
And apt, and swift; to learn; to press along
Up life's first steeps and glory in each rise,—
That's boyhood, as it seems to older eyes.

Time dwarfs the bulk of most material things.
The giants of our youth less monstrous seem,
Its wonders shrink when wider knowledge brings
The great world's standards to amend our dream.
But youth itself to backward glances looms
Up bigger than it is. The boy assumes,
To eyes that comprehend, the form and place
That gathering years may summon him to grace.

And what place is it he should strive to gain?
What ends achieve, to what his powers apply?
The same old simple precepts still obtain
That served for all men fit to pattern by.
Dear lads, we say, the greatest thing on earth
Is service: that's what justifies our birth.
Life can't be made worth living to a shirk.
You can't have even fun, unless you work.

Go make your bodies strong, your minds alert;
Train both to do for you the most they can.
Life's goal no runner reaches by a spurt;
Doing the daily stint's what makes the man.
And making men is Nature's chief concern;
For right men bring things right, each in its turn.
Strive then to help yourselves, and that much learned,
Help others; nowise else contentment's earned.

Oh, money's good to have, and fame is sweet,
And leisure has its use, and sport its joys.
Go win them, if you may, and speed your feet!
But this regard: that even splendid toys
Are only toys: the important thing's not play,
But work. Who shun the burden of the day
Shall miss as well the strength they gain who bear it;
The fellowship they only feel who share it.



"SHE DREW HERSELF INTO A BALL, WITH HER HEAD DOWN . . . AND HER QUILLS STANDING OUT LIKE NEEDLES ON A PIN-CUSHION."

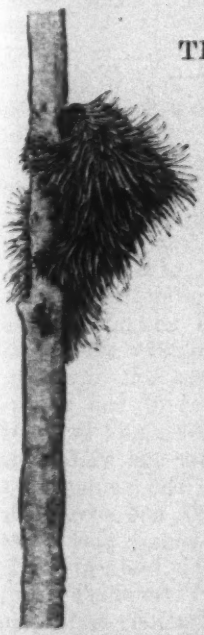
At the slightest prospect of being attacked, the porcupine immediately turns tail to his would-be assailant, for therein is his one and only method of defense, one that is quite effective with most of his enemies. His tail, which is wonderfully quick to strike at anything within its reach, is hard and heavy, and is well supplied with quills. Another reason for not facing his enemies is that while a stroke from a stick on the back will seldom injure the "fretful porcupine," it requires but a slight blow on the head to either stun or kill him. Thus it is that instinct leads even the young animal to protect its head and let other parts take care of themselves.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

POINTERS FROM A PORCUPINE QUILL.

By William Davenport Hulbert.

With illustrations from photographs of wild porcupines taken expressly for this article by A. Radclyffe Dugmore.

THE HISTORY OF A MICHIGAN PORCUPINE.



The climbing ability shown by porcupines seems entirely foreign to their somewhat clumsy build. A tree with fairly rough bark is climbed with the greatest ease and considerable speed. About a minute is occupied in reaching a height of sixty or eighty feet.—Artist's Note.

THE original owner of this quill was born in a hollow hemlock log that lay beside the Glimmerglass, on a wild April morning when the north wind was whipping the lake with snow, and when the winter seemed to have come back for a season. The Glimmerglass was neither glimmering nor glassy that morning, but he and his mother were snug and warm in their wooden nest, and they cared little for the storm that was raging outside.

It has been said that porcupines lay eggs, the hard, smooth shells of which are furnished by a kind and thoughtful providence for the purpose of protecting the mothers from their prickly offspring until the latter have fairly begun their independent existence. Other people say that two babies arrive at once, and that one of them is always dead before it is born. But when my Porcupine discovered America, he had neither a shell on his back nor a dead twin brother by his side. Neither was he prickly. He was covered all over with soft, furry, dark-brown hair. If you had searched carefully along the middle of his back you might possibly have found the points of the first quills, just peeping through the skin; but as yet the thick fur hid them from sight and touch, unless you knew just where and how to look for them.

He was a very large baby, larger even than a new-born bear cub, and he grew rapidly, as porcupine babies always do. Long hairs, tipped with yellowish-white, came out through the dense fur; and by and by the quills began to show. His teeth were lengthening, also, as his mother very well knew; and, between the sharp things in his mouth and those on his back and sides, he was fast becoming a very formidable nursling. Before he was two months old she was forced to wean him, but by that time he

was quite able to travel down to the beach and feast on the tender lily-pads and arrow-head leaves that grew in the shallow water, within easy reach from fallen and half-submerged tree-trunks.

One June day, as he and his mother were fishing for lily-pads, each of them out on the end of a big log, a boy came down the steep bank that rose almost from the water's edge. He was a strange-looking boy, not the kind that you would enjoy meeting. His clothes were dirty and torn, and his face was in much the same condition. His hat was gone, and his hair had not seen a comb for weeks. The mosquitoes and black flies and "no-see-em's" had bitten him until his skin was covered with blotches and his eye-lids were so swollen that he could hardly see. But worst of all was his look of hunger, of utter famine and starvation. There was almost nothing left of him but skin and bones, and his clothing hung upon him as it would on a framework of sticks.

His face brightened a very little when he saw the old she-porcupine, and he picked up a heavy stick and waded out beside her log. She clacked her teeth together angrily as he approached, but he paid no attention. Then she drew herself into a ball, with her head down and her nose covered by her fore-paws. Across her back and down each side was a belt or girdle of quills, the longest and heaviest on her whole body, which could be erected at will; and now they stood as erect as young spruce-trees. Their tips were dark brown, but the rest of their length was nearly white, and looking at her from behind she seemed to have a pointed white ruffle, edged with black, tied around her body. But the boy wasn't thinking about ruffles. He gave her such a thrust with his stick that she had to grab at the log with both fore-paws to keep from being shoved into the water, and he lifted his weapon and brought it down across her unprotected nose, once, twice, three times. Then he picked her up by one foot, very gingerly, and carried her off; and that was the last that our Porcupine ever saw of his mother.

Perhaps we had best follow her up and see what finally became of her. Half a mile from the scene of the murder the boy came upon a woman and a little girl. I sha'n't try to describe them, except to say that they were even worse off than he. Perhaps you read in the papers, some years ago, about the woman and the two children who were lost for several weeks in the woods of northern Michigan.

"I've killed a porky," said the boy.

He dropped his burden on the ground, and they all stood around and looked at it. They were hungry—oh, so hungry!—but for some reason they did not seem very eager to begin. An old porcupine with her clothes on is not the most attractive of feasts, and they had no knife with which to skin the animal, no salt to season the meat, no fire to cook it, and no matches with which to start one. Rubbing two sticks together is a very good way of making a fire when you are in a book, but it doesn't work very well in the Great Tahquamenon Swamp. And yet, somehow or other—I don't know how, and I don't want to—they ate that porcupine, and it did them good. When the searchers found them, a week or two later, the woman and boy were dead, but the girl was alive, and for all I know she is living to this day.

Let us return to the Glimmerglass. The young Porcupine ought to have mourned deeply for his mother, but I grieve to say that he did nothing of the kind. I doubt if he was even very lonesome. He certainly managed very well without her, and dispensed with her much more easily than the woman and the boy and girl could have. He watched stolidly while the boy killed her and carried her off, and a little later he was eating lily-pads again.

In truth, he had some very good reasons for being satisfied with his prospects in life. He knew pretty well how to take care of himself, for that is a kind of knowledge which comes early to young porcupines. His quills would protect him from most of his enemies, perhaps from all of them. And, best of all, he need never suffer from a scarcity of food. Of all the animals in the woods, the porcupine is probably the safest from starvation, for he can eat anything, from the soft green leaves of the water-plants to the bark and the small twigs of the tallest hemlock. Summer and winter, his storehouse is always full. The young lions may lack, and suffer hunger, and seek their meat from God; but the young porky has only to climb a tree and set his teeth at work.

And, by the way, the Porcupine's front teeth were a great institution, and were quite worth talking about. They were long and yellow and sharp, and there were two in the upper jaw and two in the lower, with a wide gap on each side between them and the molars. Like a beaver's, they were formed of thin shells of hard enamel in front, backed up by softer pulp behind; and of course the

softer parts wore away first and left the enamel projecting in sharp, chisel-like edges that could gnaw crumbs from a hickory axe-handle.

The next few months were pleasant ones, with plenty to eat, and nothing to do but keep his jaws going. By and by the leaves began to fall, and whenever the Porky walked abroad they rustled around him like a silk skirt going down the aisle of a church. A little later the beechnuts came down from the sky, and the Porky feasted on them till his short legs could hardly hold his fat little belly off the ground.

Then came the first light snow, and his feet left tracks which bore a faint resemblance to a baby's—that is, if your imagination was sufficiently vigorous. It grew deeper and deeper, and after a while he had to fairly plow his way from the hollow log to the trees where he took his meals. It was hard work, for his clumsy legs were not made for wading, and at every step he had to lift and drag himself forward, and then let his body drop while he shifted his feet. A porcupine's feet will not go of themselves, as other animals' do. They have to be picked up one at a time and lifted forward as far as they can reach—not very far, at the best, for they are situated at the ends of very short legs. It almost seems as if he could run faster if he could drop them off and leave them behind. But no matter how difficult the walk might be, there was always a good square meal at the end of it, and he pushed valiantly on till he reached his dinner-table. Sometimes he stayed in the same tree for several days at a time, quenching his thirst with snow, and sleeping in a crotch.

He was not by any means the only porcupine in the woods around the Glimmerglass, although weeks sometimes passed without his seeing any of his relatives. At other times there were from one to half a dozen porkies in the trees close by, and when they happened to feel like it they would call back

"THE BACON RIND . . . INTERESTED HIM MOST, AND HE CHEWED AND GNAWED AT IT WITH A RELISH THAT AN EPICURE MIGHT HAVE ENVIED."

The porcupine's love of salt, and in fact of anything that has been used by human beings, leads him, often at cost of his life, to visit camps, not only those that are deserted, but also those in use. Everything, even old clothes, is eaten with a relish. One animal even went so far in his fearless explorations as to smell my man's face as he lay asleep on the ground. Luckily the fellow realized the situation and refrained from striking the "hedgehog" with his hand.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

"ON THE TRUNK OF A TREE . . . HARDLY MORE THAN A FOOT FROM THE WATER."

and forth to each other in queer, harsh, and often querulous voices.

One afternoon, when he and another porcupine were occupying trees next each other, two land-lookers came along and camped for the night between them. Earlier in the day the men had crossed the trail of a pack of wolves, and they talked of it as they cut their firewood, and, with all the skill of the *voyageurs* of old, cooked their scanty supper, and made their bed of balsam boughs. The half-breed was much afraid that they would have visitors before morning, but the white man only laughed at the idea. The meal was hardly finished when they lay down between the blankets, the white man to sleep, and the half-breed to lie awake and listen, listen, listen, for the coming of the wolves. Beyond the camp-fire's little circle of ruddy light the vague shadows were moving mysteriously, as if living things were prowling about among the trees and only waiting for him to fall asleep. Yet there was no wolf-howl to be heard, nothing at all to break the dead silence of the winter night, save perhaps the causeless dropping of a dead branch, or the splitting open of a tree-trunk torn apart by the frost. And by and by, in spite of himself, the half-breed's eyelids began to droop.

But somebody else was awake—awake, and tempted with a great temptation. One of the porcupines—not ours, but the other—had caught the fragrance of coffee and frying bacon. Here were new odors, different from anything that had ever before tickled his nose, strange, but indescribably delicious. He waited till the land-lookers were snoring, and then he started down the tree. Half-way to the ground he encountered the cloud of smoke that rose from the camp-fire. Here was another new odor, but with nothing pleasant about it. It stung his nostrils and made his eyes smart, and he scrambled up again as fast as he could go, his claws and quills rattling on the bark. The half-breed woke with a start. He had heard something. He was sure he had; the wolves were coming, and he gave the white man a punch in the ribs.

"Wake up, wake up, m'shoor!" he whispered excitedly. "The wolves are coming. I can hear them on the snow."

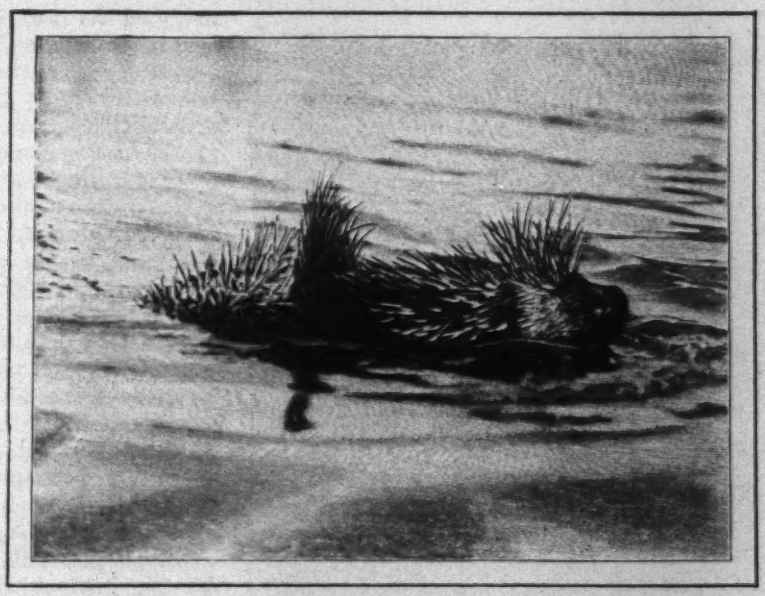
The white man was up in a twinkling, but by that time the porcupine had settled himself in a crotch out of reach of the smoke, and the woods were silent again. The two men listened with all their ears, but there was not a sound to be heard.

"You must have been dreaming, Louis."

The half-breed insisted that he had really heard the patter of the wolves' feet on the snow-crust, but the timber-cruiser laughed at him and lay down to sleep again. An hour later the performance was repeated, and this time the white man was angry.

"Don't you wake me up again, Louis. You're so rattled you don't know what you're doing."

Louis was silenced, but not convinced, and



"HE RAPIDLY MADE HIS WAY TO THE BEACH."

Only when forced to it does the porcupine take to the water, and then only with an expression of utter disgust. In the above photograph the characteristic swimming position is correctly shown. The tail being very heavy, sinks, and cannot of course be seen in the picture. The tuft of hair on the back and the quills are elevated just as when the animal fears attack.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

now he did not let himself go to sleep. The fire was dying down, and little by little the smoke-cloud grew thinner and thinner until it disappeared entirely. Then the half-breed heard the same sound again, and his wide-awake ears told him that it came from the tree overhead, and not from across the snow. He waited and watched, and presently a dark brown animal, two or three feet in length, and about the shape of an egg, came scrambling cautiously down the trunk. The visitor reached the ground in safety, and searched among the tin plates and the knives and forks until he found a piece of bacon rind; but he got just one taste of the tidbit for which he was giving his life, and then Louis hit him on the head with a club. Next morning the land-lookers had porcupine soup for breakfast, and they afterward told me that it was very good indeed.

Our Porky had seen it all. He waited till the men had tramped away through the woods, with their packs on their shoulders and their snow-shoes on their feet, and then he too came down from his tree on a tour of investigation. His friend's skin lay on the snow not very far away, but he paid no attention to it. The bacon rind was what interested him most, and he chewed and gnawed at it with a relish that an epicure might have envied. It was the first time in all his gluttonous little life that he had ever tasted salt or the flavor of wood-smoke; and neither lily-pads, nor beechnuts, nor berries, nor anything else in all the woods, could compare with it. Life was worth living, if only for this one meal; and, perhaps—I don't say positively, but perhaps—he stowed a dim memory of it away in some dark corner of his brain, and hoped that fortune would some day be good to him and send him another bacon rind.

The long, long winter dragged slowly onward, the snow piled up higher and deeper, and the cold grew sharper and keener. Night after night the pitiless stars seemed sucking every last bit of warmth out of the old earth, and leaving it cold and dead forever. And famine, too, came stalking through the woods. The buck and the doe had to live on hemlock twigs till they grew thin and poor, and their flesh came to have the flavor of resin. The partridges, huddled together to keep warm during some driving storm, were buried in a drift; the hard, icy crust closed over them, and they starved to death. The lynxes and the wild cats hunted and hunted, and hunted, and found no prey; and it was well for the bears and the woodchucks that they could sleep all winter and did not need food. Only the Porcupine had plenty and to spare. Starvation had no terrors for him.

"HIGH UP IN THE TOP OF A TALL TREE."

During the month of May (perhaps also at other times), the porcupines are heard at night and during the early hours of the morning calling to each other from the trees. The note is a very peculiar harsh low squeak or grunt, and from what I could observe is used not only as a call to mates but to offspring. One old mother, I noticed, called repeatedly to her partly grown youngster that had climbed into an adjoining tree.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

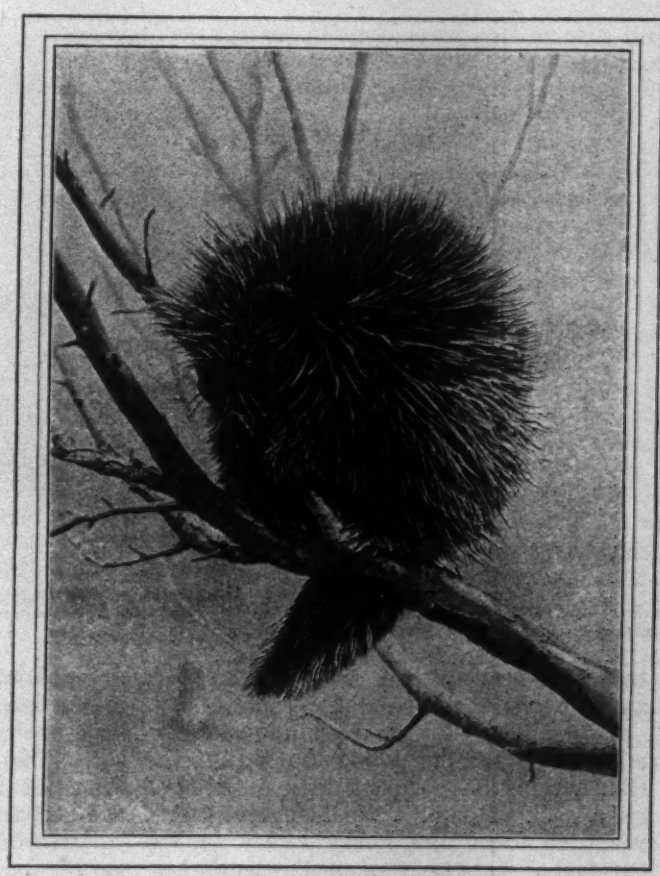
Yet the hunger of another may seem danger for us, as the Porcupine discovered. In ordinary times most of the animals let him severely alone. They knew better than to attack such a living pin-cushion as he; or, if they did try it, one touch was generally enough. But when you are ready to perish with hunger you will take risks which at other times you would not even think about, and so it happened that one afternoon a fierce-looking animal, with dark fur, bushy tail, and pointed nose, sprang at the Porcupine from behind a tree and tried to catch him by the throat, where there were no quills; nothing but soft, warm fur. The Porky promptly made himself into a prickly ball, very much as his mother had done seven or eight months before, his head to the ground and his fore-paws clasped over his face; but the sharp little nose dug into the snow and wriggled its way nearer and nearer to where the jugular vein was waiting to be tapped. The fisher must have understood his business, for he had chosen the one and only way by which a porcupine may be successfully attacked. Another inch and he would have won the game, but he was in such a hurry that he grew careless and reckless, and did not notice that he had wheeled part way round, and that his hind quarters were alongside the Porcupine's.

Now, sluggish and slow though a porcupine may be, there is one of his members that is as quick as a steel trap, and that is his tail. Something hit the fisher a whack on his flank, and he gave a cry of pain and fury, and jumped back with half a dozen spears sticking in his flesh. He must have been so badly rattled that he did not know what he was doing, for before he knew it his face also had come within range of that terrible tail and its quick, vicious jerks. That ended the battle, and he fled away across the snow, almost mad with the agony in his nose, his eyes, his forehead, and his left flank.

The bay lynx fared still worse, for he did not know the very first thing about the proper way to hunt porcupines. He ought not to have tried it at all, but he was literally starving, and the temptation was too much for him. Here was something alive, something that had warm red blood in its veins and a good thick layer of flesh over its bones, and that was too slow to get away from him; and so he sailed right in, tooth and claw, regardless of the consequences. The next second he had forgot all about the Porcupine, his own hunger, and everthing else but the terrible pain in his face and his forepaws. He made the woods fairly ring with his howls, and he jumped up and down on the snow-crust, rubbing his head with his paws, and driving the little barbed spears deeper and deeper into the flesh. And then, all of a sudden, he ceased his leaping and bounding and howling, and dropped on the snow in a limp, lifeless heap, dead as last summer's

lily-pads. One of the quills had driven straight through his left eye and into his brain. Was it any wonder if the Porcupine came to think himself invulnerable?

Even a northern Michigan winter has its ending, and at last there came an evening when all the porcupines in the woods around the Glimmerglass were calling to each other, from one tree to another. They couldn't help it. There was something in the air that stirred even their sluggish blood to a vague restlessness and uneasiness, and our own particular Porky sat up in the top of a tall hemlock and sang. Not like Jenny Lind, nor yet like a thrush or a bluebird; but his harsh voice went squealing up and down the scale in a way that was all his own, without time or rhythm or melody, in the wildest, strangest music that ever woke the silent woods. I don't believe that he himself quite knew what he meant or why he did it. Certainly no one else could have told, unless it was some wandering Indian or trapper who may have heard the queer voices and prophesied that a thaw was coming.



ASLEEP.

All the porcupines observed during my trip in the woods slept thus on the branch of a tree, with their weight resting on the hind feet, while the fore feet clasped a higher part of the branch. One I noticed sat on a branch while his fore feet held on to a branch of an adjoining tree. The animal remained in this position during the entire morning, stretching and contracting as the two trees swayed back and forth in the wind.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

The thaw arrived next day, and it proved to be the beginning of spring. The summer followed as fast as it could, and again the lily-pads were green and succulent in the shallow water along the edge of the Glimmerglass, and again the Porcupine wandered down to the beach to feed upon them, discarding for a time his winter diet of bark and twigs. Why should one live on rye bread when one can have cake and ice-cream?

And there among the bulrushes, one bright June morning, he had a fight with one of his own kind. Just as he was approaching his favorite log, two other porcupines appeared, coming from different directions, one a male and the other a female. They all scrambled out upon the log, one after another, but it soon became evident that three was a crowd. Our Porky and the other bachelor could not agree at all. They both wanted the same place and the same lily-pads, and in a little while they were pushing and shoving and growling and snarling with all their might; each doing his best to drive the other off the log and into the water. They did not bite—perhaps they had agreed that teeth like theirs were too cruel to be used in civilized warfare—but they struggled and chattered and swore at each other, and made all sorts of queer noises while they fought their funny little battle. It did not last long. Our Porky was the stronger, and his rival was driven backward little by little till he lost his hold completely and slipped into the lake. He came to the surface at once, and quickly swam to the shore, where he chattered angrily for a few minutes, and then, like the sensible bachelor that he was, wandered off up the beach in search of other worlds more easily conquered. There was peace on our Porky's log, and the lily-pads

"PORKY . . . DETERMINED TO GO AFT AND GET ACQUAINTED."

Any one who has tried to handle porcupines has noticed their remarkable tenacity of purpose. It seems almost impossible to change their course. If thwarted, they will lower their head and push on blindly. The more you obstruct their passage the more determined are they on it.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

that grew beside it had never been as fresh and juicy as they were that morning.

Two months later, on a hot August afternoon, I was paddling along the edge of the Glimmerglass in company with a friend of mine, each of us in a small dug-out canoe, when we found the Porky asleep in the sunshine. He was lying on the nearly horizontal trunk of a tree whose roots had been undermined by the waves till it leaned far out over the lake, hardly more than a foot from the water.

My friend, by the way, is the foreman of a lumber camp. He has served in the British army, has hunted whales off the coast of Greenland, married a wife in Grand Rapids, and run a street-car in Chicago; and now he is snaking logs out of the Michigan woods. He is quite a chunk of a man, tall and decidedly well set up, and it would take a pretty good prize-fighter to whip him; but one must remember that a porcupine at close quarters is worse than a trained pugilist.

"Look at that Porky," he called to me. "I'm going to run my canoe against the tree and knock him off into the water. Just you watch and you'll see some fun."

I was somewhat uncertain whether the joke would ultimately be on the Porcupine or the man, but it was pretty sure to be a joke worth seeing, one way or the other, so I laid my paddle down and awaited developments. Bang! went the nose of the dug-out against the tree, and the Porcupine dropped, but not into the water. He landed in the bow of the canoe, and the horrified look on my friend's face was a delight to see. The Porky was wide awake by this time, for I could hear his teeth clacking as he advanced to the attack.

"Great Scott! He's coming straight at me!"

The Porcupine was certainly game. I saw the paddle rise in the air and come down with a tremendous whack, but it seemed to have little effect. The animal's coat of quills and bristles and fur was so thick that a blow on the back did not trouble him much. If my friend could have struck him across the nose it would have ended the matter then and there, but the canoe was too narrow and its sides too high for a crosswise stroke. He tried thrusting, but that was no better. When a good-sized porcupine has really made up his mind to go somewhere, it takes more than a punch with the end of a stick to stop him; and this porky had fully determined to go aft and get acquainted with the foreman. My friend couldn't even kick, for he was kneeling on the bottom of the dug-out, and his feet were behind him. If he tried to stand up he would probably capsize.

"Say, Hulbert, what am I going to do?"

I didn't give him any advice, for my sympathies were largely with the Porcupine. Besides, I hadn't any advice to give, and I am not sure that I could have spoken if I had tried. Just then the canoe drifted

around so that I could look into it; and I beheld the Porcupine bearing down on my helpless friend like Birnam Wood on its way to Dunsinane, his ruffle of quills erect, fire in his little black eyes, and a thirst for vengeance in his whole aspect. My friend made one or two final and ineffectual jabs at him, and then gave up.

"It's no use," he called, "I'll have to tip over"; and the next second the canoe was upside down and both belligerents were in the water. The Porcupine floated high—I suppose his hollow quills helped to keep him up—and he proved a much better swimmer than I had expected, for he quickly made his way to the beach and disappeared in the woods, still chattering disrespectfully. My friend waded ashore, righted his canoe, and we resumed our journey. I don't think I'll tell you what he said. He got over it after a while, and in the end he probably enjoyed his joke more than if it had turned out as he had intended.

The summer followed the winter into the past, and the Moon of Falling Leaves came round again. The Porcupine was not alone. Another Porky was with him, and the two seemed very good friends. In fact, his companion was the same lady porcupine who had stood by while he fought the battle of the log and the lily-pads, though I do not suppose that they had been keeping company all those months, and I am by no means certain that they remembered that eventful morning. Let us hope that they did, for the sake of the story. Who knows how much or how little of love was stirring the slow currents of their sluggish natures—of the love that keeps the buck beside the doe in the hour of danger, and that binds the dove or the eagle to his mate? Not much, perhaps; yet they climbed the same tree, ate from the same branch, and drank at the same spring; and the next April there was another arrival in the old hollow log—twins, this time, and both of them alive.

But the Porcupine never saw his children, for a wandering fit seized him, and he left the Glimmerglass before they were born. Two or three miles away was a little clearing where a mossback lived; and one night, as that mossback lay half asleep, he heard something that said "*chew-chew-chew-chew-chew-chew-chew*," about as fast as a locomotive that has its train fairly moving and is just beginning to get up speed. Suddenly the sound stopped short, and after a pause of a few seconds it began again at exactly the same speed, stopped again, and began a third time. And so it kept on, *chewing* and pausing, *chewing* and pausing, with always just so many *chews* to the second, and just so many seconds to each rest. The mossback was wide awake now, and he muttered something about "another of those pesky porcupines." He had killed the last one that had come around the house, and had wanted his wife to cook it for dinner and see how it tasted, but she wouldn't. She said that the very sight of it was enough for her, and more than enough; and that it was all she could do to eat pork and potatoes after looking at it.

He turned over and tried to go to sleep again, but without success. That steady "*chew-chew-chew*" was enough to keep a woodchuck awake, and at last he got up and went to the door. The moonlight on the snow was almost as bright as day, and there was the Porcupine, leaning against the side of the barn and busily rasping the wood from around the head of a rusty nail. The mossback threw a stick of stove-wood at him, and he lumbered clumsily away across the snow. Twenty minutes later he was back again, and this time he marched straight into the open shed at the back of the house and began operations on a washtub, whose mingled flavor of soap and humanity was quite irresistible. Again the mossback appeared in the doorway, shivering a little in his night-shirt.

The Porcupine was at the foot of the steps. He had stopped *chewing* when the door opened, and now he lifted his forepaws and sat half-erect, his yellow teeth showing between his parted lips, and his little eyes staring at the lamp which the mossback carried. The quills slanted backward from all around his diminutive face, and even from between his eyes—short at first, but growing longer toward his shoulders and back. Long whitish bristles mingled with them, and he made the mossback think of a little old, old man, with hair that was grizzly gray, and a face that wore a look half stupid and half sad and wistful. He was not yet two years of age, but I believe a porcupine is born old. Some of the Indians say that he is ashamed of his homeliness, and that that is the reason why, by day, he walks so slowly, with hanging head and downcast eyes; but at night, they say, when the friendly darkness hides his ugliness, he lifts his head and runs like a dog.

In spite of the hour and the cheering influence of the washtub, our Porky seemed even more low-spirited than usual. Perhaps

the lamp-light had suddenly reminded him of his personal appearance. At any rate, he looked so lonesome and forlorn that the mossback felt a little thrill of pity for him, and decided not to kill him, after all, but to drive him away again. He started down the steps with his lamp in one hand and a stick of wood in the other, and then—he never knew quite how it happened—but in some way or other he stumbled and fell. Never in all his life, not even when his wildest nightmare came and sat upon him in the wee small hours, had he ever come quite as near screaming out in his terror as he did at that moment. He thought he was going to sit down on the Porcupine. Fortunately for both of them, and especially for the man, he missed him by barely half an inch, and the Porky scuttled away as fast as his legs could carry him, thoroughly frightened for once.

Yet in spite of his scare he hung around the edges of the clearing for several months, and enjoyed many a meal such as seldom falls to the lot of the average porky. Once he found a bacon rind among some scraps that the mossback's wife had thrown away. Later on he invaded the sugar-bush by night, gnawing deep notches in the edges of the sap-buckets and barrels, and helping himself to the syrup in the big boiling-pan. Life was not all feasting, however. There was a dog who attacked him two or three times, but who finally learned to keep away and mind his own business. Once, when he had ventured a little too close to the house, and was making an unusual racket with his teeth, the mossback came to the door and fired a shot-gun at him, cutting off several of his quills. And still another night, late in the spring, when he was prowling around the barn, a bull calf came and smelled him. Next morning the mossback and his boys threw that calf down on the ground and tied his feet to a stump, and then three of them sat on him while the fourth pulled the quills from his nose with a pair of pincers. You should have heard him grunt.

Then came the greatest adventure of all. A railway crossed one edge of the clearing, and beside it was a small platform on which supplies for the lumbermen were sometimes unloaded from the trains. Brine and molasses and various other delectable things had leaked out upon the platform from barrels and kegs and boxes, and the Porcupine discovered that its planks were very nicely seasoned and flavored. He visited it once too often, for one summer evening, as he was gnawing away at the site of an ancient puddle of molasses, the accommodation train rolled in and came to a halt. He tried to hide behind a stump, but the trainmen caught sight of him, and before he knew it they had shoved him into an empty box and hoisted him into the baggage-car. They turned him loose among the passengers on the station platform at Sault Ste. Marie, and his arrival created a sensation.

When the first excitement had subsided, all the girls in the crowd declared that they wanted porcupine quills for souvenirs, and all the young men set to work to procure them, hoping to distinguish themselves by proving their superiority in strength and courage over this poor, little, twenty-pound beast just out of the woods. Most of them succeeded in getting some quills, and also in acquiring some painful experience, especially the one who attempted to lift the Porcupine by the tail, and who learned that that interesting member is the very hottest and liveliest portion of the animal's anatomy. They finally discovered that the proper way to get quills from a live porcupine is to hit him with a piece of board. The sharp points penetrate the wood and stick there, the other ends come loose from his skin, and there you have them. The Porky lost most of his armor that day, and it was a good thing for him that departed quills, like clipped hair, will renew themselves in the course of time.

One of the brakemen carried him home, and he spent the next few months in the enjoyment of city life. Whether he found much pleasure in it is perhaps a question, but I am rather inclined to think that he did. He had plenty to eat, and he learned that apples are very good indeed, and that the best way to partake of them is to sit up on your haunches and hold them between your forepaws. He also learned that men are not always to be regarded as enemies, for his owner and his owner's children were good to him and soon won his confidence. But, after all, the city was not home, and the woods were, and so he employed some of his spare time in gnawing a hole through the wall in a dark corner of the shed where he was confined, and one night he scrambled out and hid himself in an empty barn. A day or two later he was in the forest again.

The remaining years of his life were spent on the bank of St. Mary's River, and for the most part they were years of quietness and contentment. He was far from his early

home; but the bark of a birch or a maple or a hemlock is much the same on St. Mary's as by the Glimmerglass. He grew bigger and fatter as time went on, and some weeks before he died he must have weighed thirty or forty pounds.

Once in a while there was a little dash of excitement to keep life from becoming too monotonous—if too much monotony is possible in a porcupine's existence. One night he scrambled up the steps of a little summer cottage close to the edge of the river; and, finding the door unlatched, he pushed it open and walked in. A girl in the next room heard him tramping around, and she got up and struck a light. It so happened that the Porcupine himself was the only gentleman in the house, and his reception was a remarkable one, to say the least, for his hostesses stood around on chairs and the tops of washstands, and bombarded him with curling-irons, poked feebly with bed-slats, and shrieked with laughter till the farmers over on the Canadian shore turned in their beds and wondered what could be happening on Uncle Sam's side of the river. The worst of it was that in his travels around the room he had come up behind the door and pushed it shut; and it was some time before even the red-haired girl could muster up sufficient courage to come down from her perch and open it again.

At another time an Indian robbed him of the longest and best of his quills—nearly five inches in length, some of them—and carried them off to be used in making ornaments for birch-bark baskets. And on still another occasion he narrowly escaped death at the hands of an irate canoeman, in the side of whose Rob Roy he had gnawed a great hole.

The end came at last, and it was the saddest, hardest, strangest fate that can ever come to a wild creature of the woods. He—who had never known hunger in all his life, who was almost the only animal in the forest who had never looked famine in the eye, whose table was spread with good things from January to December, and whose storehouse was full from Lake Huron to the Pictured Rocks—he, of all others, was condemned to die of starvation in the midst of plenty. The Ancient Mariner, with water all around and not a drop to drink, was no worse off than our Porcupine; and the Mariner finally escaped, but the Porky didn't.

One of the summer tourists who wandered up into the north woods that year had carried with him a little rifle, more of a toy than a weapon, a thing that a sportsman would hardly have condescended to laugh at. And one afternoon, by ill luck, he caught sight of the Porcupine high up in the top of a tall tree. It was his first chance at a genuine wild beast, and he fired away all his cartridges as fast as he could load them into his gun. He thought that every shot missed, and he was much ashamed of his marksmanship, but—he was mistaken. The very last bullet broke one of the Porcupine's lower front teeth, and oh, how it hurt! It jarred him to the very end of his tail, his head felt as if it was being smashed to bits, and for a minute or two the strength all went out of him, and if he had not been lying in a safe, comfortable crotch he would have fallen to the ground.

The pain and the shock passed away after a while, but when supper-time came—and it was almost always supper-time with the Porcupine—his left lower incisor was missing. The right one was uninjured, however, and for a little while he got on very well, merely having to spend a little more time than usual over his meals. But that was only the beginning of trouble. The stump of the broken tooth was still there and still growing, and it was soon as long as ever, but in the meantime its fellow in the upper jaw had grown beyond its normal length, and the two did not meet properly. Instead of growing together edge to edge, as they should have done, each wearing the other down and keeping its growth in check, each one now pushed the other aside, and still they kept on growing, growing, growing. Worst of all, in a short time they had begun to crowd his jaws apart so that he could hardly use his right-hand teeth, and they, too, were soon out of shape. The evil days had come, and the sound of the grinding was low. Little by little his mouth was forced open wider and wider, and the food that passed his lips grew less and less. His teeth, that had all his life been his best tools and most faithful servants, had turned against him in his old age, and were killing him by inches. Let us not linger over those days.

He was spared the very last and worst pangs; for that, at least, we may be thankful. On the last day of his life he sat under a beech-tree, weak and weary and faint. He could not remember when he had eaten. His coat of hair and quills was as thick and bushy as ever, and outwardly he had hardly

changed at all, but under his skin there was little left but bones. And as he sat there and wished that he was dead—if such a wish can ever come to a wild animal—the Angel of Mercy came by in the shape of a man with a revolver in his pistol-pocket. And the man liked to kill things.

"A porky!" he said. "Guess I'll shoot him, just for fun."

The Porcupine saw him coming, and knew the danger; and for a moment the old love of life came back as strong as ever, and he gathered his feeble strength for one last effort, and started up the tree. He was perhaps six feet from the ground when the first report came.

"*Bang! bang! bang! bang!*" four shots, as fast as a self-cocking revolver could pour the lead into his body. The Porky stopped climbing. For an instant he hung motionless on the side of the tree, and then his forepaws let go and he swayed backward and fell to the ground. And that was the end of the Porcupine.

GRIT OF WOMEN.

By Jack London.

A WOLFISH head, wistful-eyed and frost-rimed, thrust aside the tent-flaps.

"Hi! Chook! Siwash! Chook, you limb of Satan!" chorused the protesting inmates.

Bettles rapped the dog sharply with a tin plate, and it withdrew hastily. Louis Savoy refastened the flaps, kicked a frying-pan over against the bottom, and warmed his hands. It was very cold without. Forty-eight hours gone, the spirit thermometer had burst at sixty-eight below, and since that time it had grown steadily and bitterly colder. There was no telling when the snap would end. And it is poor policy, unless the gods will it, to venture far from a stove at such times, or to increase the quantity of cold atmosphere one must breathe. Men sometimes do it, and sometimes they chill their lungs. This leads up to a dry, hacking cough, noticeably irritable when bacon is being fried. After that, somewhere along in the spring or summer, a hole is burned in the frozen muck. Into this a man's carcass is dumped, covered over with moss, and left with the assurance that it will rise on the crack of Doom, wholly and frigidly intact. For those of little faith, skeptical of material integration on that fateful day, no fitter country than the Klondike can be recommended to die in. But it is not to be inferred from this that it is a fit country for living purposes.

It was very cold without, but it was not over-warm within. The only article which might be designated furniture was the stove, and for this the men were frank in displaying their preference. Upon half of the floor pine boughs had been cast; above this were spread the sleeping-furs, beneath lay the winter's snowfall. The remainder of the floor was moccasin-packed snow, littered with pots and pans and the general *impedimenta* of an Arctic camp. The stove was red and roaring hot, but only a bare three feet away lay a block of ice, as sharp-edged and dry as when first quarried from the creek bottom. The pressure of the outside cold forced the inner heat upward. Just above the stove, where the pipe penetrated the roof, was a tiny circle of dry canvas; next, with the pipe always as center, a circle of steaming canvas; next a damp and moisture-exuding ring; and finally, the rest of the tent, sidewalls and top, coated with a half-inch of dry, white, crystal-encrusted frost.

"*Oh!* OH! OH!" A young fellow, lying asleep in the furs, bearded and wan and weary, raised a moan of pain, and without waking, increased the pitch and intensity of his anguish. His body half-lifted from the blankets, and quivered and shrank spasmodically, as though drawing away from a bed of nettles.

"Roll 'm over!" ordered Bettles. "He's crampin'."

And thereat, with pitiless altruism, he was pitched upon and rolled and thumped and pounded by half a dozen willing comrades.

"D—n the trail," he muttered softly, as he threw off the robes and sat up. "I've run across country, played quarter three seasons hand-running, and hardened myself in all manner of ways; and then I pilgrim it into this God-forsaken land and find myself an effeminate Athenian without the simplest rudiments of manhood!" He hunched up to the fire and rolled a cigarette. "Oh,

I'm not whining. I can take my medicine all right, all right; but I'm just decently ashamed of myself, that's all. Here I am, on top of a dirty thirty miles, as knocked up and stiff and sore as a pink-tea degenerate after a five-mile walk on a country turnpike. Bah! It makes me sick! Got a match?"

"Don't git the tantrums, youngster." Bettles passed over the required fire-stick and waxed patriarchal. "Ye've gotter 'low some for the breakin'-in. Sufferin' cracky! don't I recollect the first time I hit the trail! Stiff? I've seen the time it'd take me ten minutes to git my mouth from the water-hole an' come to my feet—every jint crackin' an' kickin' fit to kill. Cramp? In sech knots it'd take the camp half a day to untangle me. You're all right, for a cub, an' ye've the true sperrit. Come this day year, you'll walk all us old bucks into the ground any time. An' best in your favor, you hain't got that streak of fat in your make-up which has sent many a husky man to the bosom of Abraham afore his right and proper time."

"Streak of fat?"

"Yep. Comes along of bulk. 'Tain't the big men as is the best when it comes to the trail."

"Never heard of it."

"Never heered of it, eh? Well, it's a dead straight, open-an'-shut fact, an' no gittin' round. Bulk's all well enough for a mighty big effort, but 'thout stayin' powers it ain't worth a continental whoop; an' stayin' powers an' bulk ain't runnin' mates. Takes the small, wiry fellows when it comes to gittin' right down an' hangin' on like a lean-jowled dog to a bone. Why, hell's fire, the big men they ain't in it!"

"By gar!" broke in Louis Savoy, "dat is no, vot you call, josh! I know one mans, so vaire beeg like ze buffalo, but no fat 'tall. Wit him, on ze Sulphur Creek stampede, go one small mans, Lon McFane. You know dat Lon McFane, dat leetle Irisher wit ze red hair and ze grin. An' dey walk an' walk an' walk, all ze day long an' ze night long. And beeg mans, him become vaire tired, an' lay down mooch in ze snow. And leetle mans keek beeg mans, an' him cry like, vot you call—ah! vot you call ze kid. And leetle mans keek an' keek an' keek, an' bime by, long time, long way, keek beeg mans into my cabin. Tree days 'fore him crawl out my blankets. Nevaire I see beeg squaw like him. No nevaire. Him haf vot you call ze streak of fat. You bet."

"But there was Axel Gunderson," Prince spoke up. The great Scandinavian, with the tragic events which shadowed his passing, had made a deep mark on the mining engineer. "He lies up there, somewhere." He swept his hand in the vague direction of the mysterious east.

"Biggest man that ever turned his heels to Salt Water or run a moose down with sheer grit," supplemented Bettles; "but he's the prove-the-rule exception. Look at his woman, Unga—tip the scales at a hundred an' ten, clean meat an' nary ounce to spare. She'd bank grit 'gainst his for all there was in him, an' see him, an' go him better if it was possible. Nothing over the earth, or in it, or under it, she wouldn't 'a' done."

"But she loved him," objected the engineer.

"'Tain't that. It——"

"Look you, brothers," broke in Sitka Charley from his seat on the grub-box. "Ye have spoken of the streak of fat that runs in big men's muscles, of the grit of women and the love, and ye have spoken fair; but I have in mind things which happened when the land was young and the fires of men apart as the stars. It was then I had concern with a big man, and a streak of fat, and a woman. And the woman was small; but her heart was greater than the beef-heart of the man, and she had grit. And we traveled a weary trail, even to the Salt Water, and the cold was bitter, the snow deep, the hunger great. And the woman's love was a mighty love—no more can man say than this."

He paused, and with the hatchet broke pieces of ice from the the large chunk beside him. These he threw into the gold pan on the stove, where the drinking-water thawed. The men drew up closer, and he of the cramps sought greater comfort vainly for his stiffened body.

"Brothers, my blood is red with Siwash, but my heart is white. To the faults of my fathers I owe the one, to the virtues of my friends the other. A great truth came to me when I was yet a boy. I learned that to your kind and you was given the earth; that the Siwash could not withstand you, and like the caribou and the bear, must perish in the cold. So I came into the warm and sat among you, by your fires, and behold, I became one of you. I have seen much in my time. I have known strange things, and bucked big, on big trails, with men of many breeds. And because of these things, I measure deeds after your manner, and judge men, and think thoughts. Where-

fore, when I speak harshly of one of your own kind, I know you will not take it amiss; and when I speak high of one of my father's people, you will not take it upon you to say, 'Sitka Charley is Siwash, and there is a crooked light in his eyes and small honor to his tongue.' Is it not so?"

Deep down in throat, the circle vouchsafed its assent.

"The woman was Passuk. I got her in fair trade from her people, who were of the Coast and whose Chilcat totem stood at the head of a salt arm of the sea. My heart did not go out to the woman, nor did I take stock of her looks. For she scarce took her eyes from the ground, and she was timid and afraid, as girls will be when cast into a stranger's arms whom they have never seen before. As I say, there was no place in my heart for her to creep, for I had a great journey in mind, and stood in need of one to feed my dogs and to lift a paddle with me through the long river days. One blanket would cover the twain; so I chose Passuk.

"Have I not said I was a servant to the Government? If not, it is well that ye know. So I was taken on a warship, sleds and dogs and evaporated foods, and with me came Passuk. And we went north, to the winter ice-rim of Bering Sea, where we were landed—myself, and Passuk, and the dogs. I was also given moneys of the Government, for I was its servant, and charts of lands which the eyes of man had never dwelt upon, and messages. These messages were sealed, and protected shrewdly from the weather, and I was to deliver them to the whale-ships of the Arctic, ice-bound by the great Mackenzie. Never was there so great a river, forgetting only our own Yukon, the Mother of all Rivers.

"All of which is neither here nor there, for my story deals not with the whale-ships, nor the berg-bound winter I spent by the Mackenzie. Afterward, in the spring, when the days lengthened and there was a crust to the snow, we came south, Passuk and I, to the Country of the Yukon. A weary journey, but the sun pointed out the way of our feet. It was a naked land, then, as I have said, and we worked up the current, with pole and paddle, till we came to Forty Mile. Good it was to see white faces once again, so we put into the bank. And that winter was a hard winter. The darkness and the cold drew down upon us, and with them the famine. To each man the agent of the Company gave forty pounds of flour and twenty of bacon. There were no beans. And the dogs howled always, and there were flat bellies and deep-lined faces, and strong men became weak, and weak men died. There was also much scurvy.

"Then came we together in the store one night, and the empty shelves made us feel our own emptiness the more. We talked low, by the light of the fire, for the candles had been set aside for those who might yet gasp in the spring. Discussion was held, and it was said that a man must go forth to the Salt Water and tell to the world our misery. At this all eyes turned to me, for it was understood that I was a great traveler. 'It is 700 miles,' said I, 'to Haines Mission by the sea, and every inch of it snowshoe work. Give me the pick of your dogs and the best of your grub, and I will go. And with me shall go Passuk.'

"To this they were agreed. But there arose one, Long Jeff, a Yankee-man, big-boned and big-muscled. Also his talk was big. He, too, was a mighty traveler, he said, born to the snowshoe and bred up on buffalo milk. He would go with me, in case I fell by the trail, that he might carry the word on to the Mission. I was young, and I knew not Yankee-men. How was I to know that big talk betokened the streak of fat, or that Yankee-men who did great things kept their teeth together? So we took the pick of the dogs and the best of the grub, and struck the trail, we three—Passuk, Long Jeff, and I.

"Well, ye have broken virgin snow, labored at the gee-pole, and are not unused to the packed river-jams; so I will talk little of the toil, save that on some days we made ten miles, and on others thirty, but more often ten. And the best of the grub was not good, while we went on stint from the start. Likewise the pick of the dogs was poor, and we were hard put to keep them on their legs. At the White River our three sleds became two sleds, and we had only come 200 miles. But we lost nothing; the dogs that left the traces went into the bellies of those that remained.

"Not a greeting, not a curl of smoke, till we made Pelly. Here I had counted on grub; and here I had counted on leaving Long Jeff, who was whining and trail-sore. But the factor's lungs were wheezing, his eyes bright, his cache nigh empty; and he showed us the empty cache of the missionary, also his grave with the rocks piled high to keep off the dogs. There was a bunch of Indians there, but babies and old men there

were none, and it was clear that few would see the spring.

"So we pulled on, light-stomached and heavy-hearted, with half a thousand miles of snow and silence between us and Haines Mission by the sea. The darkness was at its worst, and at mid-day the sun could not clear the sky-line to the south. But the ice-jams were smaller, the going better; so I pushed the dogs hard and traveled late and early. As I said at Forty Mile, every inch of it was snowshoe work. And the shoes made great sores on our feet, which cracked and scabbed but would not heal. And every day these sores grew more grievous, till in the morning, when we girded on the shoes, Long Jeff cried like a child. I put him at the fore of the light sled to break trail, but he slipped off the shoes for comfort. Because of this the trail was not packed, his moccasins made great holes, and into these holes the dogs wallowed. The bones of the dogs were ready to break through their hides, and this was not good for them. So I spoke hard words to the man, and he promised, and broke his word. Then I beat him with the dog-whip, and after that the dogs wallowed no more. He was a child, what of the pain and the streak of fat.

"But Passuk. While the man lay by the fire and wept, she cooked, and in the morning helped lash the sleds, and in the evening to unlash them. And she saved the dogs. Ever was she to the fore, lifting the webbed shoes and making the way easy. Passuk—how shall I say?—I took it for granted that she should do these things, and thought no more about it. For my mind was busy with other matters, and besides, I was young in years and knew little of woman. It was only on looking back that I came to understand.

"And the man became worthless. The dogs had little strength in them, but he stole rides on the sled when he lagged behind. Passuk said she would take the one sled, so the man had nothing to do. In the morning I gave him his fair share of grub and started him on the trail alone. Then the woman and I broke camp, packed the sleds, and harnessed the dogs. By mid-day, when the sun mocked us, we would overtake the man, with the tears frozen on his cheeks, and pass him. In the night we made camp, set aside his fair share of grub, and spread his furs. Also we made a big fire, that he might see. And hours afterward he would come limping in, and eat his grub with moans and groans, and sleep. He was not sick, this man. He was only trail-sore and tired, and weak with hunger. But Passuk and I were trail-sore and tired, and weak with hunger; and we did all the work and he did none. But he had the streak of fat of which our brother Bettles has spoken. Further, we gave the man always his fair share of grub.

"Then one day we met two ghosts journeying through the Silence. They were a man and a boy, and they were white. The ice had opened on Lake Le Barge, and through it had gone their main outfit. One blanket each carried about his shoulders. At night they built a fire and crouched over it till morning. They had a little flour. This they stirred in warm water and drank. The man showed me eight cups of flour—all they had, and Pelly, stricken with famine, 200 miles away. They said, also, that there was an Indian behind; that they had whacked fair, but that he could not keep up. I did not believe they had whacked fair, else would the Indian have kept up. But I could give them no grub. They strove to steal a dog—the fattest, which was very thin—but I shoved my pistol in their faces and told them begone. And they went away, like drunken men, through the Silence toward Pelly.

"I had three dogs now, and one sled, and the dogs were only bones and hair. When there is little wood, the fire burns low and the cabin grows cold. So with us. With little grub the frost bites sharp, and our faces were black and frozen till our own mothers would not have known us. And our feet were very sore. In the morning, when I hit the trail, I sweated to keep down the cry when the pain of the snowshoes smote me. Passuk never opened her lips, but stepped to the fore to break the way. The man howled.

"The Thirty Mile was swift, and the current ate away the ice from beneath, and there were many air-holes and cracks, and much open water. One day we came upon the man, resting, for he had gone ahead, as was his wont, in the morning. But between us was open water. This he had passed around by taking to the rim-ice where it was too narrow for a sled. So we found an ice-bridge. Passuk weighed little, and went first, with a long pole crosswise in her hands in chance she broke through. But she was light, and her shoes large, and she passed over. Then she called the dogs. But they had neither poles nor shoes, and they broke through and were swept under by the water. I held tight to the sled from behind, till the

traces broke and the dogs went on down under the ice. There was little meat to them, but I had counted on them for a week's grub, and they were gone.

"The next morning I divided all the grub, which was little, into three portions. And I told Long Jeff that he could keep up with us, or not, as he saw fit; for we were going to travel light and fast. But he raised his voice and cried over his sore feet and his troubles, and said harsh things against comradeship. Passuk's feet were sore, and my feet were sore—ay, sorer than his, for we had worked with the dogs; also, we looked to see. Long Jeff swore he would die before he hit the trail again; so Passuk took a fur robe, and I a cooking pot and an axe, and we made ready to go. But she looked on the man's portion, and said, 'It is wrong to waste good food on a baby. He is better dead.' I shook my head and said no—that a comrade once was a comrade always. Then she spoke of the men of Forty Mile; that they were many men and good; and that they looked to me for grub in the spring. But when I still said no, she snatched the pistol from my belt, quick, and as our brother Bettles has spoken, Long Jeff went to the bosom of Abraham before his time. I chided Passuk for this; but she showed no sorrow, nor was she sorrowful. And in my heart I knew she was right."

Sitka Charley paused and threw pieces of ice into the gold pan on the stove. The men were silent, and their backs chilled to the sobbing cries of the dogs as they gave tongue to their misery in the outer cold.

"And day by day we passed in the snow the sleeping places of the two ghosts—Passuk and I—and we knew we would be glad for such ere we made Salt Water. Then we came to the Indian, like another ghost, with his face set toward Pelly. They had not whacked up fair, the man and the boy, he said, and he had had no flour for three days. Each night he boiled pieces of his moccasins in a cup, and ate them. He did not have much moccasins left. And he was a Coast Indian, and told us these things through Passuk, who talked his tongue. He was a stranger in the Yukon, and he knew not the way, but his face was set to Pelly. How far was it? Two sleeps? ten? a hundred?—he did not know, but he was going to Pelly. It was too far to turn back; he could only keep on.

"He did not ask for grub, for he could see we, too, were hard put. Passuk looked at the man, and at me, as though she were of two minds, like a mother partridge whose young are in trouble. So I turned to her and said, 'This man has been dealt unfair. Shall I give him of our grub a portion?' I saw her eyes light, as with quick pleasure; but she looked long at the man and at me, and her mouth drew close and hard, and she said, 'No. The Salt Water is afar off, and Death lies in wait. Better it is that he take this stranger man and let my man Charley pass.' So the man went away in the Silence toward Pelly. That night she wept. Never had I seen her weep before. Nor was it the smoke of the fire, for the wood was dry wood. So I marveled at her sorrow, and thought her woman's heart had grown soft at the darkness of the trail and the pain. It was not till afterward that I came to understand.

"Life is a strange thing. Much have I thought on it, and pondered long, yet daily the strangeness of it grows not less, but more. Why this longing for Life? It is a game which no man wins. To live is to toil hard, and to suffer sore, till Old Age creeps heavily upon us and we throw down our hands on the cold ashes of dead fires. It is hard to live. In pain the babe sucks his first breath, in pain the old man gasps his last, and all his days are full of trouble and sorrow; yet he goes down to the open arms of Death, stumbling, falling, with head turned backward, fighting to the last. And Death is kind. It is only Life, and the things of Life that hurt. Yet we love Life, and we hate Death. It is very strange.

"We spoke little, Passuk and I, in the days which came. In the night we lay in the snow like dead people, and in the morning we went on our way, walking like dead people. And all things were dead. There were no ptarmigan, no squirrels, no snowshoe rabbits—nothing. The river made no sound beneath its white robes. The sap was frozen in the forest. And it became cold, as now; and in the night the stars drew near and large, and leaped and danced; and in the day the sun dogs mocked us till we saw many suns, and all the air flashed and sparkled, and the snow was diamond dust. And there was no heat, no sound, only the bitter cold and the Silence. As I say, we walked like dead people, as in a dream, and we kept no count of time. Only our faces were set to Salt Water, our souls strained for Salt Water, and our feet carried us toward Salt Water. We camped by the Tahkeena, and knew it not. Our eyes looked upon the White Horse, but we saw it not.

Our feet trod the portage of the Canyon, but they felt it not. We felt nothing. And we fell often by the way, but we fell, always, with our faces toward Salt Water.

"Our last grub went, and we had shared fair, Passuk and I, but she fell more often, and at Caribou Crossing her strength left her. And in the morning we lay beneath the one robe and did not take the trail. It was in my mind to stay there and meet Death hand-in-hand with Passuk; for I had grown old, and had learned the love of woman. Also, it was eighty miles to Haines Mission, and the great Chilcoot, far above the timber-line, reared his storm-swept head between. But Passuk spoke to me, low, with my ear against her lips that I might hear. And now, because she need not fear my anger, she spoke her heart, and told me of her love, and of many things which I did not understand.

"And she said: 'You are my man, Charley, and I have been a good woman to you. And in all the days I have made your fire, and cooked your food, and fed your dogs, and lifted paddle or broken trail, I have not complained. Nor did I say that there was more warmth in the lodge of my father, or that there was more grub on the Chilcat. When you have spoken, I have listened. When you have ordered, I have obeyed. Is it not so, Charley?'

"And I said: 'Ay, it is so.'

"And she said: 'When first you came to the Chilcat, nor looked upon me, but bought me as a man buys a dog, and took me away, my heart was hard against you and filled with bitterness and fear. But that was long ago. For you were kind to me, Charley, as a good man is kind to his dog. Your heart was cold, and there was no room for me; yet you dealt me fair and your ways were just. And I was with you when you did bold deeds and led great ventures, and I measured you against the men of other breeds, and I saw you stood among them full of honor, and your word was wise, your tongue true. And I grew proud of you, till it came that you filled all my heart, and all my thought was of you. You were as the midsummer sun, when its golden trail runs in a circle and never leaves the sky. And whatever way I cast my eyes I beheld the sun. But your heart was ever cold, Charley, and there was no room.'

"And I said: 'It is so. It was cold, and there was no room. But that is past. Now my heart is like the snowfall in the spring, when the sun has come back. There is a great thaw and a bending, a sound of running waters, and a budding and sprouting of green things. And there is drumming of partridges, and songs of robins, and great music, for the winter is broken, Passuk, and I have learned the love of woman.'

"She smiled and moved for me to draw her closer. And she said: 'I am glad.' After that she lay quiet for a long time, breathing softly, her head upon my breast. Then she whispered: 'The trail ends here, and I am tired. But first I would speak of other things. In the long ago, when I was a girl on the Chilcat, I played alone among the skin bales of my father's lodge; for the men were away on the hunt, and the women and boys were dragging in the meat. It was in the spring, and I was alone. A great brown bear, just awake from his winter's sleep, hungry, his fur hanging to the bones in flaps of leanness, shoved his head within the lodge and said, "Oof!" My brother came running back with the first sled of meat. And he fought the bear with burning sticks from the fire, and the dogs in their harnesses, with the sled behind them, fell upon the bear. There was a great battle and much noise. They rolled in the fire, the skin bales were scattered, the lodge overthrown. But in the end the bear lay dead, with the fingers of my brother in his mouth and the marks of his claws upon my brother's face. Did you mark the Indian by the Pelly trail, his mitten which had no thumb, his hand which he warmed by our fire? He was my brother. And I said he should have no grub. And he went away in the Silence without grub.'

"This, my brothers, was the love of Passuk, who died in the snow, by the Caribou Crossing. It was a mighty love, for she denied her brother for the man who led her away on weary trails to a bitter end. And, further, such was this woman's love, she denied herself. Ere her eyes closed for the last time she took my hand and slipped it under her squirrel-skin *parka* to her waist. I felt there a well-filled pouch, and learned the secret of her lost strength. Day by day we had shared fair, to the last least bit; and day by day but half her share had she eaten. The other half had gone into the well-filled pouch.

"And she said: 'This is the end of the trail for Passuk; but your trail, Charley, leads on and on, over the great Chilcoot, down to Haines Mission and the sea. And it leads on and on, by the light of many suns, over unknown lands and strange wa-

ters, and it is full of years and honors and great glories. It leads you to the lodges of many women, and good women, but it will never lead you to a greater love than the love of Passuk.'

"And I knew the woman spoke true. But a madness came upon me, and I threw the well-filled pouch from me, and swore that my trail had reached an end, till her tired eyes grew soft with tears, and she said: 'Among men has Sitka Charley walked in honor, and ever has his word been true. Does he forget that honor now, and talk vain words by the Caribou Crossing? Does he remember no more the men of Forty Mile, who gave him of their grub the best, of their dogs the pick? Ever has Passuk been proud of her man. Let him lift himself up, gird on his snowshoes, and begone, that she may still keep her pride.'

"And when she grew cold in my arms I arose, and sought out the well-filled pouch, and girt on my snowshoes, and staggered along the trail; for there was a weakness in my knees, and my head was dizzy, and in my ears there was a roaring, and a flashing of fire upon my eyes. The forgotten trails of boyhood came back to me. I sat by the full pots of the *potlach* feast, and raised my voice in song, and danced to the chanting of the men and maidens and the booming of the walrus drums. And Passuk held my hand and walked by my side. When I laid down to sleep, she waked me. When I stumbled and fell, she raised me. When I wandered in the deep snow, she led me back to the trail. And in this wise, like a man bereft of reason, who sees strange visions and whose thoughts are light with wine, I came to Haines Mission by the sea."

Sitka Charley threw back the tent-flaps. It was mid-day. To the south, just clearing the bleak Henderson Divide, poised the cold-disked sun. On either hand the sun-dogs blazed. The air was a gossamer of glittering frost. In the foreground, beside the trail, a wolf-dog, bristling with frost, thrust a long snout heavenward and mourned.

CONDUCTOR PAT FRANCIS.

By Frank H. Spearman,

Author of "The Nerve of Foley," "The Million-Dollar Freight Train," and Other Stories.

HOW THE YELLOWSTONE EXCURSION ESCAPED ITS PURSUER.

THERE had been some talk at headquarters about our conductors. It was intimated, and freely, from the auditing department that the men of the punch were not dividing fairly with the company. To this effect the general manager wrote Bucks, superintendent of the mountain division. Bucks filed the letter away in the stove. Another communication fared no better. But there were some new people at headquarters; they had a record to make, and they proposed to write part of it on our backs. Bucks got another letter; he threw it in the stove.

Pat Barlie often and often said he recommended no man to drink whisky; he only

recommended the whisky. I recommend no rising railroad man to burn the third letter on the same subject from his general manager; I merely recommend Bucks. He was at that time running the West End. They had tried running the West End without Bucks a while; then they had tried again running it with him. In both instances it was different.

But the next time the general manager was out in his "special," he spoke to Bucks on the subject as if the mention were a virgin touch. Bucks muttered something about the general character of the trainmen and the decent lives and habits of the passenger conductors, and finished with an incidental expression of confidence in the men; that was about all.

But the headquarters people, who were largely Boston, had ways and means all their own; and failing to interest Bucks in their hobby, they took a tack like this.

To begin with, the night was bad. A holy fright, Pat Francis called it, and Pat had seen most of the bad nights in the mountains for twenty-two years steady. It was snowing and raining and sleeting that night, all at once; and blowing—it blew the oil out of the guide-cups. From the platform of the Wickiup—nobody in the gorge would call it a depot—from the Wickiup platform at Medicine Bend, Number One seemed to roll into division that night one reeking sheet of alkali ice—soda and frost solid from lamp to lamp.

She was late, too, with a pair of the best engines that ever climbed a mountain heading her. She had lost time every mile of the way from the plains, and she was ordered west with another double-head and a pusher all the way over the Horseback. It was because there was a Yellowstone excursion aboard. The Columbian Pacific connection was on that account especially desired; and that night at twelve o'clock, mountain time, with Number One especially late into the Bend, and the track especially bad, and the pull especially heavy, it looked—that Columbian Pacific connection—especially doubtful, except over in the despatchers' offices, where they were being pounded to make it by the excursion bureau.

Bucks was down that night. There were many bad nights in the mountains, but Bucks never missed any of them by going to bed. On bad nights, Bucks, like a switchman's pipe, was always out. He—Bucks—personally appeared at the Wickiup to see that things went. The men liked him because he was always ready to do anything he asked them to do. There was an *esprit*, a *morale*—whatever you call it—and a loyalty to Bucks personally, which made our men take the chances that pay checks don't cover.

So, although the Columbian Pacific connection looked especially doubtful that night, nevertheless there was Bucks, under a slouching Stetson and an Irish frieze that caught all the water coming its way, standing at the drivers of the head engine, while Jack Moore, in leather from heel to jaw, went into the slush under her to touch up an eccentric with a reputation for cussedness in a pinch. And a minute later Bucks was walking back to figure with the out conductor, Pat Francis, how to make schedule across to Wild Hat; though, as they talked, each man knew the other was not thinking at all of how to make schedule, but thinking—though never a word out loud of it, and hell to face all the way up the gorge on top of it—of how with flesh and blood and steel to beat schedule that night and land the uncertain connection, in spite of wind and weather and the bureau's fears and the despatchers' growls.

And all this for what? To dump a hundred or two Brooklyn people into the Yellowstone twenty-four hours earlier than they otherwise would have been dumped, though without doubt they would have been just that much better off loafing twenty-four hours longer away from their newspapers and ferries and street cars. Pat Francis listened grimly. A short, stocky fellow, Pat Francis. Not fat, but firm as a Bessemer bar, and with considerably quicker play in his joints. He listened grimly, for he thought he could domino every play Bucks could make when it came to tricks for saving time on the Wild Hat run. Yet it heartened even Pat Francis, uncompromising and grim, to have his superintendent there in the storm helping cut out the work for such a particularly beastly pull.

As Bucks broke away and started for the door of the Wickiup, Morris Barker—the conductor who had just brought the train in—saluted, walking out. With his coat buttoned snug, in the comfortable insolence of a man going home, Morris stepped to the edge of the platform to exchange confidences with Pat Francis.

"Pat, there's a half-fare back in the Portland sleeper. I heard McIntyre say at McCloud that some of Alfabet Smith's men are working up here. Anyway there's a cattle-

man in a canvas coat in the chair car, smooth face, red tie, to look out for. He got on at Harding and tried a short fare on me. I sized him up for a spotter."

"Why didn't you chuck him off?" growled Pat Francis.

"He put up after a while—and you bet that fare goes in with an embroidered report. Well, good luck, Patsy."

Pat Francis raised his lamp through the fog and rain at the engineers. Jack Moore coughed, suddenly and twice, with his hollow whistle. The hind engine saluted hoarsely; from the rear the pusher piped shrill, and Bucks in the doorway watched the panting train pull taut up the Bend into the swirling snow. And he knew as he watched that nothing worth considering would get away from Pat Francis—not a scheme nor a cut-off nor a minute nor a re-vamped coupon ticket. Pat before quitting at Benton, Pat up the gorge and over the Horseback, was pretty sure to catch everything inside the vestibules.

He swung up on the platform of the baggage-car as the train moved out, and shook the snow off his cap as he opened the door. He set his lamp on an up-ended trunk, took off his overcoat and hung it up. In the front end of the car a pack of hunting dogs yelped a dismal chorus. Old John Parker, the baggageman, was checking up a pile of trunks that rose tier on tier to the roof of the car. John Parker wore a pair of disreputable iron spectacles. His hair, scant where it wasn't extinct, tumbled about his head loose at both ends. His gray beard was a good bit stronger in the fly than in the hoist, and it blew in the wind thin as a coach whip; but old John had behind his dirty spectacles a pair of eyes just as fine as steel. Francis opened his train box and asked the baggageman why he didn't kill those dogs, and getting no answer—for John Parker was checking hard and stopped only to shift his whiskers off the clip—the conductor got out his blue pencil and his black pencil and filed them away, took up his punch and his trip checks and put them in their proper pockets, shifted his time-table from the box to still another pocket, and picked up his lantern. The head-end brakeman coming in just then with a sash puller, Francis asked him to clean up the globe.

While the brakeman fished for a piece of waste, the conductor moved his wet overcoat a peg nearer the stove and spread it out better, and listened to a wild rumor old John Parker had picked up about Number One's being turned into a strictly 'limited" and carrying a "diner" west of Bear Dance. Without wasting any comment, Pat looked at his watch and listened to the click of the truck over the fish-plates under foot, and to the angry tremulous roar of the three furnaces melting coal to push Number One up against the wind, that curled like a corkscrew down the long, narrow gorge. Then he took the lantern from his menial, and strode quickly through the vestibule into the dirty light and foul air of the smoker.

"Tickets!"

No "please," that night, just "Tickets!" short and snappy as a bear trap. He could talk very differently at home to the babies—but there was no suggestion of kootsying in the tone that called for transportation in the smoker. He passed down the aisle, pulling, hauling, shaking the snoring brutes, noting, punching, checking under the rays of his lamp, until the last man was passed and he walked into the chair car. There was only one "go-back," a sleepy Italian who couldn't—even after he had been jerked out of his seat and turned upside down and inside out, and shaken and cursed—still he couldn't find his ticket. So Pat Francis passed him with the shocking intimation which amounted to an assurance, that if he didn't find it by the time he got back he would throw him off.

The transportation on Number One was mostly through tickets and required only ordinary care as to the date limits; not much scalpers' stuff turned up on the west-bound. Pat called again as he closed the door of the chair car behind him a shade less harshly for tickets, because one naturally respects more people who ride in the chair car; and then there are women. One speaks more civilly to women passengers, but scans their transportation more carefully. However, he wasn't thinking of women's wiles as he quietly roused the sleepers and asked for their credentials. They were worn, tired-looking women; haggard, a good many of them, from cat naps snatched in the specially devised discomfort chairs, while their more fortunate sisters slept peacefully back in the hair-mattressed Pullman berths. He was thinking solely as he mechanically went through the checking operations, of a cattleman in a canvas coat, smooth face, and red tie, who should by rights be now halfway down the car, just ahead of him. But conductor Francis didn't look. His eyes never rose beyond the passenger under his nose, for in front of a company detective

the hate and the curiosity are all concealed; the conductor is strictly on dress parade with a sting in his right arm that he would like to land directly under the spotter's ear.

A shabby traveling man—a cigar man—handed up a local ticket. It was for Antelope Gap. Pat Francis looked at it for a minute before he punched it and stuck it in his pocket.

"We don't stop at Antelope Gap to-night," said he shortly.

"Don't stop?" echoed the cigar man, wide awake in a fraction of a second. "*Vy*, since ven? Dey *tolt* me you dit," he cried in the most injured tone on the train.

"Can't help it."

"Bud *vy-e?*"

"I'm late."

"Bud y' god-do!" cried the cigar man, raising a note of absolute terror, as Pat Francis passed calmly on without attempting to controvert the confidence of the drummer.

"Ain't you *god-do?*" appealed the latter, weakening a bit as he realized he was against a quiet man and hard.

"Not on local transportation. Ticket!" he continued to the next.

But the cigar man happily came of a race that does not uncomplainingly submit, and he kicked vociferously, as Pat Francis expected he would. By the time the excited salesman had woke everybody up in his end of the car and worked himself into a lather, Pat came at him with a proposition.

"Where you going from Antelope?"

"*Vild* Hat."

"What's the matter with going up to Wild Hat to-night, and I'll give you a train check back to Antelope on Two to-morrow; then you can get back on Seventy-One to the Bend?"

The injured man considered quickly, accepted speedily. Two hundred miles for nothing. "My frient! Haff a cigar, aber *don* for-ged my dransbordation back, *vill* you?" The conductor nodded as he took the cigar stoically and moved on. It was one stop saved, and the Antelope stop was a terror any time with a big train like Number One.

Francis had reached the rear of the chair car, when he had an impression he had forgotten something. He stopped to think. The cattleman! Turning, he looked back sharply over the passengers. He even walked slowly back through the car looking for the fellow. There was no cattleman in sight, and walking back, Francis dismissed him with the conclusion that he must have gotten off at the Bend; and at once the air in the chair car smelt fresher and cleaner. Into the sleepers then—that was easy. Only to take the batch of envelopes from each porter or conductor, and tear off the coupons, and in the Portland sleeper a half-fare which meant only a little row with the tactless man who had gone into a bitter discussion with a conductor the day before away back at the Missouri River, as to whether his boy should pay fare. Instead of gracefully paying when called on, he had abused the conductor, who, maybe because there was a "spotter" sitting by, had felt compelled for self-protection to collect the half rate. But in retaliation for the abuse the conductor had reported to the next conductor a half-fare in the Portland sleeper, and thus started an endless chain of annoyance that would haunt the traveler all the way to the coast. But sometime travelers will study tact, and forswear abuse and its penalties.

Conductor Francis, finishing the string of loaded Pullmans, sat down in the smoking room of the last car with the hind end brakeman to straighten out his collections. The headlight of the pusher threw in a yellow dazzle of light on them, and the continuous cut of its fire boomed from the stack. Pat Francis, setting down his lamp, began to sniff.

"Smell anything?" he asked presently of his companion.

"No," answered the brakeman, drawing his head from the curtain hood under which he had been looking out into the storm.

"Something here don't smell right," said Francis shortly, sorting his tickets. "Where are we?"

"Getting out of the gorge."

Francis looked at his watch. "Is Jack holding his own?" ventured the brakeman.

"Just about."

"Stop at Antelope to-night?"

"Not on your life."

"Red Cloud?"

"Not to-night."

"How about the pusher?"

"All the way over the Horseback to-night."

"That's the stuff."

"That's Bucks. Bucks is the stuff," said Pat Francis, arbitrarily picking up his lamp to go forward. Two minutes later, he was in the smoker, bending over the Italian and shaking him.

"Got your ticket, Tony?"

"No gotta ticket."

"Money?"

"No gotta d'mun."

"Come on, then!" Francis gripped him by the collar.

"Whata do?"

"Throw you off."

The Italian drew back to resist. They parleyed a moment longer, only because Francis was bluffing. If he had meant to stop the train at any point he would have said nothing—simply dragged the fellow out by the hair.

At last the Italian produced three dollars and a half. It was only enough to check him to Red Cloud. He wanted to go through, and the fare was eleven dollars and twenty cents.

The silent conductor stuck the money in his pocket, and drew his cash-fare slips. Just then the pusher whistled a stop signal. Francis started, suddenly furious at the sound. Shoving the slips into his pocket, he hurried to the vestibule and put his head angrily out. Ahead he saw only old John Parker's lamp and streamers. John had slid his door before Francis could open the vestibule. That was why the conductor loved him, because nobody, not even he himself, ever got ahead of John. When Francis poked his head out to look for trouble, John Parker's head was already in the wind inspecting the trouble, which came this time from the hind end. Looking back, Francis saw a blaze leaping from a journal box.

"Just as I expected," he muttered, with a freezing word. "That hind-end man couldn't smell a tar bucket if you stuck his head into it. Get your grease, John," he shouted at the old baggageman, "and a pair of brasses. Hustle!"

There was hardly time for the crew to slip into their overcoats, when Moore made a sullen stop. But old John Parker was ready, and waiting ahead of the stop with a can of grease, because John didn't have any overcoat. He hustled bad nights without an overcoat; for his two girls were at boarding school back in Illinois. John picked up enough every month carrying dogs to buy an overcoat, but the dog money went largely for music and French, which were extras in Illinois; so the girls *parlez-vous'd*, and John piled out without any overcoat.

Pat Francis stormed worse than the mountains as he followed him. All the scheming to save a single stop was blazing away in the hot box. Moore, on the head engine, was too angry to leave his cab. It was just a bit too exasperating. The pusher crew stood by, and the second engineer helped just a little.

But it was Pat Francis and John, with the safeties screaming bedlam in their ears, with the sleet creeping confidingly down their backs, and with the water soaking unawares up their legs—it was Pat and John, silent and stubborn, who dug bitterly at the sizzling box, flung out the blazing waste, set the screw, twisted it, hooked out the smoking brasses, shoved in the new ones, dumped the grease, stuffed the waste, and raised their lamps for Moore before the last of the bad words had blown out of the head cab and down the cañon. With a squeaking and groaning and jerking, with a vicious breakaway and an anxious interval whenever a pair of drivers let go, Moore got his enormous load rolling up the grade again, and kept her rolling hour after hour along curve and tangent to the Horseback, and across.

At the crest day broke, and the long, heavy train, far above the night and the storm, screamed for the summit yard, slowed up, halted, and every man jack of the train crew and engine crews jumped off to shake hands with himself on the plucky run—in spite of it all, schedule and a hair better.

"How'd you ever do it, Jack?" asked Pat Francis at the head engine, as Moore crawled out of her undersides.

"How late are we?" returned the engineer, stowing his can and calling for a wrench.

"Three hours."

"Beat the time a little, didn't we?" laughed Moore, with a face like a lobster. "*Couldn't* done it, Pat, if you'd stopped me anywhere. I wouldn't done it—not for anybody. Burdick is knocked clean out, too. Are you all ready back there?" The pusher, disconnected, galloped by with a jubilant kick for the round-house; and the double-header, watered and coaled afresh, started with Number One down the mountain side.

A different start that—a running past the wind instead of into it; a sluing that brought excursionists up in a tumble as the sleepers swung lariat-like around the cañon corners. It was only a case of hanging on after that, hanging on all the way to Wild Hat; and then, just as the Columbian Pacific train passengers left their breakfasts at Benton, Number One, gray and grimy, rolled into the junction thirty-five minutes late—and the agony was over. The connection was safe, but nobody noticed who made it. Everybody was too much occupied with the sunshine and the scenery to observe a pair of disreputable, haggard, streaked, hollow-eyed tramps who made their way modestly

along the edge of the crowd that thronged the platform. It was only Francis and Moore, conductor and engineer of Number One.

The agony was over for everybody but Pat Francis. Ten days later, Bucks, superintendent of the mountain division, sat in his den at the Wickiup, reading a letter from the general manager.

Sir: On Thursday, June 28th, Conductor P. Francis, leaving M. B. on Number One, collected a cash fare of three dollars and fifty cents from one of our special service men. He failed to issue a cash-fare slip for this as required; furthermore, he carried this passenger all the way to Benton. Kindly effect his discharge. Let it be distinctly understood that all delinquencies of this nature will be summarily dealt with.

A. W. BANNERMAN,
General Manager.

It wasn't a letter to go to the stove—not that kind of a letter; but Bucks fingered it much as Pat Francis ought to have fingered the clever detective who turned from the chair car to the "smoker" on him and from a cattleman to a "dago."

Bucks called the trainmaster. Francis was west, due to leave Benton that afternoon on Two, and, as luck would have it, to bring back the Brooklyn party from the Yellowstone. And the passenger department in Chicago was again heating the wires with injunctions to take care of them, and good care of them, because the excursion business on a new line is not only profitable, but it is hard to work up, and trouble with an excursion in the beginning means a hoodoo for months, and maybe for years to come.

Bucks felt especially gratified to know that Pat Francis had the precious load, but what about the cash fare from Medicine Bend to Red Cloud? Bucks knew these things couldn't be trifled with—not on his line—and he faced the pleasant prospect of next morning greeting his right bower in the passenger service with an accusation of theft and a summary discharge. If he had only asked me for three dollars and a half, thought Bucks sorely. He would rather have given his own pay check than to have had Pat Francis hold up one dollar.

And Pat Francis, taciturn, sphinx-like, was punching transportation at that particular moment on Number Two on the run east from Benton. Checking passengers, keeping one eye on the ventilators and the other on the date limits, working both pencils, both hands, both ears, both ends of the punch, and both sides of the car at the same time.

There wasn't a cinder to break the even enjoyment of the run up to the clouds. Everybody was going home, and going home happy. From the Pullmans—it was warm and sunny in the mountains—came nothing but rag time and Brooklyn yells. To describe our scenery might be invidious, but the grade where Number Two was then climbing would alone make the fortune of an ordinary eastern scenic line.

The Overland Freight, Number Sixty-six, east-bound with a long train of tea, was pulling out of Toltec station as Number Two stuck its head into the foot of the Noose.

At Toltec, on the day run, we take a man's breath and give him large value for his money in a bit of the prettiest engineering anywhere on earth.

Toltec lies in the Powder Range, near the foot of a great curve called the Noose, because every time an engineer slips the head of his train into it he is glad to hold his breath till he gets it out.

The Toltec Noose is engineering magnificent; but it is railroading without words—unless one counts the wicked words. Eagle Pass station, the head of the Noose, looks across an unspeakable gulf directly down into Toltec, 500 feet below, and barely a mile away. But by the rail we count seven miles around that curve, and without any land-grant perquisites, either.

Every train that runs the Noose is double-headed both ways, and now—this was before—they add, to keep trainmen off the relief scrap, a pusher.

That day there was no pusher behind the Overland Freight, and Number Two's crew, as they pulled out of Toltec to climb the loop, could plainly see, above and across, the storming, struggling, choking engines of the tea train as they neared with their load the summit of Eagle Pass.

The wind bore down to them in breaking waves the sucking, roaring cut of the quivering furnaces. Pat Francis stood in the open door of the baggage-car, old John Parker and the head brakeman beside him, looking together at the freight with the absorbed air of men at the bottom of a well who watch the loaded bucket near the top.

Through the thin, clear mountain air they could almost read the numbers on the engine tenders. They could see the freight conductor start over his train for the head-end, and as they looked they saw his train break in two behind him and the rear end, parting like a snake's tail, slough off, lose headway, and roll back down the hill. The hind-end brakeman, darting from the caboose, ran up

the ladder like a cat, and began setting brakes. The passenger crew saw the brake-shoes clutch in a flame at the slipping trucks, but the drawbars couldn't stand it. From one of the big tea cars a drawhead parted like a tooth. The tea train again broke in two, this time behind the rear brakeman, and the caboose with five 60,000-pound cars shot down the grade; and Number Two was now climbing above Toltec.

A volley of danger signals curled white from the freight engine across the gulf. Pat Francis sprang for the bell cord, but it was needless; his engineers at the very moment threw double chambers of air on the wheels.

It caught cards off the whist tables, and swept baked potatoes into the bosoms of astonished diners, it spoiled the point of pretty jokes and broke the tedium of stupid stories, it upset roysterers and staggered sober men, it basted the cooks with gravy and the waiters with fruit, it sent the blood to the hearts and a chill to the brains, it was an emergency stop and a severe one—Number Two was against it. Before the frightened porters could open the vestibules the passenger engines were working in the back motion, and Number Two was scuttling down the Noose to get away from impending disaster. The trainmen huddled again in the baggage-car door, with their eyes glued on the runaways; the Noose is so perfect a curve that every foot of their flight could be seen. It was a race backwards to save the passenger train; but for every mile they could crowd into its wheels the runaways were making two. Pat Francis saw it first—saw it before they had covered half the distance back to Toltec. They could never make the hill west of the Noose; it wasn't in steam to beat gravity; moreover, if they crowded Number Two too hard she might fly an elevation, and go into the gulf. It is one thing to run down hill, and another thing to fall down hill. The tea train was falling down hill.

Francis turned to bareheaded John Parker, and handed him his watch and his money.

"What do you mean?" John Parker choked the words out, because he knew what he meant.

"Turn this stuff in to Bucks, John, if I don't make it. It's all company money."

The brakeman, greenish and dazed, steadied himself with a hand on the jamb; the baggageman stared wild-eyed through his rusty lenses. "Pat," he faltered, "what do you mean?"

"I'll drop off at the Toltec switch and maybe I can open it to catch that string—we'll never make it this way, John, in God's world."

"You might a'most as well jump out into the cañon; you'll never live to use a switch key, Pat—we're crowding a mile a minute—"

Francis looked at him steadily as he pulled his ring and took a switch key off the bunch.

"They're crowding Two, John."

The car slued under them. John Parker tore off his spectacles.

"Pat, I'm a lighter man than you—give me the switch key!" he cried, gripping the conductor's shoulder as he followed him out the door to the platform.

"No."

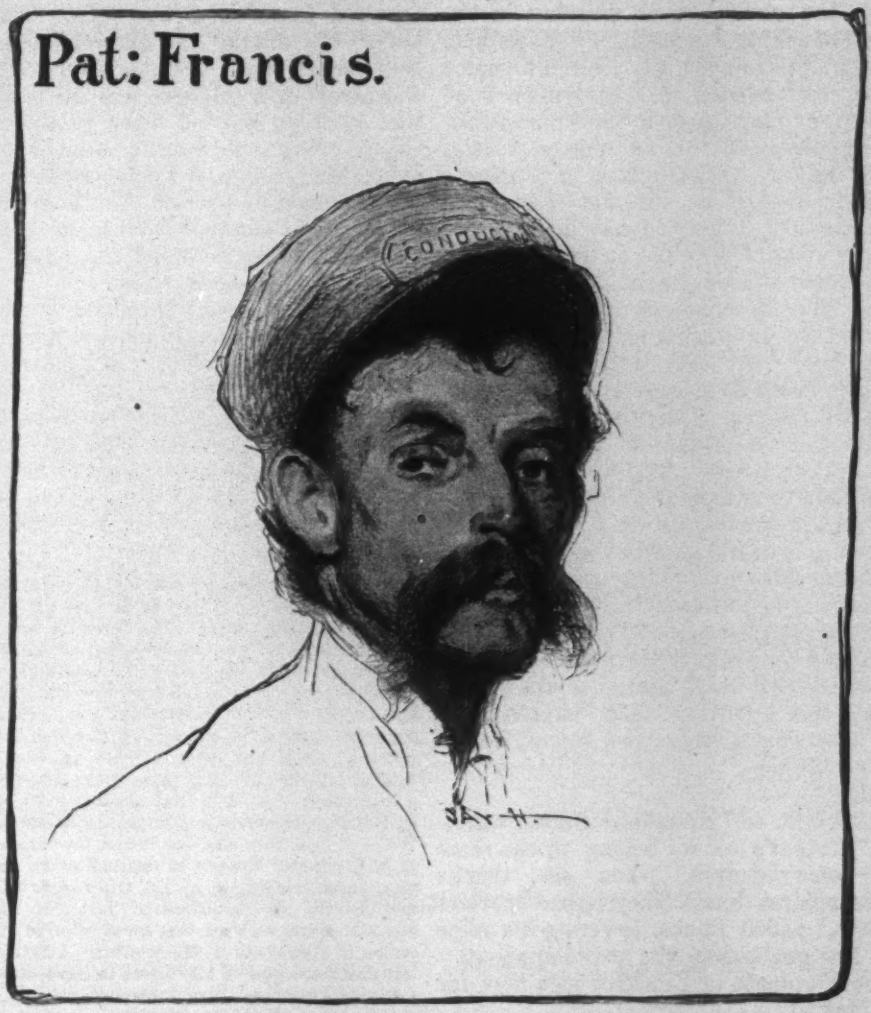
"Your children are younger than mine, Pat. Give me the key."

"This is my train, John. Ask Bucks to look after my insurance."

With these words, Francis tore the old man's hand roughly away. When a minute is a mile, action is quick. Sixty, seventy seconds more meant the Toltec switch, and the conductor already hung from the bottom step of the baggage-car.

Pat Francis was built like a gorilla. He swung with his long arms in and out from the reeling train into a rhythm, one foot dangling in the suck of dust and cinders, the other bracing lightly against the step tread. Then, with the switch key in his mouth; with Parker's thin hair streaming over him, and a whirlwind sucking to the wheels under him; with Number Two's drivers racing above him and a hundred passengers staring below him, Pat Francis let go.

Men in the sleepers, only half understanding, saw as he disappeared a burst of alkali along the track. Only old John Parker's gray eye could see that his conductor, though losing his feet, had rolled clear of the trucks and drivers, and was tumbling in the storm center like a porcupine. Above him the tea cars were lurching down the grade. Old John, straining, saw Francis stagger to his feet and double back like a jack-knife on the ballast. A lump jumped into the baggageman's throat, but Francis' head rose again out of the dust; he raised again on his hands, and dragging after him one leg like a dead thing, crawled heavily towards the switch. He reached the stand and caught at it. He pulled himself up on one leg, and fumbled an instant at the lock, then he jerked the target. As it fell, clutched in both his hands, the caboose of the tea train leaped on the tongue



rail. The fore truck shot into the switch. The heels, caught for a hundredth of a second in the slue, flew out, and like the head of a foaming cur the caboose doubled frantically on its tailers. The tea cars tripped, jumped the main rail like cannon balls, one, two, three, four, five—out and into the open gulf.

The crash rolled up the gorge and down. It drove eagles from their nests and wolves from their hollows. Startled birds wheeling above the headlong cars shrieked a chorus; a cloud like smoke followed the wreck down the mountain side. And the good people on Number Two, the pleasure seekers that Pat Francis was taking care of—for $125 a month—saw it all and tried to keep cool and think.

He lay prostrate across the road, a bruised and dirty and bloody thing. John Parker, stumbling on rickety knees, reached him first, and turned him over. John first spoke to him, but he spoke again and again before the blood-shot eyes reluctantly opened. And then Pat Francis, choking, spitting, gasping, clutching at John Parker's bony arm, raised his head. It fell back into the cinders. But he doggedly raised it again—and shook the broken teeth from between his lips—and lived. His face was like a section of beefsteak, and the iron leg that struck the ballast last had snapped twice under him. A few minutes afterward he lay in the stateroom of the forward sleeper, and tried with his burning, swollen tongue to talk to Brooklyn men who feelingly stared at him, and to Brooklyn women who prettily cried at him, and to old John Parker who unsteadily swore at him as he fanned his own whiskers and Pat Francis' head with the baggage clip.

When Number Two rolled into Medicine Bend next morning, Bucks climbed aboard, and without ceremony elbowed his way

through the excursionists dressing in the aisles to the injured conductor's stateroom. He was in there a good bit. When he came out, the chief priests of Brooklyn crowded around to say fast things to the superintendent about his conductor and their conductor. As they talked, Bucks looked in a minute over their heads; he did that way when thinking. Then he singled out the Depew of the party and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Look here," said Bucks, and his words snapped like firecrackers, "I want you gentlemen to do something for your conductor."

"We've made up a purse of $300 for him, my friend," announced the spokesman gladly.

"I don't mean that; not that. He's in trouble. You needn't waste any breath on me. I know that man as well as if I'd made him. I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come upstairs and dictate your account of the accident to my stenographer. While you're eating breakfast, he'll copy it and you can all sign it afterward. Will you?"

"Will we? Get your slave!"

"I'll tell you why," continued Bucks, addressing the Brooklyn man impressively. "You look like a man who, maybe, knows what trouble is—"

"I do."

"I thought so," exclaimed Bucks, warming. "If that's so, we belong to the same lodge—same degree. You see, there's charges against him. They've had spotters after him," added Bucks, lowering his voice to the few gentlemen who crowded about.

"There's plenty of Brooklyn men here for a lynching!"

Bucks smiled a far-off smile. "The boys wouldn't trouble you to help if they could catch them. I want your statement to send in to headquarters with Francis' answer to the charges. They tried to make him out a thief, but I've just found out they haven't touched him. His explanation is perfectly straight."

The men of Brooklyn tumbled up the Wickiup stairs. At breakfast, the news traveled faster than hot rolls. When the paper was drawn, the signing began; but they so crowded the upper floor that Bucks was afraid of a collapse, and the testimonial was excitedly carried down to the waiting-room. Then the women wanted to sign. When they began, it looked serious, for no woman could be hurried, and those who were creatures of sentiment dropped a tear on their signatures, thinking the paper was to hang in Pat Francis' parlor.

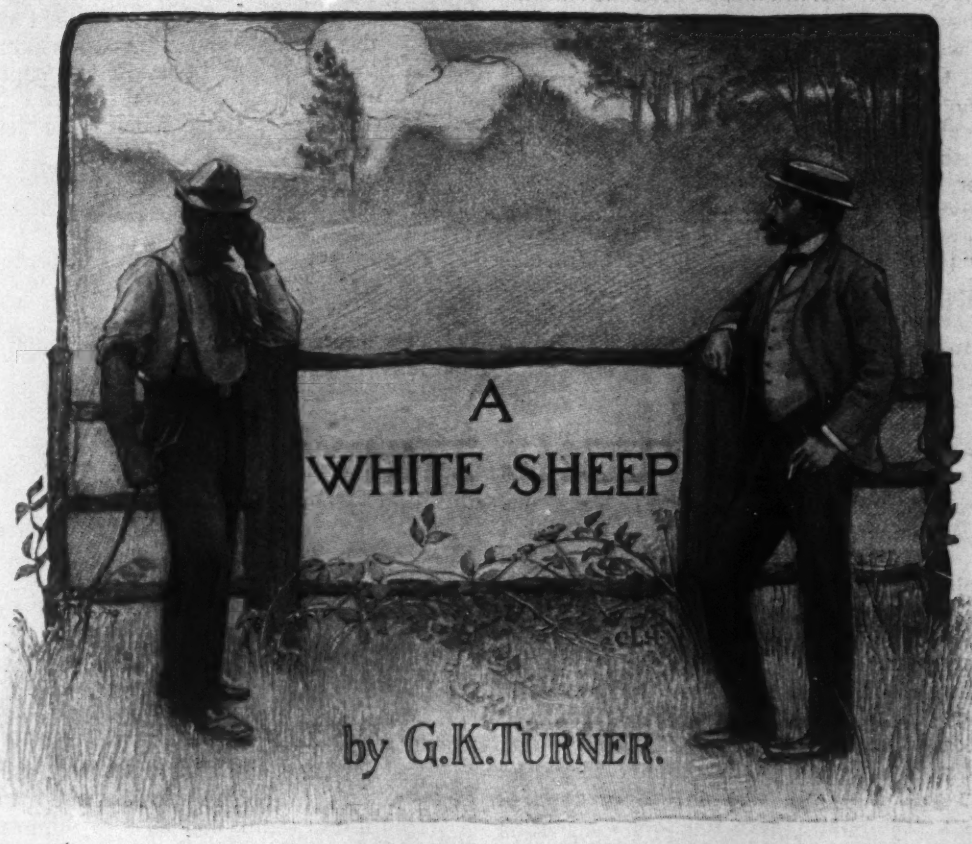
In the end Bucks had to hold Number Two thirty minutes, and to lay out the remains of the tea train, which was still waiting to get out of the yard.

After the last yell from the departing excursionists, Bucks went back to his office, and dictated for the general manager a report of the Toltec wreck. Then he wrote this letter to him:

Replying to yours of the eighth, relative to the charges against conductor P. J. Francis. I have his statement in the matter. The detective who paid the cash fare to Red Cloud was not put off there because no stop was made, the train being that night under my orders to make no stops below Wild Hat. It was the first of the Brooklyn Yellowstone excursions, and Chicago was anxious to make the Columbian Pacific connection. This was done in spite of Number One's coming into this division three hours late and against a hard storm. At Wild Hat the detective, rigged as an Italian, was overlooked in the hurry and carried by. While no cash-fare slip was issued, the fare was turned in by Conductor Francis to the auditor in the regular way, and investigation of his trip report will, he tells me, confirm his statement of fact. If so, I think you will agree with me that he is relieved of any suspicion of dishonesty in the matter. I have nevertheless cautioned him on his failure to hand the passenger a fare-voucher, and have informed him that his explanation was entirely satisfactory; in fact, after the affair at Toltec he deserves a great deal more from the company. By request of the Brooklyn excursionists, I inclose an expression of their opinion of Conductor Francis' jump from Number Two to set the Toltec switch. All of which is respectfully submitted.

F. BUCKS,
Superintendent.

Pat Francis is still running passenger. But Alfabet Smith's men work more now on the East End.



A STORY OF ORPHAN SCHOOL LIFE.

THE colored youth was not strikingly intelligent, but he was deeply and impressively dramatic. He was the chance acquaintance of a summer afternoon—a great, still, empty Sunday afternoon in the country, when chance acquaintances are at a premium. He was a more than ordinarily accomplished story-teller. His fixed and distant eye, his great, glistening, crescent smile, and his enormous hands, gave vivid emphasis to his primitive but intense emotions. All that afternoon this grotesque being—but three removes from the African jungle—sat beside me in that bare New England pasture and told me the story of his short and unenviable career. Below us, beyond the stone wall at the foot of the slope, the clumsy Sunday vehicles of the countryside rattled slowly by, and disappeared up the winding road in a trailing cloud of thick brown dust. And in the maple trees the vireos wound out their interminable sultry song.

His case was not unusual. The last two generations of his race had been seeing life in the slums of a great city. His parents, when he was but two years old, had succumbed almost simultaneously to delirium tremens, or some similar refinement of civilization, and left him in the great, cold lap of the mother State. At a tender age she had sent him out to bear the bitter bondage of a small New England farmer. Since then he had remained in this country place—a fixture, apparently, upon the soil. "Where were you," I asked, "before they sent you here?"

"At the State primary school, Boss—the one in Munster."

I knew the place. It is a big white, cold, old-fashioned barn of a building, set at the summit of a barren hill. I remembered all I had seen there—the long lines of squirming, shuffling, bullet-headed small boys, looking for all the world like gray rats, in their dull State uniforms; the hulking, vicious big boys—half-fledged, callow criminals, hungering and thirsting after wickedness; the un-

feminine little girls, with their sharp features and straight hair; the sickening smell of coarse boiled food in the empty kitchens; the rows of iron beds, the keepers, and, over all, the tall, lank, sallow superintendent, with his cold, fishy gray eyes and black side-whiskers, cut well up toward his cheekbones—a model for an immortal statue of the institution autocrat. It was no picture of happy childhood to treasure in a sentimental memory.

"Yes, sah," he continued. "I was there foh a long time—from when I was jest a baby till I was most fo'teen."

"How'd you like to go back, George," said I, "and finish your education?"

The question excited him. He started up quickly from his lounging position. "I wouldn't do it. No, sah. I don't want none of them educationin' me no more. I wouldn't go back there. No, sah; I'd die fust, I would. I'd die right hyar."

"Why not?" said I.

"Why not. 'Cause I wouldn't—that's why. Look hyar, Boss," he said, lowering his voice to a vast confidential whisper, "you don' know 'bout that there primary school. That was a bad place, it was. Yes, sah. They didn't act as if you had no feelin's there; they treat you jest lake you was sheeps or cows or dogs. The fellers there, too, they was mighty bad ones. Oh, they despret—fightin' all the time, jest lake lions and tigers. Yes, sah, and steal and lie and do everythin'. Oh, they was dangerous. You know that Ed Fitts that killed a woman in Manchester las' spring. He's one of 'em. Yes, sah, I knows him; he was there. And there's lots more of 'em there, too—jest such as him—in prison now, hundreds of 'em."

"Weren't there any good ones?" I asked.

"No, sah, nothin' to speak of. They was most all jest the same as that."

"Say, George," said I, remembering the famous investigation, "you must have been there when that Pierpont boy was there."

"Who's that?" said the youth; "that little fellow. Yes, sah, I remember him; I recollect him mighty well."

"What kind of a fellow was he?" said I.

"Oh, he was awful smart little feller, and a mighty good feller, too. He was different, he was; yes, sah."

"How'd he get along there?" said I.

"Say, Boss, I'll tell you all 'bout that little feller if you wants me to," said the youth.

"Go ahead," said I.

This was his story:

Yes, sah, that little feller, I recollect the very fust day he come there. I was wukkin' on the house job, and I was in the supintenant's office when they took him in. He was a little white, puny feller. His legs weren't no bigger'n little pieces of grass. But his eyes kept lookin', lookin' right straight ahead—jest lake a lion's. Yes, sah, he had terrible bright eyes, he did.

"What's you name?" says ol' supintenant.

"I dunno."

"You dunno?" says supintenant, kind o' mad lake.

Then the feller that brings him in says, "Cornelius Sullivan, that's his name."

"No 'tain't, neither," says little feller.

"That's what his mother says befoh she dies," says the man.

"She ain't my mother," says the little feller, starin' at the man, with them eyes a-blazin'.

"What's you name then?" says ol' supintenant.

"I dunno," says little feller, lookin' down. "I don' remember; I was sick; I forgot."

"Guess he sick all right," says the man, rappin' on his head.

"You liar," says little feller. "You lemme go; you ain't got no right to take me hyar."

"That'll do; that'll do," says ol' supintenant. "You march inside there pretty mighty quick." So little feller march in; he couldn' do nothin' else.

They puts him in the Little Yard, 'long with the other little boys. Fust other fellers don' know whether they likes this little feller or not. Fust time new fellers come, they all jest the same. Fust week they cry, cry all the time. This little feller different; he don' cry much—only a little, way round back where they don' see him. Then the fellers goes up to him: "Say, what's you name?"

He don' answer.

"Oh, never min', you all right; you'll lake it here. What's you name?"

He don' answer one word.

"I know what's his name," I says. "I heard it in supintenant's office. His name's Cornelius Sullivan."

"You liar," says little feller, "I ain't no Irish feller."

The other fellers, they all laugh when they hears that. There's all kinds of boys there—Irish, Italians, Germans, colored fellers—everythin', exceptin' only Chinamens. They ain't no Chinamens there. I guess not! No, sah; they'd kill *them*. Then one feller hollers out: "I'll tell you what' we'll do;

we'll call him Irish." So after that they always calls him Irish—all the time.

Fust he don' like it; he wants to fight. Then he don' care 'tall. After a while they all lake him better. He ain't afraid of nothin'. Fust day he come he wants to fight Mike Finnegan. That Mike Finnegan, he's the biggest feller there is in the Yard. Everybody's 'fraid of him; he's 'busin' you all the time, makin' you do things you don' want to, and twistin' you arm and all such as that. Fust day Irish comes, he's twistin' little feller's arm, when the Boss of the Yard ain't lookin.'

"Oh, lemme go, lemme go," little feller hollerin' like that, kind of under his breath, so Boss can't hear him. "*Please* lemme go; I won't never do it again."

Irish, he walks right up to him. He say: "Leggo him, you big caff, you." Then nobody say a word. Seems lake he ain' more'n half as big as Mike.

Mike stops twistin' little feller. "Who goin' to make me?" he say.

"I am."

"Who's you?"

Oh, they'd been a fight right there, only the Boss he come back. Out there at school you can't fight, without you gets permission. No, sah. If you does, they goin' to lambaste you. So Mike, he say, under his breath lake: "You jest wait; I'll fix *you*." After that they both waitin', waitin'. Irish he don' say nothin', but he ain' 'fraid, neither.

Right after that they had that fight with them town fellers down at Munster. Out there at school you's all graded—fust grade and second grade and third grade and all lake that—'cordin' to how puffect actin' you is. Fust grade and second grade can go down town sometimes. All the others, they can' go outside the groun's. When the fellers go down to town they shamed—they all walk with their heads down, lake this—all jest the same, I don' care who 'tis—jest lake they was in prison. Only Irish when he fust come, he don' care. He hol' his head right up in the air.

Well, that time I was tellin' you 'bout, whole lot of school fellers goes down to Munster. The other day jest before that, Munster fellers comes up to school to play base-ball, and we licks 'em. We always does—those fellers at school plays ball all the time—ever since they so high. Munster fellers, they mad. When they sees school fellers down town, they all holler "Jail-bird, Jail-bird," loud's they can holler.

That make school fellers mighty mad; only they won't fight; they don' dare to for fear what they'll get when they gets back to school. But Irish starts it; he ain't 'fraid.

Then pretty soon they all fightin'—throwin' rocks, too. One Munster feller gets his head cut mighty bad. Then they all runs; they ain't hollerin' "Jail-bird" no more. School fellers foller 'em, throwin' stones and rocks. They don' care now; they started, they despret; chase Munster fellers all over, and break winders and holler.

Then right away Munster cop comes along, and they runs back to school. He can't catch 'em; he ain't no good—big fat feller, different from city cop. He's nothin' only one of them kind of farmer policemens. He comes up to school right away, puffin' and blowin', and goes to ol' supintenant. He say: "Them boys been down breakin' winders and chasin' our boys. They most kill one feller." He don' say nothin' 'bout them Munster fellers beginnin' it.

Then ol' supintenant calls fellers all in and gets 'em all up in a row. He say: "Who's that hit that Munster boy?"

"I dunno."

"I dunno."

Nobody knows.

"Sit on the bench foh eight days," he say. Yes, sah, eight days. Jest lake, say, to-day's Monday; well, way round by Monday again. Jest set there; can't go out 'tall. When supintenant say that, Irish he jump right up. "Don't keep 'em in," he say, "I'm the feller; I started it."

"Oh, you did, did yer?"

"Yes, sah. They hollerin': 'Jail-birds, jail-birds,' all the time. They ain't got no right to holler at us lake that. I ain't no jail-bird."

"Oh, you ain't, ain't yer? I'll show yer. I'm goin' to jail-bird *you*."

Then ol' supintenant takes him right out before rest of 'em, and lambastes him awful. Irish he don' holler or nothin', Only he jest kind of white and ol' lookin'. Ol' supintenant can't make *him* cry. And it don' make no difference after all. We all sets on the bench eight days jest the same.

After that, fellers all lake Irish—all only Mike Finnegan, he don' lake him; he's 'busin' him all the time. Irish he wants to fight him. He goin' to the Boss all the time and sayin' "I wants to fight that feller."

Out there to school you fights—they don' mind it 'tall—providin' you goes and gets permission. Then they makes a ring, lake that, and they all stan' round and the Boss he say: "Ready—go." Then they fights.

They don' hol' their hands up lake that; they holds 'em down, this a way. Oh, they fighters down there; they know how—little fellers, no bigger'n that.

When Irish asks the Boss, he jest laugh and say: "You don' want to fight him; you ain't big enough." But all the time Irish keeps at him. He's gettin' stronger lookin' then, all the time. The ol' woman who had him before didn't give him enough to eat, so he's better off at school. Pretty soon Boss he say: "All right; go ahead."

Then they makes the ring, and they goes at it. Golly, how they fights. They never see no fightin' lake that there before. Mike Finnegan, he's biggest feller in the Yard, and mighty good fighter too. Irish, he's only a little feller, but you never see such a fighter. He went foh him, and smashed him and hammered him, jest sayin' nothin' 'tall, only fightin'. Mike he couldn't stan' it. He had to quit. Little feller had him licked all to pieces. Then how they hollered; and the Boss, he jest laugh and laugh. "What's matter with you, Mike?" he say. "Sick?"

Mike he don' say nothin'.

"Look hyar," says Boss to Mike. "Don' you try none of you dirty tricks on that feller. If you do, you goin' to be mighty sorry."

That Mike, he mighty mean feller; he do anythin'. After that, Irish, he's head rooster of that Yard. All the fellers lake him too, mighty well. Little while after that our Boss, he leaves. He's got another job. Fellers hates to have him go. They lakes him, better'n teachers, or anybody. They makes him a mighty fine box out of wood in the wuk-shop, wukkin' playtimes to get it done. And they buys him a gran' necktie down to Munster—one of them red velvet ones, with gold spots in it.

The next Boss he's mighty different. He's kind of relation to the supintenant, and he don' care. He's big fat feller, with great big neck, and awful red face. Fellers don' lake him 'tall. He's all time hollerin' and interferin'. He don' call us by our name, neither—only jest by number. He say: "You all got numbers, ain't you, where you sleeps and eats?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, then, I'm goin' to call you by number, understan'? I ain't got no time to learn all you names."

He's all time sayin', "Hyar, Hyar. Look hyar, you stop that." And "go get my coat," and "black my shoes." And "you do that" and "you do this." He don' do nothin' himself. Then he's smashin' us all the time. For nothin', too; he can't stop it. Everybody's 'fraid; he's strong jest lake a giant. Irish, he's lucky; he keeps out of his way long time. By and by one day, Boss he hollers "Number 14"—that's his number—"you come hyar."

Irish he don' budge.

Then he holler again.

Irish he don' stir.

He say: "Oh, you won't, won't yer?" and he goes over and gets him. Boys all mighty solemn. "What you mean not comin' when I calls yer?"

"You didn't call me."

"Didn't I call you number?"

"I dunno, and I don' care; I ain't no number, I'se a boy. I got a name jest same you has."

Then Boss he starts to smash him. But he don' smash him much. Foh all of a sudden the fellers they can' stan' it no longer. They all breaks loose and comes for him, more'n about fifty of 'em. Oh, they despret. They climbs all over that Boss; they knocks him down, and poun's him, and kicks him fearful—yes, sah—and breaks his watch. He hollers loud's he can holler. All the rest comes rushin' in; ol' supintenant and all. Supintenant, he say: "What's this? What's this?" He terrible mad.

New Boss he can't hardly speak."

"This goin' to stop," says ol' supintenant. "Who's the fellers started it?"

"That's the feller," says the new Boss, puffin' and blowin', pointin' his finger at Irish.

"So, it's you again, is it?" says ol' supintenant, jest glarin' at him fearful.

"'Tain't my fault," says Irish. "He's smashin' us all the time, and callin' us numbers. He ain't got no right to. Look-a there, where he's been smashin' me."

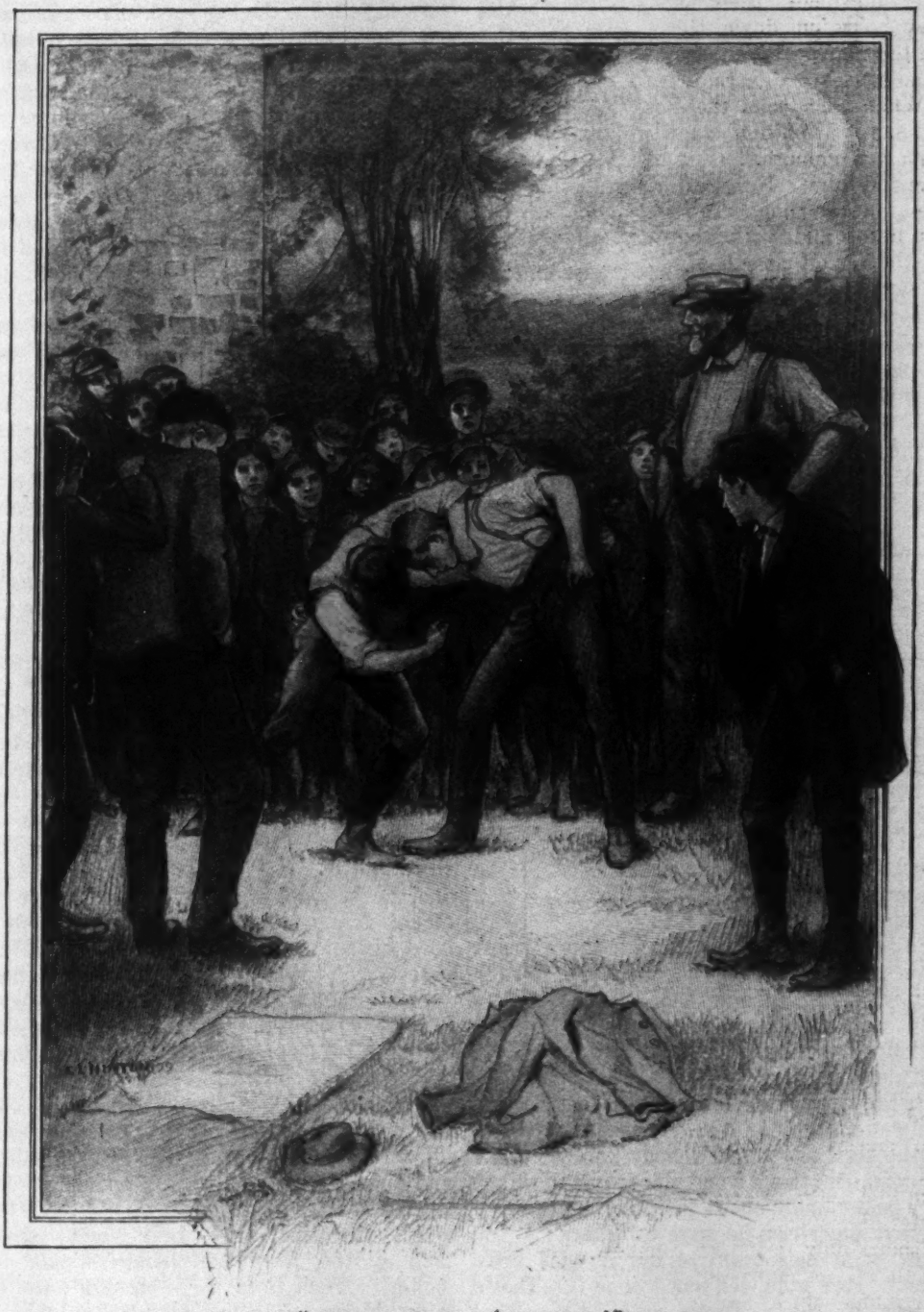
"You keep still," says ol' supintenant. "I don' want to hear nothin' from you."

New Boss, he comes round all right, only he's got a mighty black eye. Ol' supintenant say: "We goin' to stop this, we goin' to stop it right away. I don' care if you kill half of 'em doin' it." Then he takes Irish over to the Boss, and he wallops him right there; he wallops him fearful. Irish he jest stands it. He don' holler or nothin'.

Ol' supintenant say: "He's bad one."

"Never mind, I'll take care of *him*," says the Boss, lookin' dangerous.

After that he smashes us more'n ever. We don' do nothin' no more. It ain't no use. Only Mike Finnegan; he don't smash *him*.



"THE BOSS HE SAY: 'READY, GO.'"

Mike he's too cunnin'. He tells him he didn' fight him that time—and likely he didn' neither. He won't do nothin' that Irish starts. Mike he's sayin': "Yes, sah," "yes, sah," "yes, sah," all the time, and runnin' and gettin' his coat, and all such as that. But the Boss, he's jest layin' foh Irish. He lambastes him, and he wuks him, and he sends him way from the table before he's got 'nough to eat—all foh nothin'; and he makes him lift heavy things he hadn't ought to. He say: "I'se goin' to break you. You see."

Irish he can' hardly stan' it. He's gettin'

thin, and his back is all over long white marks. He shows 'em to us at night. Bye and bye fellers find out somebody's tellin'—tellin'—mostly on Irish. He can' do nothin'. We dunno who 'tis, but we guess mighty near. It's Mike Finnegan; he's gettin' back at Irish. Fellers don' lake it. Irish he ain't sayin' nothin', but he's actin' mighty queer. He's earnin' pennies and savin' 'em all the time. Oh, he's a regular miser feller. The other fellers don' know what it means. He don' want 'em to; he's gettin' ready to run away.

Pretty soon the Boss gets mad at Mike Finnegan. He catches him lyin' to him. Then he smashes him; he smashes him good. Mike he don' say nothin'; he waitin', waitin'.

Right after that, Irish he wake up in the night, and see Mike Finnegan crawlin' out of bed. He goes creepin', creepin' over into the corner, and lights a match—careful, careful, so they won't hear him. Irish he follows him soft in his bare feet. Right there's a lot of shavin's and oil he's stole from the lamps, stuffed into a hole in the floor. Everybody sleepin' and snorin'; all dark. Irish grabs him.

"Look hyar, what you doin'?"

He jumps; he thinks he's caught. Then he don' care; he' sees it's Irish, "I'm goin' to burn up this place. Then we'll all get away."

"You stop that business mighty quick. You'd burn all the girls up, and most of the fellers too, pretty likely. If I catches you out again I'll kill you."

So he goes back, swearin' and cussin'. Some of the fellers wake up then, though they whisperin' all the time. "We've got to keep watchin' him," says Irish. "Maybe he'll do it again. We'll all get burned to death sleepin'."

So they keep watchin', all night long, but he don' get up again. Next mornin' they throw all the stuff away, and nobody knows nothin' about it. Oh, that's a bad place; lots of things they never know about just such as that.

Next day, Irish he says to fellers: "You know what he's goin' to do, if that fire'd gone? He's goin' tell 'em I done it. They'd believe it, too." That's right, too. That Mike Finnegan, he's a mean one—if we all burned up, he don' care; then he'd say Irish done it.

After that Irish he still savin', savin'. He ain't goin' off without no money. The fellers that does that they don' get nowhere. They always get caught. He's goin' to get one dollar—jest one dollar—and then he's goin'. One old feller in the big yard, who's run away a lot, tells him he's jest *got* to have a dollar. Then he'll run and get a freight train, and by and by he'll get off at a little small station, and buy a ticket, and they won't never see *him* again. The brakemens on a freight train, they mighty good to a feller. They feeds you and helps you, too. But when you gets to the city, the policemens always lookin' for you on freight trains. They don' never look on passenger trains; they don' think you'd be there.

So Irish he's wukkin' and slavin' to earn his dollar—jest one little dollar. It don' seem so little there, though; it's mighty big. They ain't scarcely no way to get it. But Irish he's makin' boxes for fellers who's got some money, to send home to their folks, and he's holdin' hosses and all such as that.

Everybody that comes drivin' up, Irish he says: "Won't you *please* lemme hold your hoss. Oh, go on, lemme, please."

Pretty often they let him. He's so pleadin' and peaked lookin'. Irish he ain't lookin' good—he's jest like a sick feller. They looks at him and they says: "Poh boy, poh boy, what's the matter with you?"

Irish say, "Oh, nothing much. I jest ain't feelin' good." He knows if he says what's the matter with him, he won't get a chance to hold no more.

Then they used to be some fellers come out there from the city—awful rich fellers. They stops and throws out pennies on the ground, and the school fellers, they jumps over the picket fence and fights for 'em. Irish he used to set there waitin' for 'em. When those rich fellers come along, he say: "Ain't you goin' to feed the chickens to-day?" (That's what they called it—feedin' the chickens.) "Oh, please, Mister, go on. Please do."

Then the rich fellers they laughs, and throws 'em out some pennies, and the fellers all scratch foh 'em—fightin' jest like cats and dogs. Irish, he always gets some. Yes, sah, he always does.

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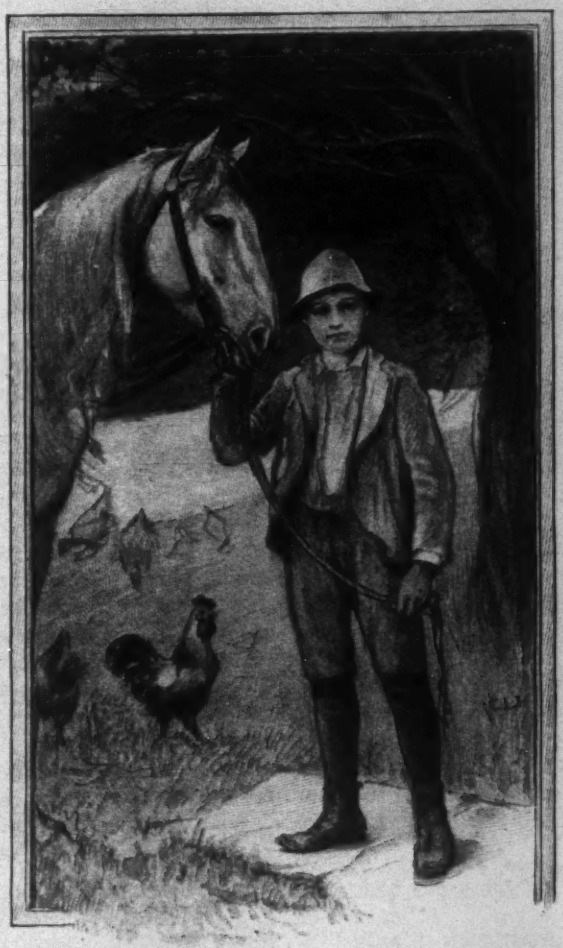
Irish tickled to death; he makes the box right away. Then he gets his money. He never was so glad. He's whistlin' and singin' to himself. He's goin' next evenin'. The fellers is sniggin' bread and meat from dinner so's he can have somethin' to eat.



"AND HE'S HOLDIN' HOSSES AND ALL SUCH AS THAT."

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"Who did?"

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Then Boss he say, "Come hyar." Then he look all through him, and he finds his money. "Look hyar, you, how'd you get that money?"

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"What's that?"

"'Tain't nothin'."

Then the Boss takes it out. "What's this?" It's a little round thing—one of these little lockets—all gold—and inside there's a piece of kind of yeller hair.

"That's my locket," says Irish. "You give me that; you ain't got no right to it. Give it back to me."

thin, and his back is all over long white marks. He shows 'em to us at night. Bye and bye fellers find out somebody's tellin'—tellin'—mostly on Irish. He can' do nothin'. We dunno who 'tis, but we guess mighty near. It's Mike Finnegan; he's gettin' back at Irish. Fellers don' lake it. Irish he ain't sayin' nothin', but he's actin' mighty queer. He's earnin' pennies and savin' 'em all the time. Oh, he's a regular miser feller. The other fellers don' know what it means. He don' want 'em to; he's gettin' ready to run away.

Pretty soon the Boss gets mad at Mike Finnegan. He catches him lyin' to him. Then he smashes him; he smashes him good. Mike he don' say nothin'; he waitin', waitin'.

Right after that, Irish he wake up in the night, and see Mike Finnegan crawlin' out of bed. He goes creepin', creepin' over into the corner, and lights a match—careful, careful, so they won't hear him. Irish he follows him soft in his bare feet. Right there's a lot of shavin's and oil he's stole from the lamps, stuffed into a hole in the floor. Everybody sleepin' and snorin'; all dark. Irish grabs him.

"Look hyar, what you doin'?"

He jumps; he thinks he's caught. Then he don' care; he' sees it's Irish, "I'm goin' to burn up this place. Then we'll all get away."

"You stop that business mighty quick. You'd burn all the girls up, and most of the fellers too, pretty likely. If I catches you out again I'll kill you."

So he goes back, swearin' and cussin'. Some of the fellers wake up then, though they whisperin' all the time. "We've got to keep watchin' him," says Irish. "Maybe he'll do it again. We'll all get burned to death sleepin'."

So they keep watchin', all night long, but he don' get up again. Next mornin' they throw all the stuff away, and nobody knows nothin' about it. Oh, that's a bad place; lots of things they never know about just such as that.

Next day, Irish he says to fellers: "You know what he's goin' to do, if that fire'd gone? He's goin' tell 'em I done it. They'd believe it, too." That's right, too. That Mike Finnegan, he's a mean one—if we all burned up, he don' care; then he'd say Irish done it.

After that Irish he still savin', savin'. He ain't goin' off without no money. The fellers that does that they don' get nowhere. They always get caught. He's goin' to get one dollar—jest one dollar—and then he's goin'. One old feller in the big yard, who's run away a lot, tells him he's jest *got* to have a dollar. Then he'll run and get a freight train, and by and by he'll get off at a little small station, and buy a ticket, and they won't never see *him* again. The brakemens on a freight train, they mighty good to a feller. They feeds you and helps you, too. But when you gets to the city, the policemens always lookin' for you on freight trains. They don' never look on passenger trains; they don' think you'd be there.

So Irish he's wukkin' and slavin' to earn his dollar—jest one little dollar. It don' seem so little there, though; it's mighty big. They ain't scarcely no way to get it. But Irish he's makin' boxes for fellers who's got some money, to send home to their folks, and he's holdin' hosses and all such as that.

Everybody that comes drivin' up, Irish he says: "Won't you *please* lemme hold your hoss. Oh, go on, lemme, please."

Pretty often they let him. He's so pleadin' and peaked lookin'. Irish he ain't lookin' good—he's jest like a sick feller. They looks at him and they says: "Poh boy, poh boy, what's the matter with you?"

Irish say, "Oh, nothing much. I jest ain't feelin' good." He knows if he says what's the matter with him, he won't get a chance to hold no more.

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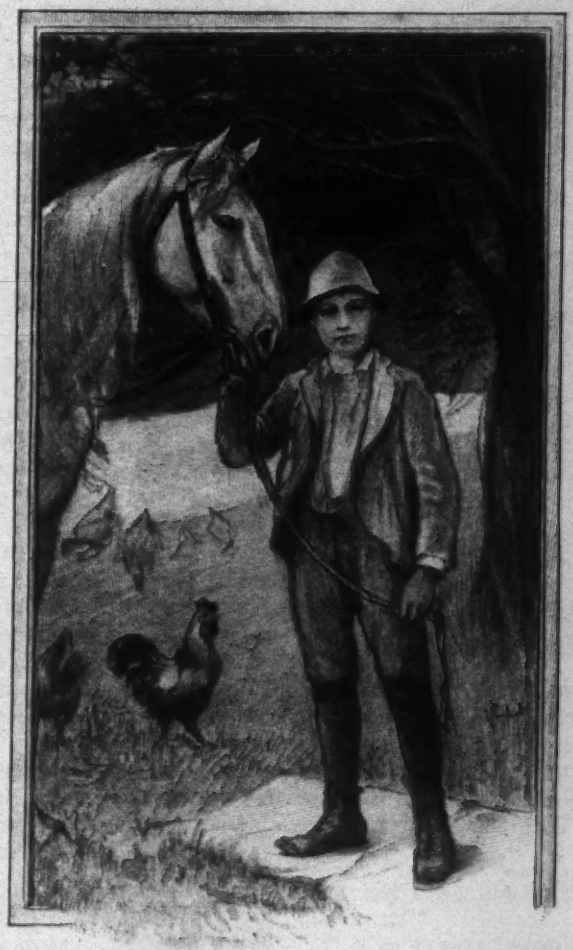

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"What's that?"

"'Tain't nothin'."

Then the Boss takes it out. "What's this?" It's a little round thing—one of these little lockets—all gold—and inside there's a piece of kind of yeller hair.

"That's my locket," says Irish. "You give me that; you ain't got no right to it. Give it back to me."

"Where'd you get that?"

"I always had it."

"You liar; you stole it before you come here. I'm goin' to keep it till I finds out who it belongs to."

Then Irish he fights for it, and the Boss smashes him. He smashes him awful with his fist. Irish he falls right over—he's fainted away.

Boss say: "Get up, there," and he kicks him with his foot.

Irish he don't move.

"He's dead," says one feller.

The Boss he's scared. He say: "Shut up. Go get some water. Hurry up."

But Irish he ain't dead. By and by he comes to, and they puts him to bed.

Hen' Vestry—that thievin' feller—he's so tickled, he 'most bust laughin'. The fellers say: "What you laughin' at?"

"Oh, I dunno. I was 'fraid he'd come and take my quarter away from me."

"Where'd you get any quarter?"

"I had it given to me."

"Aw, go on."

They knows better. Only 'tain't no use to say nothin'.

I sleeps right close up to Irish that time. All that night he's kind of cryin' to himself.

"Say, Irish," I says, "what's matter? What's matter?"

"He's gone stole my locket. Now I can' find my folks, never. Oh, what'll I do? What'll I do?"

Next day he say: "I'm goin', anyhow. I can' stan' it. I jest got to go, he's killin' me."

The fellers they're runnin' away all the time them days; they can' stand it. Long toward night time, when the fellers go in from the yard, they jest slips behind the door and stays outside. Then the Boss calls the names.

"Where's that feller?"

"I dunno."

"I dunno."

Um-hum, *he's* gone.

Yes, sah, that evenin' Irish he run away. All that night they looks foh him. There's a feller there named Mr. Fox don't do nothin' else only look foh boys. Oh, he's suah. They don't get away from him. Fust he telegraph all round. Then sometimes he goes after 'em; and sometimes all day long he jest stan' there by the gate with his spy-glass—jest lake that—lookin', lookin'. By and by he sees a little thing 'way off—jest lake a little pin walkin'. Then they goes and catches the feller and brings him back. Mr. Fox, he gets five dollars for every boy he catches—say, ten boys he gets ten five dollars. Oh, he's rich.

It don't take him long to find Irish. Next day he comes bringin' him back. They catch him on a freight train. He's lookin' worse'n ever. You wouldn' know him, he looks so bad. He's all mud and dirt and his clothes is all torn. He's sick. Boss he don' lick him much. He don' dare to.

But Irish he don' care. He jest sets around with his head down, mopin', mopin'. He's most broke this time. Out there to school fellers gets that way sometimes—nothin' ails 'em much; they jest mopin', mopin' all the time. Then after a while they don' never get well; they dies. Irish he's that way 'most a week. He don' care; he's done for anyhow.

But one day he's standin' out in the yard, and a big carriage drives up and a gran' lady gets out—all dressed in black. Irish he wants to hol' the hosses. He's got used to holdin' 'em; he likes it.

Lady say: "Poor boy, poor boy, how sick you lookin'. What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothin'. I'm all right."

Then she kisses him. Yes, sah, right there. She's got tears in her eyes. She say: "Poh boy, ain't you got no home but this?"

"No'm."

She's holding his hand a minute and he's looking at her. Jest a minute. Then he runs away in back where nobody's goin' to see him, and cries some up against side of building. Nobody ain't never kissed out there to school. Probably it makes Irish feel mighty queer. He ain't very strong anyhow.

Some fellow sees him out there. "Hey, fellers, come hyar and look at Irish."

Irish he turns roun' mighty quick "You lemme alone. I'll break you back if you don'."

Lady she's gone inside and seen ol' supintenant.

"I los' my little boy last year. He died. My husband, he's died too. Peoples in city say maybe they'd be a good boy here I could take home with me."

Ol' supintenant smile and say: "Yes'm, yes'm, yes'm. I'll have 'em brought in; then you can see 'em foh yourself."

Then he brings 'em all in and stands 'em all up in a row. The lady she's there. Oh, she's beautiful—white, jest lake a lily, with black cloth hangin' down by her face. An' she's dressed gran', jest lake some of the ladies in the play. Any feller's mighty lucky that goes with her, I tell yer.

"'YOU POH LITTLE MOTHERLESS BOY!'"

Ol' supintenant he says to her: "This here's our little flock"—he always talks lake that when they's visitors. "Pretty lively boys, but pretty good boys, too. Ain't you, boys?"

"Yes, sah."

"Yes, sah."

Then he laughs silly.

"They lake it here. They gets good food, and they's treated first-class. We never strike our boys. It's 'gainst the rules." He always talks lake that—kind of sweet-lake.

Then the lady, she's lookin' all round at all the boys. She don' seem to find what she wants. Then she say: "Where's that little boy I saw out in the yard. I don' see him hyar."

"Who's that, boys?" says ol' supintenant.

"Irish," says two or three fellers.

Irish was 'way in back. They makes a hole so they can see him, and he comes out.

"That's the little boy," lady says.

"I don' believe you want *that* boy," says ol' supintenant. "He's been a pretty bad one since he come here."

"That ain't so. I don' never have no show hyar," says Irish.

The lady's lookin' at him. She seems to kind o' lake him. She don' take no notice

of what ol' supintenant says—jes' lake she don' hyar him.

"He's got a nice face," she says, kind of under her breath lake. "Come hyar, little boy. What's yoh name?"

"I dunno."

"Yoh dunno?"

"No'm; I was sick. Ol' Irish woman had me. I remember her, but I don' remember no more. I wasn't her boy, though," he say, tryin' to stan' up straight.

Lady she's lookin' at him—lookin', lookin'.

"Don' you remember anything more—not jest a little teenty bit?"

"I dunno. Seems if I kind o' remember somethin'—a kind o' big house—and a big clock, higher'n my head—and—a great big yeller dog—and a lady—seems if—a lady, with big eyes, kind o' smilin'—somethin' lake you, she looks—and—and—I guess that's all."

"Poh boy, poh boy," lady says, "prob'ly that's you' mother. Couldn't you never find her?"

"No'm, maybe she's dead."

"Ain't you got nothin' to remember by?"

"No'm, not now. I did have my locket befoh they took it away from me."

"Where is it? Who took it?"

"He did, that man there. He's got it now, wearin' it on his watch-chain."

"Sah, bring that boy's locket hyar."

He brings it over mighty quick. Lady she looks at it and looks at it. "Poh boy," she say, "poh boy. Jest nothin' but a common gold locket, with nothin' in it but some hair. I'm 'fraid you won't never find your mother with that."

Then foh a moment they didn't say nothin'; she was thinkin'.

Then Irish says, kind of soft lake, lookin' at her: "I wish you'd been my mother."

Then all at once he can't stan' it; he's cryin' to her and catching hold of her hand.

"Oh, don' leave me; please don' leave me. Take me with you, please do. I'll do anything foh you, I will. I'll work and slave and die for you if you wants me to. Only don' leave me. Jest try me—only once. You don' have to keep me if you don' want to. You can sen' me back."

The lady, she's down on her knees in front of him, sort of crying.

"You poh little motherless boy!" she says, "I will take you. It will be better foh both of us."

Then Irish, he's jes' hanging onto her and cryin', and they sends us all out of the room.

When we was goin' out Hen' Vestry, he try to steal that gol' locket she's dropped there on the floor. Every feller round kicks him and punches him and makes him throw it down again.

Jest right after that they drives out of there in their gran' carriage. They don' stop at all. The beautiful lady's in the back seat, and Irish's sittin' right up close to her and kind of smilin'. The old supintenant's standin' in the door-way, and bowin', and tryin' to look sweet; and all the boys jest hollerin' their heads off. Irish, he's got through.

Sometimes he comes back after that and sees us. He's drivin' in a team with the lady; or he's ridin' on his hoss. He's got a hoss of his own. Oh, he's awful rich feller. He's good feller, too. He don' forget. He's done an awful lot for other fellers. Yes, sah, he has—that's right.

The colored youth's tongue had run down. His story was done. "He started the big investigation, didn't he?" said I.

"Yes, sah, that's right; he was the feller. Right after that they began investigationin.' Ol' supintenant and Boss, I guess they're mighty sorry they licked *that* feller. They don' lick no other fellers, they don'; they gets right out of there after they've investigationed 'em. 'Tain't lake it was over ther'; no, sah.

"It's mighty different. They got a new supintenant and new Boss and everythin'."

"I guess you boys were mighty glad that fellow was sent to school," said I.

"Yes, sah, we was. It's the best thing ever happened to that school. They ain't no doubt 'bout that. You ought to been there the last time ol' supintenant and Boss went away."

"Did the boys holler?"

"*Did* they holler. Oh, no, I guess not. You could hear 'em most a mile, I bet yer. Yes, sah—more'n that—ten times more."

"He . . . saw, peacefully at anchor, the beautiful craft seemingly sleeping upon the waters of the bay."

A PIRATE AND A PRINCESS.

By Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey.

THERE can be nothing more pleasing to the eye than the spectacle of a modern steam yacht lying at anchor off a wooded shore, lazily rising and falling upon the gentle swell that finds its way in from the endless stretch of ocean beyond. About such a vessel there is a touch of romance, and an individuality which, in one aspect at least, is overawing. It is as though the men grouped upon her decks were mere incidents in her career, as if the yacht were the thing of life, the mental process, the power and the intelligence, and her crew the mechanism which she directs. Even a landsman feels the indefinable influence which she exerts, but to a man who loves the sea, and who has passed all the years of his life beneath the scepter of Neptune, it is at once

seductive, inspiring, and overwhelming. Unless your life has been passed upon the surface of the deep, unless you have battled with the elements which have their lair in mid-ocean, and have struggled, sometimes vainly, against a "six" or "eight" gale mercilessly forcing you upon the rocky battlements of a lee shore, you can never feel this indescribable thrill. How it quickens the pulse and warms the cockles of the heart to look down upon such a scene, suddenly and unexpectedly presented to view, after deliberately having forsworn all participation in the life of a sailor, and having voluntarily adopted a new career!

Craddock drew a deep breath and muttered something very much like an oath when he appeared upon the top of the rocky promontory and saw, peacefully at anchor, the beautiful craft seemingly sleeping upon the waters of the bay.

The sun, just risen, smiled complacently upon the scene; and from where Craddock stood there was not visible another sign of life than the yacht itself. She might have dropped from the clouds or have risen out of the depths of the ocean, for when the sun went down she was not there; with the birth of a new day she appeared to have been there always.

While he looked, shading his eyes with his hands, a white-clad figure issued from the companionway, and after sweeping the face of the bluff with a glass, waved a cap to the man on the shore. The greeting was returned with manifest eagerness; and a moment later, as if invoked by some unknown magic, other forms appeared upon the deck of the vessel, the port davits were swung away, a boat was lowered, and the man with the binoculars, having taken his place in the stern, was propelled rapidly toward the base of the bluff, upon the summit of which stood the motionless figure shading his eyes with his hand.

As the small boat came nearer, he turned and gazed backward along the path by which he had approached the bluff, until his eyes rested upon the outlines of a house half-hidden among the trees, where the noise of the surf could only reach it in murmurs. He sighed deeply, hesitated a moment more, and then turned again and plunged down the precipitous path which led to the shore of the bay at the point where the boat must touch. They arrived at the spot simultaneously. The man with the binoculars leaped ashore—a Hercules in physique, a mountain lion in litheness and grace of action, a tawny-haired, tawny-bearded Thor in aspect, and stretching out both arms, seized Craddock's hands in a strong, relentless grasp.

For a moment neither man uttered a word. They looked into each other's eyes, shook hands again and again, and then stepped away from each other silently.

"You received my letter, Craddock?" asked the yachtsman presently.

"Yes; more than a week ago."

"I may count upon you?"

Craddock shrugged his shoulders, but made no reply.

"Shall we go to your house, or——"

"No; not there," interrupted Craddock with a quick gesture of dissent.

"To the yacht, then. You shall breakfast with me."

"I have sworn——"

"D—n your swearing, Craddock! It is not going to sea to board the 'Carlotta.'"

"You have named her that?"

"Yes—but she bears a false name for the present. That you shall hear when we are alone in the cabin. *Vamonos, amigo!* All aboard! Ready, lads! Away with you! Egad, old fellow, doesn't this reanimate the dead corpuscles in your sluggish blood? What is there in that solitary life of yours to compare with this? There is a flush upon your cheeks already; there is a new light in your eyes; your nostrils dilate, even now; the war-horse hears the bugle sound the charge; the son of Neptune listens to the wind whistling in the shrouds and feels the breathing of the ocean's lungs. Here we are! Up with you, Craddock—up and in; but stop! Look forward, and then look aft. Experience once more the sensation of being a king, a monarch, an emperor, a god. Rest your nautical eye upon those sticks. Aren't they beauties? Did you ever see a rake like that, even in the old days of wind-jamming? Could a battle-ship or a cruiser be more perfectly appointed? Is there a shroud or a stay or a thing that you can criticise? Look at that low, wide funnel. Compound, triple-expansion engines, Crad. Twin screws, everything the best; nothing that floats can catch her. Come!"

He seized his friend by one arm and led him to the cabin, and a moment later they sat facing each other, half buried in huge leather chairs, with a steaming pot of fragrant coffee between them.

For several moments the yachtsman silently regarded his friend, who was feasting his

eyes upon a vision that he loved more dearly than all else in the world—the luxurious cabin of a perfectly appointed yacht.

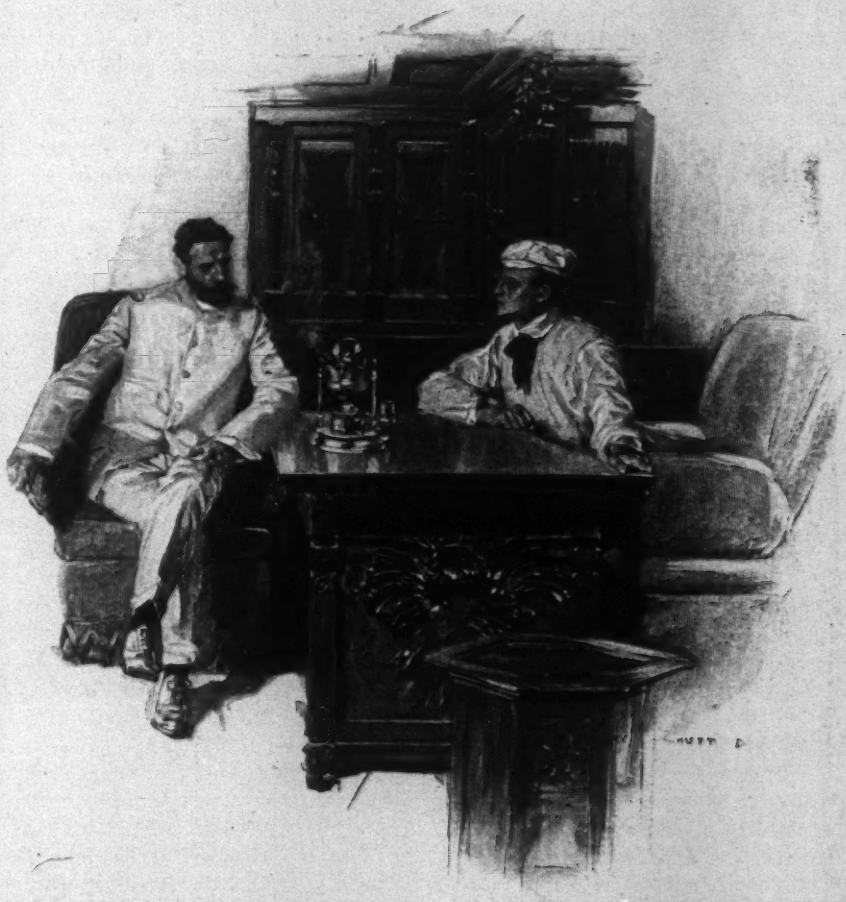
"Do you like the picture?" he inquired presently. "Is there anything that can improve it? My fortune is here. My home is here. I shall never live ashore again. This yacht is my sweetheart, my wife, my world, unless—! If she goes to the bottom, I go with her, with everything I possess.

"It is piracy, Ralph, no more, no less. Besides, I cannot go, anyhow."

The handsome face of the yachtsman became sullen, and he pulled at his tawny beard with a savage energy that threatened its destruction.

"You did not read all my letter," he said, finally.

"I read it through to the end, many times."



"IT IS PIRACY, RALPH, NO MORE, NO LESS. . . . I CANNOT GO."

Now, Craddock, tell me—you are going with me on this cruise?"

"No."

"Crad!"

"I cannot go."

"Why?"

"It is piracy."

"Legally, you are correct," replied the yachtsman, after a pause, and his voice was low and calm; "but by every moral law, human and divine, the cause is just, and honorable, and right."

"Then you know the fate of Carlotta if I do not carry out my purpose."

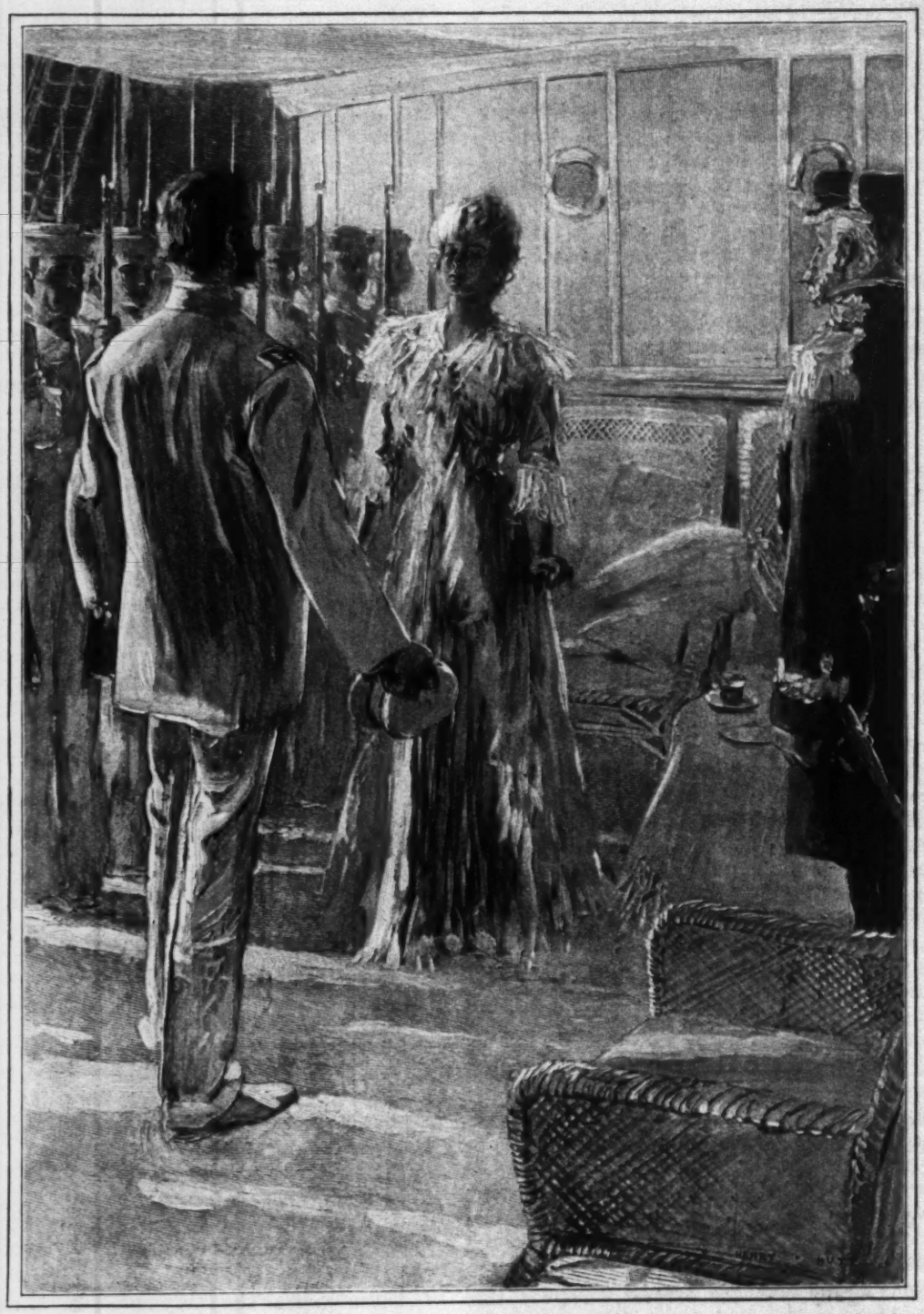
"Yes."

"And you still refuse to go, even though, against her will, they will wed her to another?"

"I still refuse to go."

"Let me repeat the story in words. Letters are cold things at their best."

"It is useless, Ralph. Was I not with you when you met this woman for whom you would now sacrifice so much? I warned you



"YOU HAVE DARED TO COME TO ME, PAST ALL BARRIERS . . ."

then, I have warned you since, I warn you again, now. If in making this sacrifice there existed one chance of success, heaven knows I would not hold you back from the enterprise, even if the lifting of one little finger would accomplish it. But there is no chance of success—not one. There is nothing but death—dishonorable death, presumably at the end of a rope dangling from a yard-arm for you, and eternal disgrace for her."

Craddock rose from his chair and with his hands behind him strode several times the length of the cabin. Then he resumed his seat and continued: "Can nothing deter you from this step, old friend? Let us review it for a moment. We were boys together. We went to sea together. Together we made our fortunes at the very moment when the world seemed darkest. During twenty-seven years we were never apart, except for a few hours at a time. We were ten when we met, thirty-seven when we separated four years ago. Twenty years of toil, seven years of adventure, and four years of contemplative quiet surely should have brought us wisdom. If you saw me about to embark in an enterprise which you knew would end in my undoing, would you not endeavor to hold me back from it? Would you not refuse to enter upon it with me, even if you were differently situated from the way that I am now? Because it was your ill-fortune to save the life of a princess—the daughter of a king—is it logical that you should deliberately sacrifice your life and honor, and hers also, to the love that was born to both of you by that event? Where, if this Utopian scheme of yours should succeed to the point of capturing this vessel upon which she is to be a passenger—where, pray, do you propose to hide? Where, in all the wide world, will you find a haven where you dare even hope to escape capture? Aboard this yacht? The combined navies of the world will pursue you. There is no far corner of land or sea where you will be secure."

"You forget——"

"I do not forget—Empire Island—our island, where we were wrecked, and where we lived in solitude nearly three years—is 12,000 miles away. You could not sail one-tenth part of the distance without capture—and, besides, you cannot go there. Your oath to me binds you not to do so. We mutually agreed never to return to that spot, unless in company, or with the express permission of the absent one. I will not go with you, and I refuse the permission. You will not break your word to me; therefore you cannot go there, even if it were otherwise possible. Hush! You need not speak! I know that you are angry. Do not utter now words which you will regret later; but I would rather live the remainder of my life under the ban of your undiminished rage, than to relax one single effort that I can make to turn you aside from this awful venture that you contemplate. You are a madman to undertake it; you were mad when you conceived it; you will be hanged as a felon before you can half consummate it.

"And for what, and for whom do you undertake it?" Craddock continued, with more excitement than he had shown hitherto, rising from his chair and again pacing the cabin deck. "For a woman whom you never saw but once in your life, in whose company you have passed less than five hours out of the forty-one years of your existence. For a woman who is related to every crowned head in Europe, whose portrait is familiar to every reader in the world, whose disappearance would arouse every human energy on earth and sea to effect her recapture and your destruction. You tell me in your letter that you have been planning this enterprise three years; if you had consumed 300 years in the work, it could offer no hope of success. She sails on the royal yacht on such a date, bound so-and-so; well, all the world knows that. You will pursue, and if perchance there is a storm, or an accident, or if God or the Devil intervenes in some inconceivable way, you will attack the yacht in the open sea, seize your prize, and sail away, confident that nothing that floats can outsail you. What, in heaven's name, will the two cruisers which accompany the yacht be doing while this piratical outrage is going on? Eight and ten-inch shells travel faster than this floating palace of yours.

"Again, if neither God nor the Devil interferes to assist you in this plan, you believe that you will find your opportunity in the Mediterranean when the yacht is at anchor and the royal party is resting. Bah! Don't you know that the cruiser-consorts will lie either side of her, and aren't you sailor enough to know that you will have no more chance of getting within hail of the vessel you would attack, without being fired upon, than you would have of capturing the 'Oregon' in an open fight with this puny craft? Are you mad, Ralph? I know you are in earnest, but have you lost all reason?"

"Have you quite finished, Craddock?"

asked the yachtsman calmly. There was not a trace of anger left upon his face; indeed, he was smiling now.

"Yes," was the short reply.

"Shall I order breakfast served?"

"No. Send me ashore."

"Very good. But another question, first. Do you still refuse me permission to visit Empire Island without you?"

"Yes. I still refuse; now, and forever, unless you give up this enterprise."

"What was the promise we made each other? Will you state it for me? I may have forgotten the exact wording."

"The agreement was that neither of us should ever visit the island again, during the life of the other, except in each other's company, or with the express permission of the absent one. It is clear enough."

"Quite so. Thank you. Will you not breakfast with me now?"

"No. I will go ashore. You need not accompany me to the deck. Shake hands, and let us part here."

"It is my turn to refuse, Craddock. When we meet again, if we ever do, I will offer you my hand. You may not feel disposed to take it. It is better, therefore, that you should leave it untouched now. I will go with you to the deck. I will not sail till some time in the night. If you change your mind, come off to me. Tomorrow morning I will have gone."

Thor—we will call him so, after the Norwegian god he so greatly resembled, for he must be nameless here—leaned idly against the taffrail and watched the figure of his departing friend until he had scaled the cliff and, with a last wave of his hand, disappeared beyond it. There was a strange smile, half sad, half mocking, upon his determined features, which in every line gave evidence of unfaltering courage and relentless purpose.

"Too bad, Craddock," he murmured, still with his eyes fixed upon the point where his friend had disappeared. "I cannot visit Empire Island without you; therefore I must take you with me. There is nothing in the promise which says that either may not take the other by force; ergo, you must accompany me. Craddock, my friend, we sail tonight—and we sail together."

The night was cloudy, with here and there a star peeping out, and there was a number two breeze jostling among the leaves of the trees above the bluff. Two bells had just sounded on board the yacht, and nine o'clock had just struck in the house where Craddock lived, when he heard a summons at the door. He sprang toward it quickly, believing that his friend had thought better of his mad venture. He threw it open. A dozen forms leaped into the wide hallway. He was seized, and in a moment bound; and all the while Thor stood, with folded arms, idly leaning against one of the pillars of the portico.

"I cannot force permission from you, Craddock," he said, when the deed was done, "but I can compel you to accompany me. Is there anything that you would have me do before we go aboard?"

"Yes. My motherless child and the nurse must accompany me."

Two hours later the yacht had sailed.

Craddock imperturbably resigned himself to the inevitable. During the days which followed, while the yacht was coursing like a meteor toward the European coast, he gave no outward sign of the indignation he felt, other than totally to ignore the existence of Thor; and Thor chose not to see that he was ignored. His high spirits and boundless enthusiasm were unquenchable, and he seemed not to notice that his running fire of talk was never commented upon nor answered.

The voyage across the ocean was uneventful. The yacht slipped through the English Channel into the North Sea, and glided rapidly onward toward her first anchorage, which must not be named; and there came a day, approximately two weeks after the American coast was lost to view, when she glided to her moorings not three cable-lengths from the royal craft upon which the princess was soon to embark. Thor's great stature seemed taller than ever then. His eyes—colored like the water in the Gulf of Salerno with the sun at meridian—shone brighter and with greater steadfastness. There was a constant smile about his mouth, and his brows wore the half-frown of concentrated thought. He placed no guard whatever upon the actions of his friend, but two sailors were ever at the side of Craddock's child and nurse when they loitered upon the deck. Craddock, watching him furtively, wondered if he contemplated making the assault there, in the presence of the fleet and with the narrow neck of water between two forts bristling with guns as the only avenue of escape. Such an attempt on the part of Thor would not have surprised him.

But the Titan made no sign. Calmness and complacency seemed adjuncts of his or-

ganism. He always smiled; he perpetually frowned. His deep voice, like the mellow tone of an organ, was never unsteady; and on the fifth day after their arrival they put to sea again.

"We are bound out, Craddock," he said, in one of those one-sided conferences often held, wherein the American listened without comment, and the Norwegian talked without compensation. "The royal party sails at dawn to-morrow. We will precede them through the channel and down the coast; and then—what then, *amigo? Quien sabe?* Shall I put you ashore, my friend, or will you see it out, now that you are embarked?"

"Did you see her, Crad?" he asked later. "Did you see her when she went aboard with her suite? High heaven, what beauty! What majesty! What infinite tenderness and love! Ah! If you had been with me on the quay! If you could have seen the start of surprise that she gave when she saw me—the roses that bloomed all in an instant upon her cheeks. The flush, the smile, the frown, the pathetic entreaty, the defiance, the undying love, the unalterable resolve. I made no sign. She made none; but her heart is beating now just as mine beats—like the piston in the high-pressure cylinder below, with terrific force, but steady and true—steady and true, Crad; never quickening or lessening a beat, never increasing or diminishing its force; steady and true, Crad; steady and true! You saw her from the deck, Craddock, with her eyes shining like the stars in heaven, with her head eating into the wind like the forefoot of a clipper ship. You saw her, did you not? The daughter of a hundred kings; the progeny of forgotten rulers of men; the acme of every promise of heaven and of earth! Crad, can you keep silent now!"

Two hundred and thirty knots, or thereabouts, off that part of earth where the Bay of Biscay eats into the coast of France, with the wind on a hitch between four and five, combing the tops of the waves into seething flakes of foam, like goat's milk in the whey, coursed Thor's masterpiece of mechanism. Off to starboard, thirteen miles away, the sun dipped moodily, half veiled in cloud. On the port quarter, six miles astern, was a white line surmounted by a column of somber smoke, and beyond and behind it were three lesser columns issuing from the funnels of the cruiser-consorts. When the sun dipped out of sight the wind freshened, and then, with a puff, went out. Craddock played with his little daughter. Thor rested his bulk against the port davits and struggled with his beard—the only evidence of impatience he manifested.

"Neither God nor the Devil will intervene," he said at last, approaching Craddock. "I quote you, my friend, not my own thought. In the Mediterranean it will be different." Then he sought his cabin.

There is something uncanny in the dead calm of a Mediterranean night, when the elements are asleep, and earth and sky and ocean are in repose; when even the billows cease their restless undulations, and anchored craft lie inanimate. The royal yacht was one of these.

There was life upon her decks, however. Here and there a sailor leaned idly against the bulwark and gazed abstractedly off into the night. The watch paced its restless tread fore and aft and athwartships; but the watch was sleepy-eyed, and yawned as he walked, for the duty was one simply of routine. Abeam, on either side, floated two of the cruiser-consorts; dead astern rested the third; sluggish, yawning, half sleeping, all of them. Beneath the awning, half in repose, yet keenly alert to every beauty of the night, flanked by maids and guarded by marines, though in utter solitude, reclined the Princess whom we have called Carlotta.

Of the royal party she alone remained upon the yacht. Why, she could not have explained, except that the night appealed to her in a new way; and for some unaccountable reason her mind was upon the Titan form and tawny-bearded face of her rescuer of long ago. Her glance swung lazily to seaward, where a green light hung motionless over the waters of the bay, and then turned shoreward again toward the point where her friends had disappeared. A haze, unlike mist but still a haze, mellowed the softness of the night. Repose, solitude, peace, memory, were in the air she breathed.

Then, out of the haze, at the point upon which her eyes were fixed, leaped a shape, and the heart of the Princess bounded, paused, fluttered, and again began its ceaseless counting of the periods in her life, for with the looming of the shape out of the haze had come a yodel-song, sharp and clear and strong. A cry heard once, never to be forgotten; a cry which she had heard but once, never to forget. She did not move. Her maids still whispered together. The marines remained deaf.

The shape was the launch that had conveyed her friends ashore. It flew the pen-

nant of its royal owner. It approached unchallenged. There was a sharp command from amidships on the yacht. The deck swarmed with men. The boom was manned, the steps were lowered. Officers stood at attention. Marines lined up, presented arms, and fixed their eyes upon nothing. The launch had returned; what mattered it whom it brought?

One form only leapt to the deck; *lèse majesté* was in his demeanor. It was Thor, grand in his daring, and smiling with that half-frown of definite purpose.

The Princess rose from her chair calmly and with deliberation. A quiet word, spoken in an undertone, relegated her attendants to a distance. Half-way along the promenade she encountered her guest, and there she paused with extended hand, while he dropped upon one knee, and tenderly clasping the hand in both his own, pressed it to his lips.

He would have spoken, but she silenced him by a gesture, and so they remained for seconds which seemed hours to both. Then she spoke.

"You have dared to come to me, past all barriers," she said, tremulously. "I cannot say that I am not glad. Do not speak. I must not hear the sound of your voice. My destiny was shaped when the world was young; defiance cannot alter it. You have dared all things for the sake of seeing me again—that I might see you once more. I must ask even greater courage of you now. Leave me, my friend, with everything that you would say unspoken. I must not listen—but I know. We may not mention love—but afterward, afterward, when this earthly destiny is fulfilled, then, my friend, I will seek you as you have sought me now. Rise. Rise and go, lest my strength should fail me in this supreme moment. God be with you! Rise; do not speak; by your love for me, by my love for you, leave me! Do not look back. I beseech—no, I command! Leave me! My spirit will accompany you. My body—it is nothing—it must remain here. Afterward—yonder—in the life to come—I will seek for you! For the love of God, leave me!"

Upon the palm of her hand he pressed his lips, and then, without a word, he left the deck, dropped into the launch, and disappeared in the haze.

The Pillars of Hercules were dipping into the ocean far astern when Thor sought his friend on the after deck of the yacht "Carlotta." It was during the middle watch of the succeeding day. Outwardly he was unchanged, except that his smile was deeper and the half-frown had disappeared.

"The enterprise is abandoned, Craddock," he said, calmly; "will you take my hand now?"

"Gladly, Ralph; in full forgiveness, too."

Thor seemed not to hear, but continued, dreamily:

"There is little that I can tell you. With my men I seized the launch and boarded the yacht. She was there. I saw her. She gave me her commands and a promise. I obeyed, and I wait. That is all. Shall we go to Empire Island now, and rest?"

"If you wish it, yes."

TRUE STORIES FROM THE UNDER-WORLD.

By Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton.

I.—IN THE MATTER OF "HIS NIBS."

Editor's Note.—The following story is the first of a series by Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton, men who have spent many years studying the criminal classes. Their methods are original. They live among the criminals and are known amongst the "profession" as men of their own class. It is needless to say that their life amongst them is not to break the laws, but to understand as thoroughly as possible the motives and methods of that great part of the community which they describe as "The Under-World." These stories are not fiction in the ordinary sense; they are entertaining stories, but more than this they are philosophical studies, about a class concerning which the great mass of people knows nothing, except that they are lawbreakers. All the names in these stories are fictitious, but the characters are real and the incidents have all occurred at various times and places. The stories are intended to point a moral as well as adorn a tale.

THERE were two James Disons, one a respected citizen of a small city in New York; the other was "one of the boys" in the naughty city of Manhattan and Long Island. These two gentlemen never met, though they possessed a metaphysical iden-

tity with each other and an alternate existence. When James Dison of the small city went to the metropolis to purchase goods, James Dison of the naughty city received his letters and answered them, in particular letters from Mrs. Dison, in reply to which he insisted, very properly, on his eagerness to return to the delights of her society, which demonstrated that, even during his absence, his thoughts were with the community at home. In return for these courtesies in the metropolis, when James Dison of the small city returned to his accustomed office, it was his practice to sign and forward to the naughty city certain checks in payment of bills which his metaphysical double had contracted; some of them for ponderable goods to be delivered in the small city, others for imponderable goods such as the naughty city notoriously affords.

One evening in April, 189–, James Dison of the naughty city found himself possessed of a roll of bank-notes, and of a handsome watch which bore a striking resemblance to a gift officially and oratorically presented in February, 189–, by the Chamber of Commerce and the Bankers' Association of the small city to their "eminent and universally honored and esteemed fellow-citizen, James Dison, who by a timely exhibition of public spirit and self-sacrifice, lamentably rare in these times of pecuniary ambition and short-sighted greed, had saved the prosperous city from a local panic." The roll of bank-notes, James Dison of the naughty city diminished from time to time in the course of the evening, with the manner and gesture of never-mind-the-change; the watch he consulted toward six o'clock in the morning with an intellectual intensity, and decided, in a moment of lucidity remarkable under the circumstances, that he had made "a night of it" and would take a Turkish bath. When he had emerged from the bath and had breakfasted, he remembered that he had an appointment in Newark at the hour of ten, and that the ideal way to go to Newark, at which it is inconceivable a man should wish to arrive, is to take the "trolley." The conductor, who was an artist in words, politely requested the motorman to be good enough to "turn on that juice."

Burke Ryan was a gentleman who took his fun where he found it, and to whom the universe owed a living. A certain portion of his fun he found in the naughtier delights of the naughty city, but he had received a good education and read Tacitus and Livy in the "aboriginal," and was a connoisseur in scarf-pins. In the intervals of his pleasures he collected what the universe owed him; and if he discovered it in the pockets of other people, so much the worse—for the other people: a man has a right to his own.

At the time when James Dison was making a night of it, Burke Ryan saw his watch-chain and surmised his watch, and took stock of his roll of bills and of his manner and gesture of never-mind-the-change. He also recognized that bya singular exhibitionof astuteness he had himself that day at the races lost the largest odds it was mathematically possible to lose, and that it was "up to him" to cut and cash with all possible promptitude a number of the coupons on the securities to which his creditor, the universe, had given him a right. One of the coupons that was obviously due lay for safe-keeping at the end of Dison's watch-chain in Dison's waistcoat pocket. He had discovered this fact at the moment when Dison had returned his watch to its resting-place after having consulted it with an intellectual intensity. Dison's manner of handing out his bills Burke had looked upon with a near approach to moral indignation; there was an offensive lack of principle in throwing away money that the universe owed to some one else.

When Dison entered the bath-house Burke also entered it. He had not wanted a Turkish bath, but he took one out of *complaisance:* what he wanted really was to "touch" the little sum which was coming to him, and to go to bed. When Dison lingered at breakfast, he also lingered at breakfast, though with a growing impatience at the prolix etiquette of modern times. Not so many hundreds of years ago a baron of the Under-World in his position would have taken shame to himself: he would have advanced upon Dison openly, and tapping him familiarly on the breast, would have explained that he had taken a fancy to certain insignificant trinkets, of which he doubted not their actual possessor, whose attention as a man of taste he claimed for a glance at the elegance of his stiletto, would be delighted to make him a present. When Dison entered the trolley-car in Jersey City, Burke also entered it and took a place beside him. He had been seemingly much chagrined at not having found it possible to obtain a place beside him on the "elevated" or the ferry; for his own part, he had no business in Newark whatever. When Dison slept, his watch transferred itself to Burke's waistcoat; when Dison woke he discovered in his trousers pocket the two longest and deftest

fingers of Burke's right hand. Burke was at once so obliging as to withdraw the fingers and with them the remnant of Dison's roll of bills. Then the etiquette of modern times ceased to be prolix, and the scene was as mediæval as Burke could have wished.

Dison seized Burke by the shoulder and spoke his mind with a mediæval vigor and idiom which it would be an anachronism to record. There were two women and twenty men in the car; the two women expressed the judgment of their sex upon the situation inarticulately at the top of their voices; the twenty men with one impulse lurched toward Burke. Burke possessed no stiletto to the elegance of which he could call Dison's attention as a connoisseur, but he produced a remarkably handsome razor, to the elegance of which he called Dison's attention and the attention of every one in the car. Every one, Dison in particular, evinced a sudden interest in reaching the street. They fell over themselves in their eagerness, the women forgot even to scream, and one of them forgot the way to the door and used the window. The facetious conductor said the reason he got off was that he wanted to see what Burke's razor would look like from a distance. The last to desert his place was the motorman, whom Burke's approach seemed to afflict with acute insanity. As a preliminary to jumping off he turned on the full current, and when the car bounded forward at full speed he leaped. He did not wait to hold by the handles and steady himself before his feet touched the ground; he just naturally got off and did gymnastics. When he was picked up afterward he explained that he had been in a hurry.

James Dison.

"Stop thief," yelled the chorus in the road.

"Go to—" grinned Burke.

"Find a telephone," said one of the crowd, while another called on a man on a bicycle to "catch that car," and explained that there was a thief on it. When they explained also the nature of the thief and of his company, the bicyclist guessed he was tired, and that they might catch the car themselves. "If any of you gentlemen wants the loan of my wheel, he can have it," he said generously; "but for me, to-day's Friday: it's always bad luck for me to catch stolen trolleys on Friday." None of the gentlemen wanted the loan of his wheel.

None of them wanted to risk a pistol-shot by riding forward and attempting to keep Burke within hailing distance. The car was speeding along a stretch of deserted road, with the first house by the wayside a half-mile away. Every one preferred to assure every one else that Burke must leave the trolley soon, for he would overtake the car ahead of him; though what difference it made, when once he was out of sight, whether he left the trolley soon or not, nobody could suggest.

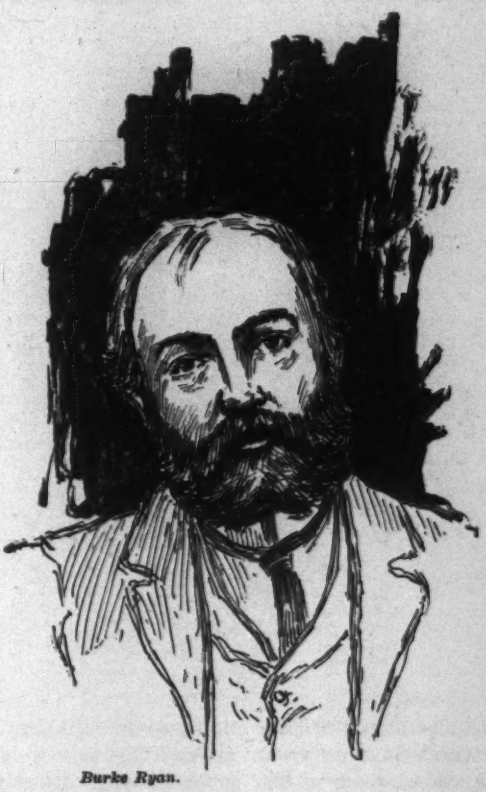
He did leave the trolley soon. In front of the one house visible stood a horse and buggy, which he halted the car to borrow, saying that he needed them in his business. A minute afterward he had disappeared.

In the meantime James Dison discovered that he had lost his watch.

It was distinctly understood in the "Front Office" that the "force" is the servant of the public, and that every member of the public, whether a big man or a little one, was entitled to receive the best attention the force could give. It was distinctly understood also that this theory was in the nature of a party platform or declaration of principles, and was well enough in its place, but that its place was not in practice. In practice there are differences to be observed. The chief had found it necessary to become

well-to-do on his savings from a small salary, and he had achieved this seeming miracle by exercising the virtues of judicious discrimination and friendship. He had never soiled his hands with bribes—he had "never done nothing not morally right, savvy?"—but it was undeniable that he had discretionary powers and undeniable that he used them. As nobody will suppose that he used them to comfort his enemies and to discomfit his friends, it must be found natural that he received a just return for benefits bestowed.

When James Dison of the naughty city discovered that he had lost his watch, the first step he took in regard to it was admirable. The first step, to be Irish, was to stand still and meditate on what his metaphysical double should say to Mrs. Dison; in particular if the affair should reach the newspapers, and the omniscient reporter should employ his inalienable right of pertinent scandal. He could see the headlines as he stood there. He had an exquisitely tender sensibility for what concerned his double; he felt for him as for himself. He escaped with all possible haste from the witnesses of his mischance and declined to give his name. His second step was to seek out the "Front Office" and obtain a private interview with the chief; and here for a moment he made a blunder. He had the temerity to demand a favor before he had founded its indispensable basis in friendship. The chief paused in the midst of his scrutiny of a pile of documents, and official business was suspended everywhere within earshot, and Mr. Dison listened to the voice of authority. The chief was a man of wrath, and his speech was rude and his figures of rhetoric unconventional. "No, I will not. You will take your chances like anybody else. I will keep nothing quiet. Every dashed up-State son of a hay-rick thinks he can come down here an' play the goat and go back home and forgit it. If my town's tough, it's you hoosiers that come down here an' turn yourselves loose an' make it so; and it's me the newspapers roast."



Burke Ryan.

At this point James Dison of the naughty city was inspired to remember that James Dison of the small city owned a block of delegates at the State capital, and was high in the good graces of a Great Personage. He recited his titles to respect and mentioned the Great Personage.

"I don't care who you are, or who you know," thundered the Olympian, in a passion of rectitude that made him superior to grammar. "I don't owe you money nor anybody else. You can go tell him so. I'm not put here to do favors; I'm put here to execute the law, and you bet your life I'll do it!"

This was diplomacy. There are forms of speech in the Great Republic which it needs a long initiation to interpret, and James Dison was initiated. The chief had the most exalted friendship for the Great Personage whom Mr. Dison had named. It was the custom of that Great Personage from time to time, when he suffered with the spleen, to speak his mind to the chief with an unreserve which made the chief's eyes water—with affection. When Mr. Dison had withdrawn from the Front Office, the chief made the telephone wires hum with hurry-up summonses to trusted lieutenants whose names suggested that gifted people that can govern every country except their own. When Mr. Dison returned with his credentials, his reception reminded him that Mr. Dison of the small city was not the only man in the naughty city who is blessed with a metaphysical double.

"Have already moved in that matter of yours, Mr. Dison. An accident that might happen to any gentleman."

"Even to an up-State son of a hay-rick," said the facetious Dison.

"I will have your property delivered to you at nine in the morning at your hotel," said the chief; "and in the meantime, if there are any little corners of the city that you would like to look into, I shall be glad to place a competent guide at your disposal."

"A pleasure to have made your acquaintance," said Mr. Dison, accepting the glad hand.

This also was diplomacy: the rest was business. The chief's face and bearing when he met his lieutenants were a hurry-up order personified. He named a dozen powers and potentates by their *noms de guerre*, and indicated their customary places of resort. His instructions were figurative: "Rake this town with a fine-tooth comb. I want 'em here by one o'clock. If they don't understand kindness, pinch 'em."

The Chief.

There is a wireless telegraphy in the Under-World which is quite as effective as Marconi's, and it was soon noised about among the "guns" that there was to be a round-up at the Front Office. A number of gentlemen who felt a delicacy about intruding upon the chief, even in the way of friendship, incontinently made themselves invisible; but the majority of those that he had mentioned were "copped out." The detectives were as much in the dark as to what "was doing" as were the guns, and the latter consoled themselves with facetious remarks as to the object of the approaching interview. "The chief wants t' ask us to break a bottle o' sham, or to notify us that he has shifted the dead line further down town, so's to give the likes o' us a chanst to turn an 'onest penny," said Billy the Bruiser; and MeKlowd remarked: "P'raps he is goin' to let us rubber over the recovered 'stolen goods' museum to see if we recognize any little trinkets o' our own."

The interview took place in the chief's private office.

"Curly," he asked in confidential tones, addressing the man from 'Frisco, "what do you know 'bout that touch that came off over in Jersey this morning on the trolley? Somebody got a gold thimble [watch] and a roll o' dough."

"First I've heard of it, Chief. I don't know nothin'."

"It's up to you, MeKlowd."

"I'm dead about it too, Chief. Just got out a-bed a little while before Curry found me."

"How about you, Billy?"

"Dead too. Keeps me busy keepin' track o' touches this side the river."

"Well, a touch came off, an' I want the thing cleared up. I'll give it to you fellows straight—the touch never should 'a' come off, an' it's up to me to get the gun an' the things. I've got you up here to read the riot act to you, an' you'd better read it to the rest o' the gang. I've been easy on some o' you men, 'cause I know 't you've got families here an' want to stay with them, but I'll tell you on the level that if you don't cough up that gun I'll put a dead line around this whole town. Now, you can take your choice. That's all I've got to say to you, but I want you, MeKlowd, to wait a shake."

The consultation with MeKlowd was short but significant.

"Ruderick, I might as well give you the truth as a steer. The sucker that was touched is a friend o' his Nibs—you know who I mean—an' his Nibs is hostile. It's the second time 't he's had a grouch on, an' I've got to put up a good front. If the thing don't go right, I'll be in a —— of a hole, an' I want to know if you'll pull it through. I can't get that gun inside of a month if you blokes don't help me, an' I've kept the sucker here in town on the plea that it'll all be over in a

day or so. Will you get the push to cough up?"

"Anythin' doin' afterward?"

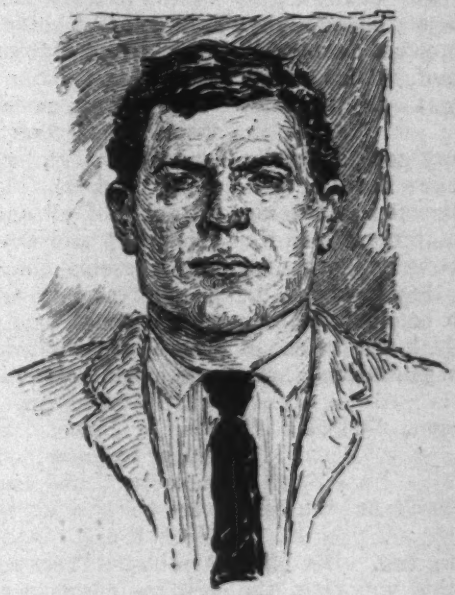
"I can't make no deal with you, Ruderick—you know well enough I been pretty square with you an' the push, ain't I? Well, it stands to reason 't I ain't going to get a grouch on if you an' the push do me a favor, don't it?"

"A' right. Forty-eight hours you said, didn't you? If it's only twenty-four you won't object, I suppose."

"It'll make my rep' all the better if it's only twelve."

"A' right. So long."

"So long, Ruderick."



Ruderick McKlowd.

Ruderick McKlowd was a product of the city of tall buildings and tall talk — the "Western Metropolis" he sometimes called it, and sometimes "Chi." His passion for the town was only less pronounced than his passion for his profession, and he had arrived at that stage in his development when the name of his birthplace had been incorporated in his personal appellation, after the manner of powers and potentates and nobility in general. He was known to the initiated as the "Slick Chi Gun."

His business engagements were so far-reaching that it was but infrequently that he was to be met in the city of his name, and there were periods when, on account of another community's interest in him and demand upon his time, he was compelled to deny the town the honor of his presence for years at a stretch; but he always spoke affectionately of the place, and it was a well-understood ambition of his to be buried "on de Lake Front." In appearance he would not necessarily have been picked out for an inhabitant of Chicago. He had, to be sure, the Chicago business man's plunging walk. He was always in a hurry, and his ability to interest other people and other people's money in his enterprises may possibly also be characterized as a Chicago trait; but in other respects he fitted into the life of New York or any other great city, with as few rough edges to be polished off as probably any man of his temperament and training. An innocent little histrionic gift that he possessed—and exercised—commonly enabled him to pass with a casual acquaintance for almost anything, from a successful lawyer to a sea captain. But there were those in whose presence he frankly admitted that he was "Ruderick McKlowd, and what are you going to do about it?" He was some five-and-forty years old, tall, well built, clean shaven, with a look in his face which was described by knowing ones as the obvious "mug of a crook." By those who did not know, it might easily have seemed the intense look of a preoccupied and rather hard man of affairs. When on the loaf, he sauntered through the streets unobtrusively, sometimes greeting his friends and sometimes not taking in the sights. Certain wiseacres claimed that he was "rubbering," and attention was sometimes called to "that greedy look of his eyes"; but this could not have been proved in a court of law. If he passed a friend whom he found it convenient not to recognize after the ordinary forms of greeting, he gave a peculiar guttural cough, sometimes called the thief's cough, or made a noise with his lips such as goes with a kiss, and it was frequently his misfortune to have these signs misinterpreted by denizens of the Front Office; but he had very convincing explanatory powers, and seldom found it difficult to square misunderstandings to the satisfaction of all concerned. On occasions, particularly if he had been "hitting it up," he made no attempt to explain or to excuse, and suggested that the Front Office "come out an' get its face put in." He was almost as popular at the Front Office as he was in his "push." From the strict Sabbatarian's point of view his record there was bad, but there were some things esoterically to his credit, which the Sabbatarian does not under-

stand. The chief himself had more than once declared that "if Ruderick had only had an 'eddication,' he would have ranked among the salubrious men of history." It was the opinion of Ruderick's intimates that he had made a mark enviably high without taking his Doctor's degree, but, of course, they judged him by a standard of their own. The chief's liking for Ruderick was appreciated and respected. In the days when the chief had been struggling for honor and promotion "in the street," it fell to his lot to arrest certain "gentlemen of fortune" who protested *vi et armis*, which is hieroglyphic for with knife and fist. The chief might never have come out of the scrimmage alive if Ruderick hadn't "happened around" about that time. The chief, to his credit be it said, never forgot this coincidence.

It has been stated on very good authority that if the thieves of a town could be persuaded to become its policemen and would act "on the level," the appropriations for municipal defense might be very greatly reduced. Certain it is that they have a sense of the thing necessary to be done, a theft having been committed, which our municipal and private detective organizations have failed to improve upon.

"How much time we got, Ruderick?" asked Billy the Bruiser.

"Twenty-four hours."

"He jus' wants the thimble an' the roll, ain't that it?"

"No, he wants the gun, too. His Nibs is hostile, you see, an' this yap from the country's got pull, an' it's up to the chief to make a splurge."

"Will he let the bloke go?"

"Didn't say nothin' 'bout that. P'raps he will after he's let the yap rubber at him. I don't give a —— whether he does or not. It was a bunglin' job, an' the fellow deserves a stretcher. Besides, see all the trouble he's givin' us. He'll queer the whole of us if we don't get him."

"That's right," commented Billy. "No one man's got any business queerin' the push. If he has got to take a stretcher, then he has, an' that's all there is about it. Same thing happened out in Chi once. Old 'Frisco Slim touched up one o' the big joolry places, not knowin' that it was in the Eye's dead line. We had to cough him up—it 'ud been a case o' drill if we hadn't. Well, I tell you, Ruderick, I'll screw my nut down town an' rubber around, lettin' the boys know what's doin'. You'll put the people up here next, will you? A' right. Where'll we report?"

"Up in my rooms."

The two men separated, and began "putting the boys next." Ruderick dropped into saloon after saloon, talking quietly with men sitting at tables or standing at the bar, and pretty soon these men were to be seen coming out on to the street and taking different directions. He talked to them in a language unique for its abbreviations and directness. There were no long explanations. The simple statement, backed up by Ruderick's presence, "that the Front Office wanted to know who pulled off that touch in Jersey, and wanted the swag and the gun," sufficed to set going an unequaled detective agency.

There were no silly trips to Jersey to inspect "the scene of the crime," no long interviews with reporters about suggested clews, and no "keeping the wires hot." "Guns" of all ages and conditions strolled quietly up and down Manhattan, "rubbering," passing the time o' day, and putting people "next." One would enter a "joint," give a cough, and pass on to a rear room, where he was joined by those whom his cough had attracted. "Find out who got that thimble an' the roll, on the trolley over in Jersey. The chief is hostile, an' wants to know. Ruderick MeKlowd is on the case," and another half dozen recruits were enlisted for the honor of the chief.

A "touch" is to the Under-World what an Associated Press news item, or "the flimsy," is to the newspaper world. Knowledge of it is common property to those who are in the guild. There are a hundred "touches" and more every day of which the police hear nothing, but the Under-World knows all about them, who made them, what was realized on them, and where the "get away" took place. Gossip about "touches" is as essential to the Under-World as is gossip about marriages and births to the Upper-World. Burke Ryan could no more forego the pleasure of telling his pals about the "touch" on the trolley in Jersey than he could resist the temptation to "pull it off." He had "hocked" the watch and invested the greater part of the roll in a quiet little game of poker by the time Ruderick MeKlowd and the push were on his trail, and he had also published widely the details of the theft, only Ruderick and his companions had not yet reached the "joints" where the story had been told. At the very moment that Ruderick and Billy the Bruiser were agree-

ing on the campaign to find him, Burke was in a saloon not over ten blocks distant, telling some cronies how he had "to clear the deck" on the trolley with his razor to make good his "get away," and giving them amusing accounts of how the "Molls dove out o' the windows" in their haste to give him room.

"An' the sucker 't I'd touched," he went on, referring to the naughty Mr. Dison, "he jus' sat down an' t'rew a fit. Yelled like a stuck pig."

Burke had his friends in the push as well as did Ruderick, and there was one, "Jimmy" Ryerson by name, who felt that it was "up to him" to let Burke know that Ruderick and his push were in pursuit. He had a score to settle with the chief, which had been troubling him for months in his sense of honesty, and he considered the present occasion a good one to discharge his debt. Burke had told him of the touch early in the day, and Ruderick's enterprise had been made known to him not long after. He knew that the majority in the push were with Ruderick, but the opportunity to "turn down" the chief was too good to be lost, and Burke was advised of his peril.

"Do they jus' want the dough an' the thimble," asked Burke, "or are they after me, too?"

"They're after you, you duffer," said Jimmy, "an' they'll have you, if you don't flit. You've been chewing the rag all over town, an' somebody's told 'em by this time."

"Do you mean to say that they're goin' to turn me over to the chief?"

"That's what they are, an' you'll be settled, too. His Nibs is on his ear, they say, an' the chief's got to square things."

"Well, they can go plump to —— I ain't no sucker to help out that chief. Let him help hisself out. I'm goin' to flit right—" His speech was cut short by the entrance into the saloon of Ruderick and two "pals."

It was a chase which is talked about still when chases come up for discussion. It began below Twenty-third Street, and ended in a vacant lot near the Eighth Avenue elevated railroad terminal, and is probably the only pursuit of a criminal in whose arrest criminals alone were interested. Trolley cars, cabs, and the "elevated" were all used by both the pursued and the pursuers, and a fierce struggle ended the flight. As a last resort Burke took his stand in a fence corner of the vacant lot, drew his razor, and dared Ruderick and his two companions to touch him. "It's a case o' knock out," said Ruderick, and poor Burke was made the target for stones swiftly thrown and carefully aimed. He stood it as long as he could, his face and hands being cut and bruised and smeared all over with blood, and then cried out, "I cave—I cave."

"Couldn't help it, Burke, old man," said Ruderick soothingly. "Three to one ain't fair, but it's business. The chief needs you, and we need the chief. See!"

AN INTERNATIONAL WHEAT CORNER.

By J. D. Whelpley.

Editor's Note.—The facts stated in the following article constitute a heretofore secret chapter in the diplomatic history of the United States. November 4, 1896, the Russian government proposed to the United States that an alliance of the two countries be formed to benefit the American and Russian farmers at the expense of the world. This proposition was made within a few hours of the election day of 1896, after the country had been for months in the throes of a discussion of the silver question, in which the argument for free coinage bore a remarkable resemblance to that advanced by Russia in favor of her proposed agrarian treaty. The advances of Russia were treated as a diplomatic secret, and the written communications were immediately buried in the files of the State Department. It transpired in Washington several weeks later that Russia had sought such a conference, and it was capital gossip that her advances had been met almost rudely by the American government, but no hint of the magnitude of the proposal or its definite character escaped the government officials. For four years the details of the plan which could have been proposed by Russia, had her advances been received in a friendly manner, have been accurately known to less than a score of persons, all of whom were concerned in keeping the matter quiet for varying reasons. The documents here given are exact copies of those on file in the Department at Washington, and the details of the proposed agreement were secured by the writer from the Russian officials who conceived the plan and who still hope the time will come when the people of the United States will give it favorable consideration.

ON the morning of November 4, 1896, the Russian minister to the United States, Mr. Kotzebue, acting under instructions from his government, proposed to the Hon. Richard H. Olney, then the American Secretary of State, that Russia and the United States should enter into a combine to corner the surplus wheat of the world for the purpose

of raising the price of that cereal 100 per cent. As explained by the Russian minister, this government trust was to be created primarily for the benefit of the farmers of Russia and the United States, but it was believed that it would result in time to be of equal benefit to the wheat producers of the entire world.

The Russian minister's communications were oral and confidential. Accompanying them was a diplomatic letter or "memorandum," in which attention was called to the financial crisis at that time confronting the wheat-growers, owing to the low prices prevailing for wheat at the farms, and setting forth in detail the theory of the Russian government as to the origin of this depression, and explaining why it was believed that continuously prosperous conditions would result to the agriculturalists from concerted action on the part of the two greatest wheat-producing countries.

Secretary Olney, according to the custom prevailing in the State Department when communications are received concerning the affairs of other departments, referred the proposition of the Russian minister and the written memorandum to the Hon. J. Sterling Morton, then Secretary of Agriculture, with the following letter of transmittal:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., *November* 4, 1896.

THE HONORABLE THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.

Sir: The enclosed memorandum from the Russian minister at this capital relates to a subject upon which you probably have definite views, and as to which, therefore, I am very desirous of obtaining your opinion before making a reply to Mr. Kotzebue.

He gives me to understand that the proposed international conference will not be held, unless the United States thinks well of the project.

Begging you to return the enclosed memorandum when it has served your purpose, I am,

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) RICHARD OLNEY.

The following day, in compliance with the request of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Agriculture returned the memorandum of the Russian minister, with the following letter of comment:

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.
WASHINGTON, D. C., *November* 5, 1896.

THE HONORABLE THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

Sir: I acknowledge the receipt of your communication of yesterday which enclosed a memorandum from the Russian minister at this capital relative to an international agreement between wheat-growing countries to fix the price of that cereal in the markets of the world.

Cheap prices for cereals in the last decade have been brought about by cheaper and improved methods of production and distribution. Labor-saving farm machinery and implements, together with reduced cost of transportation by water and by rail, are the principal contributors to the cheapening of breadstuffs.

It is true that agriculture is a source of livelihood and surplus revenue to a very large proportion of the earth's inhabitants, but the rapidly declining prices of agricultural products, if only equal to the rapidly declining prices of other commodities, cannot affect either the living or the revenue of the farmer.

It has always been the aim of philanthropic civilization to make food and raiment and the comforts of life in general cheaper and more generally obtainable all the world over. International grain markets cannot be arbitrarily furnished with permanent prices by any sort of an international agreement, although I confess that an international congress to fix the price of wheat would be equally as efficacious and conclusive as an international monetary conference called for the purpose of fixing the price of silver.

The relation of supply and demand is the sole regulator of value. The supply of wheat has been largely increased by modern methods providing cheaper production of that cereal, while the cost of distributing this crop among the populational centres of the globe has been very much diminished and the demand has not grown with the same celerity as has the supply. Therefore the decline in price is logical and unavoidable.

The fact that this general decline makes foods obtainable by less effort among laborers and others all the world over is, it seems to me, cause for congratulation rather than for despondency among enlightened statesmen.

In my judgment, it is not the business of government to attempt, by statutes or international agreements, to override the fixed laws of economics, nor can government repeal, amend, or mitigate the operation of those laws, chief among which is that which declares that the relation of supply to demand is the sole regulator of value.

Holding these opinions, I cannot believe for a moment that a conference of the representative countries which export cereals would throw light upon the nature of the crisis to which the memorandum alludes. Nor do I believe that the wheat-exporting countries can, by uniting in any way, become a permanent power in the international markets so as to fix the price of wheat and other cereals therein.

No amount of discussion or deliberation in an international conference can repeal the laws of gainful trade, which are based upon an enlightened selfishness, and adjust themselves to foreign as well as to domestic exchanges. The price of wheat will continue to be regulated by the relation of the world's supply of wheat to the world's demand for wheat in all the markets of the globe.

Very respectfully yours,
(Signed) J. STERLING MORTON,
Secretary.

From the point of view taken by the Russian government, Secretary Morton's reply was unsatisfactory and his reasoning founded upon incomplete information and erroneous deductions. For twenty-five years the Russian Department of Finance had studied the wheat market and collected data as to population, wheat acreage, wheat supply, de-

mand, and prices, and from these data had reached the conclusion that the laws of supply and demand had little to do with regulating the prices realized for their wheat by the Russian farmers. It had been proved to the Russian mind that the price of wheat was manipulated by speculators, and that nearly every year the farmer was the victim of their operations. The spirit shown in the reply of the United States government to the advances of Russia was so entirely unfriendly to the proposed conference that the matter was at once dropped by Russia, for the time, at least, so far as the United States was concerned. The idea was not entirely abandoned, however, for the Russian government, believing fully in the justice and practicability of the wheat corner proposed, at once set to work in a more indirect manner to bring about in time a more friendly consideration of the matter by the United States.

The first step taken was to authorize the financial agent of the Russian government in the United States, M. de Routkowsky, to urge the organization of an international bureau which should gather and compile for purposes of deduction all statistics relating to agriculture, Russia believing that in time the people of the United States would therefrom inevitably and logically reach the same conclusions upon which had been based Russia's proposition for the respective governments to act as middlemen for the benefit of the farmers.

Russia and the United States furnish nearly ninety per cent. of all the breadstuffs which enter into international trade, the resources of each country being about equal for this purpose. In Russia, the agricultural population buys ninety per cent. of everything that is sold in the empire. In the United States, the agricultural population buys between fifty and sixty per cent. of all domestic purchases, owing to the greater manufacturing element. In Russia, more than in any other great nation, hard times with the farmers means distress for all, from the imperial treasury to the humblest peasant. This was brought home to the Russian government in 1893, when wheat dropped to fifty cents a bushel, and, in consequence, distress prevailed throughout the empire. Hampered by no constitutional restrictions or need of congressional action, the Russian government set to work, at once and by direct means, to raise the price of wheat. Three measures were instituted. The government bought all supplies of breadstuffs for the army directly from the farmers, thus giving the middleman's or speculator's profit to the producer. In eleven provinces where famines of previous years had exhausted the government grain warehouses of their contents, these stores were replenished. The government then offered to loan money to the farmers at four per cent., taking wheat as security, thus enabling the growers to hold their product for a better market.

As a result of these steps, the price of wheat increased from ten to twenty per cent. Twenty-seven million dollars was borrowed by the farmers from the government on grain. In all this vast loan, there was a loss of but $700,000, or about half of the interest due on the whole amount. The two first-named measures were temporary. The system of loans proved so successful that it was continued, and is still in force, to the profit of the government and the advantage of the farmers. It was by these means that speculation in wheat was rendered by government interference practically impossible in a country of a population of 130,000,000, which raises nearly 400,000,000 bushels of wheat, of which twenty per cent. is surplus over and above the needs for domestic consumption.

Russia has had in her own experience another instance of the possibility of government control of a great food product. Each year, the Minister of Finance fixes the amount of sugar which shall be produced in the empire, and sets the price at which it shall be sold. The average domestic consumption is about one billion pounds. This is announced as the legal limit of production which shall be put upon the market during the year. In addition, the empire is allowed to manufacture 180,000,000 pounds more, which is placed in storage. The one billion pounds, as it is sold, pays an excise tax of two and one-half cents a pound. If at any time, through increased demand, sugar becomes worth more than the price fixed by the government, the 180,000,000 pounds in reserve is allowed to reach the market free of excise duty. If this does not supply the market at the legal price, the government itself will buy from foreign countries enough sugar to supply the need for a bear influence upon the price. This has been done by Russia twice during the past ten years. This system of course precludes any export business in sugar, but the Russian government does not believe that the exporting of sugar from Russia can be made profitable or advisable, so it does not encourage it.

With this domestic experience in the

government control of the prices of great agricultural products, the Russian government naturally turned its attention to the possible control of the wheat prices of the world. It was established to the satisfaction of the Department of Finance that the price of wheat was not entirely governed by the law of supply and demand at all times. For twenty-five years, the fluctuations in the price of wheat had been noted, and their relations to the world's supply and the world's demand. From these figures certain facts were deduced. It was shown that from 1860 to 1883 the construction of railroads brought new wheat fields nearer to distant markets, thereby supplying these markets with grain at cheaper prices than could be done from Europe, where the high value of land, combined with the exhausted condition of the soil and necessity for fertilizers, did not allow the farmers to produce breadstuffs profitably at prevailing prices. Low prices for wheat came in the latter part of the decade mentioned as a result of these changes in the channels of the world's trade and the development of new bread-producing area.

From 1882 to 1893, the area of the cultivated land in the world increased only five per cent. The amount of crops gathered increased at about the same ratio. At the same time the population of the countries which are the consumers of wheat increased about eleven per cent., and the rate of *per capita* consumption of wheat rose steadily during the same period. The Russian government claimed that these figures could mean but one thing; not that there was over-production, but that artificial causes were responsible for the low price. The number of consumers had increased, the amount consumed by each one was greater, and the production of grain had not kept pace with this growth in demand by at least one-half. To the mind of the Russian government official, it appeared logical to conclude, under these circumstances, that if the law of supply and demand governed prices, they should have been higher in 1893 than they were in 1883, but their Department of Statistics assured them that this was not so, and that the Russian farmer received in 1893 only half as much for his wheat as he received in 1883.

The Russian government was thoroughly satisfied that the prosperity of all agricultural countries depended upon the farmer receiving good prices for his wheat, that the prevailing prices to the producer were governed to a large extent by manipulations of the market by speculators, who were interested in the farmer getting as little as possible for his wheat and the consumer paying the highest price he could be made to pay; that it was practicable for a government to attempt to control the price of wheat for the benefit of the farmers; and that, as Russia and the United States produced ninety per cent. of the breadstuffs entering into international trade, by effecting a combine these two countries could fix the price of wheat in all the markets of the world.

Russia also believed that while the prosperity of the farmer meant prosperity to the agricultural nations, it also meant prosperity to the whole world. When the farmer had money he bought goods, when a nation was prosperous it bought more of other nations. Therefore, while the prosperity which resulted from a high price for wheat would primarily benefit the United States, Russia, Roumania, and other wheat-growing countries, it would also benefit countries like England, the Netherlands, and Belgium, which had no wheat for sale, but which depended for their prosperity upon the sale of other goods to prosperous nations able to buy them. In brief, the contention of Russia was that no considerable part of the civilized world could remain prosperous long without bringing prosperity to all of it in the workings of the laws of compensation. Thus naturally came to pass the proposition made to the United States of America by the Russian Empire.

Neither the memorandum of the Russian minister nor the reply of the Secretary of Agriculture of the United States conveys any intimation of the details of this proposed international wheat corner, but upon the best Russian authority it can be stated that these details had been fully considered by the Russian Minister of Finance, and were ready for submission to the government of the United States as soon as the latter country should signify its willingness to discuss them. The reply of the United States to the first overtures made by Russia was so conclusive, even to brusqueness, that it left no opening for more discussion. Hence the diplomatic record goes no further. The plan favored by Russia would have applied to the two countries first entering into the agreement, and subsequently to all of the other wheat-exporting countries which, in self-defense, would soon have been forced to join the proposed great international wheat trust.

The scheme devised by the Russian Minister

of Finance, which would have been presented to the United States for consideration, had the suggested international conference been held, was bold but simple in its provisions. The two governments were to enter the market as buyers of wheat at the stated price of one dollar per bushel. They were also to agree to sell this wheat at a price which would cover the original outlay, interest on the money invested, and the cost of doing the business. From the Russian point of view, this would have been included in a charge of a dollar and eight cents a bushel for all wheat sold. If the supply of wheat was such that foreign buyers could not pay the price, the two governments were to absorb the surplus grain through banks or other agencies, and store it against a time when it might be needed to supply a deficiency in the crop.

The theory underlying the scheme was that all the wheat of the world is now needed for food. With a guaranteed market at one dollar a bushel, no one could buy it anywhere for less, and all the wheat would still be sold to the consumers as now, except that the price could never go below the standing offer of the United States and Russian governments. It is not believed by Russia that dollar wheat would mean any decrease in consumption anywhere, as the difference in price for the small quantity used by the individual consumer would not be appreciable, and wheat has many times before reached and exceeded the dollar point without decreasing the amount consumed. It is not believed, therefore, that under this plan either government would ever need to become an actual purchaser, to maintain the price agreed upon; and on the theory that the higher the price of wheat the better it is for the wheat-producing countries, no concern would be felt for any fluctuations above the dollar mark.

As Russia and the United States produce such a large percentage of the wheat of the world, the export wheat of all other countries would also keep the same level, varying only according to differences in cost of transportation to competitive markets. With the export price at least a dollar, domestic prices would be the same, and thus the action of Russia and the United States would raise the price of all the wheat in every wheat-growing country on the face of the earth. Mr. Morton has admitted that such a course might temporarily increase the price of wheat, but that in the end production would be so stimulated as to cause a vast overproduction and consequent inability of the wheat-producing countries to control the product. The Russians answer this by saying that even if such overproduction was possible, which they do not admit, it would be some time before it would be felt, and that if the time arrived when it was actually imminent, the government price could be lowered so as to discourage further expansion of the wheat area. They also agree with those economists who contend that the possible wheat area of the world has nearly reached its final limits, and that at the most the expansion of this area is a slow process, producing hardly perceptible effect upon the supply in relation to the demand, owing to the steady increase in population and the consuming power of the people of the earth. The Russians also instance the control of the oil supply of the world by a private trust, as an example of what could be done with wheat by two great countries furnishing nearly all of the product and with unlimited financial and other resources.

It is unlikely that the United States, within the life of the present generation at least, will seriously consider such a plan. It is contrary to the recognized principles of a republic which, theoretically at least, does not interfere with the business of the individual, fights shy of paternalism, and as a government of the people by all the people, denies that any one industry can hope for such specialized effort on its behalf. The possibilities of such a government wheat trust as is proposed by Russia are startling. The wheat crop of the world in 1898 was 2,879,000,000 bushels. The price realized by the farmer is about fifty cents a bushel under ordinary conditions. Russia proposes to add nearly a billion and a half of dollars to the value of this wheat crop of the world. To the United States, producing nearly 700,000,000 bushels, this would mean a gain of about $350,000,000 to the agricultural districts. To the Russian farmers, producing about 400,000,000 bushels, it would mean a yearly gain of $200,000,000, which would be nearly all net profit, as the consumption of wheat by the farmer bears small proportion to his production. On the other hand, to England, importing 125,000,000 bushels of wheat, it would mean an increase of over $60,000,000 a year in her bread bill. The farmers of the United Kingdom would be benefited to the extent of $30,000,000 by the increased price for their wheat, but the Russian-American wheat trust would deal the English people the hardest blow of all.

Upon France and Germany it would also fall heavily. So serious in fact would it be to the wheat-importing countries, that it would soon constitute a bond of international sympathy which would ally the great wheat-importing countries as against those exporting. In the first group would come England, France, Germany, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, the Netherlands, and many other smaller countries. In the opposing group would be Russia, Austria, Roumania and all of North and South America.

It is hardly probable that Russia and the United States could enter into such an alliance without a protest from England, France, and Germany. How far such a protest would be carried, if made, it is difficult to say, but such a great danger, common to all the importing countries, would bring them together for self-protection. It would end many international friendships and make new ones. It would disturb present trade balances. It would give tremendous impetus to domestic expansion in the wheat-growing countries, especially in Russia and South America. It would cause the wheat-eaters to hate the wheat-growers, and make good cause for war.

The United States government has refused to consider the proposition. Russia expresses mild wonder at this lack of perception of what she considers a great opportunity, and still hopes for the conversion of her great agricultural rival into an ally. The agrarian party in the United States has already demanded government aid for the farmers as some compensation for the protective tariff levied for the benefit of manufacturers. By no one measure could an agrarian party in power do more to appeal to the imagination of its supporters than by turning a friendly ear towards the advances of Russia for the formation of such a wheat corner, beside which the most extensive operations in "the street" to-day are but child's play.

THE FISHERMEN'S PRAYER.

By William Hale.

Lord God, Thy sea is mighty,
  Lord God, our boats are small;
But Thy heart's open haven
  Shall save us, each and all.

God of the meek and lowly,
  God of the tempest-tried,
Be with us when we struggle,
  And stand our wheel beside.

The grit and grace, oh, give us,
  Until life's cruise shall close,
To batten down the hatches
  And ride out all the blows.

And when the toil is ended,
  And when the fishing's done,
Grant us in Thee to anchor,
  After a voyage well run!

JESUS AND THE RICH YOUNG MAN.

One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross, and follow me.—MARK, x. 21.

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

BY THE REVEREND JOHN WATSON, D.D.,

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

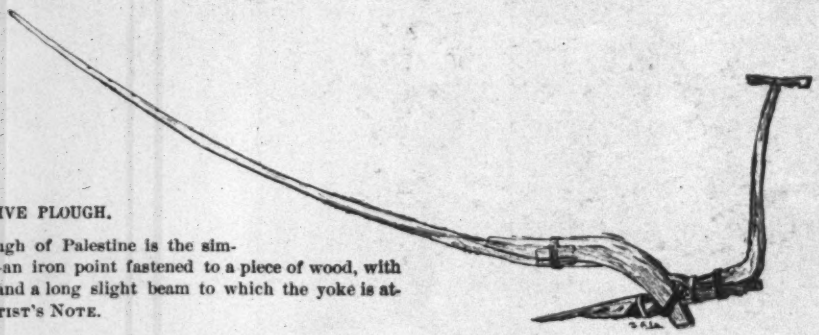
ILLUSTRATED FROM PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON.

PART VIII.—A WARNING TO THE RICH.—THE HOME AT BETHANY.

IT is inevitable that any prophet who sets himself to regenerate society shall face the problem of riches, and various circumstances made it very acute for Jesus. He came Himself of the working class, and had a keen sympathy with their life. Poverty in Jesus' day was grinding and helpless, when wages were not always paid and judges could be always bought. His duty led Him into the houses of rich people which were in painful contrast to the home of His youth, and He was made to feel in many ways that an invitation to a rich man's house was an honor to be thankfully and humbly used. Would it have been wonderful if a certain tone of moral bitterness and just resentment had crept into Jesus' speech as He considered how differently Providence had treated a heartless ingrate like Simon the Pharisee and a faithful saint like his own mother? Surely if there be any anomaly in practical affairs, it is that people full of pride and blind to spiritual beauty should be dowered with goods, while some of the noblest souls should be harassed by narrow means and petty struggles. And at this sight wise men have lost their heads and used wild words.

No cross providence, however, affected the sweetness of the Master's soul or biassed the impartiality of His teaching. Jesus'

sayings gave no hint that He ever regretted His own poverty, or that He envied the circumstances of Simon, or that He thought such persons had been favorably treated by His Father. What rather strikes one is the constant suggestion that rich men were to be pitied and that their possessions were a drawback to their life. Jesus moves in and out of the great houses with a fine detachment and gracious condescension, as one



A NATIVE PLOUGH.

The plough of Palestine is the simplest affair—an iron point fastened to a piece of wood, with one handle and a long slight beam to which the yoke is attached.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

having a more splendid and lasting heritage. He laments the slender and sordid ambitions of the rich who have no understanding and do not grasp at great things, and it was to Him a fact full of meaning that the kingdom which was for the most part rejected by the respectables as a devout imagination, was received with great joy in the dwellings of the poor. It is laid on His heart to speak to the rich as no prophet has done since—not with reproaches and invective, as if they had wronged their brethren and were licensed robbers, but with anxiety, as to persons who, through a misfortune of great possessions, were apt to make the chief loss of life. As He delivers His message, although sometimes for the sake of courtesy it takes the shape of a parable, one rich man after another stands out in his place and can be identified.

The first is given without disguise because he was an acquaintance of Jesus and the figure in a romantic incident. He was a young man residing somewhere in the country, and belonged to the higher class in society. His father had been wealthy, and the son had succeeded to a large inheritance. Unlike the son of another squire, who had despised the quiet country life and had played the prodigal in a Gentile country, this man had more respect for himself and his name. He had other tastes than meat and drink, and had carried himself with such intelligence and honor that he was raised to the rank of ruler in the nation. His character of good principle and solid worth was quickened by spiritual ideas and unworldly instincts. There was also in him a fine vein of enthusiasm and a habit of self-forgetfulness which were very taking. Born heir to dangerous advantages and competing temptations, he was neither a profligate nor a prig, but a well-living, cultured, high-spirited, reverent gentleman; one to whom Providence may well give riches, and who may be rich with safety.

It was certain that this young ruler should be profoundly interested in Jesus, and in him the Master had a likely disciple. He would be weary unto death of the religion of the day and the insincerity of religious people; he would have an ear quick to catch the note of reality, and a sense to appreciate the appeals of the new Teacher. It would, of course, matter nothing to him that Jesus was poor, any more than that many of the Pharisees were rich. It was only a vulgar person like the man of the barns who would have estimated Jesus by his garments; at the young ruler's Jesus would have had water for his feet, and every courtesy.

From time to time he had heard Jesus, and had been charmed by the elevation and delicacy of His sentiments. One day, as he sat alone in his library, thinking on the greatest things, news came that Jesus was passing, and might never again return. The enthusiasm which was in the air fired the young ruler, and under a heavenly impulse —that breath from above of which Jesus spoke—he rushed into the way and knelt in devotion at Jesus' feet. "Thou hast the secret of life. I think, and I feel, and I work, but I have not yet tasted the fullness of living. What must I do to inherit everlasting life?" As Jesus looked at this man in his nobility, and heard his ingenuous prayer, the Master's soul went out to him, and He loved the young ruler.

When Jesus answered that, for him, the entrance into the larger life of the soul must

be poverty, the Master laid down a hard condition, and yet one would have expected it to be fulfilled. If Peter left his fishing-boat and Matthew his custom-house at the bidding of Jesus, neither having souls of special refinement, then this man of finer clay will go out to welcome the invitation of the Master. This surely is the very man to follow Jesus, in whom the Master will find another John; and when he makes the great refusal, Jesus cannot conceal His disappointment nor His regret over the subtle power of riches and their unexpected fascination. For riches are not to be judged as simply so much gold in a treasure chest, which its owner can count in his leisure hours. They are, in the hands of such a one as this young ruler, the means of a cultured life, and one of the conditions of an assured position. He would be indifferent to meat and drink, and he would rather despise purple and fine linen; but he did value the company of his social equals—men of the same habits as himself—and an atmosphere of refinement and freedom from petty cares. He was asked to reduce himself to poverty, and to become the companion of fishermen, whose ways were not his ways, and to wander about the country who had lived in his home; and even although he would have had Jesus for his friend, he shrank from the sacrifice. And thus a man so hopeful and attractive that Jesus loved him, denied himself the fullness of everlasting life, because he was rich.

The second rich man appears in a story, although he is evidently a close study from life, and he is a very unlovely character. As one gathers from his increase in wealth and his coarseness of tone, he has not been the heir to riches and position, as was the young ruler, and he had not therefore his fine instincts and graciousness. His had been the stern, hard struggle from poverty to affluence—a progress not from knowledge to knowledge, nor from character to character, but from barn to barn. His was not a bright intellect engaging itself with spiritual

PLOUGHING ON THE PLAINS OF JERICHO.

No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom.—ST. LUKE, ix. 62. The ploughman must of necessity keep his eye constantly upon his furrow, for the small point of the plough, unless held and directed by the ploughman, is at the mercy of every interfering stone. Therefore a ploughman "looking back" is valueless as a workman. With one hand upon the plough, the peasant holds in the other a long iron-pointed stick, the goad, with which he urges his beasts to more strenuous efforts. At the other end of the goad is a broader iron, like a scraper, with which the soft earth is cleaned from the plough.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

affairs, but his was the capacity for gathering money, which seems to be consistent with the coarsest stupidity. His was no ambition to learn the secret of life; his one passion was to be the richest man in the district. A simple character which any one may read—this big farmer and self-made man—grasping at every profit, crushing the weaker merchants in corn, making huge profits out of the needs of the poor, jingling his money in the hearing of all, and ever bragging how little he began with, how much he now possessed, how cleverly he had farmed, bargained, invested, accumulated, till the district was weary of him.

The man of the barns did not give any consideration to Jesus—a penniless fellow who had unsound ideas on property, and might ask for money—but Jesus gave some thought to him. The Master catches him in an hour of his success, when he is swollen and blatant with prosperity, and etches him with the keenest irony. It has been a very successful harvest that year; his ground has brought forth plentifully; and, as is usual with his omnivorous class, he garners all gain from the soil and the sunshine, from the shower and the wind of God, as from other men's labor and other men's brains, as his just and sole possession. He is quite overcome and perplexed by his affluence—as such men, they tell us, often are—and really does not know what to do with what he calls "my fruits." One day he had a sudden inspiration, which for days, if he had been able, he would have mentioned as an instance of originality: he would pull down the barns which were bursting with plenty—he could make sacrifices on occasion—and erect larger barns, and therein he would store "my fruits and my goods," for the sense of his possessions is growing.

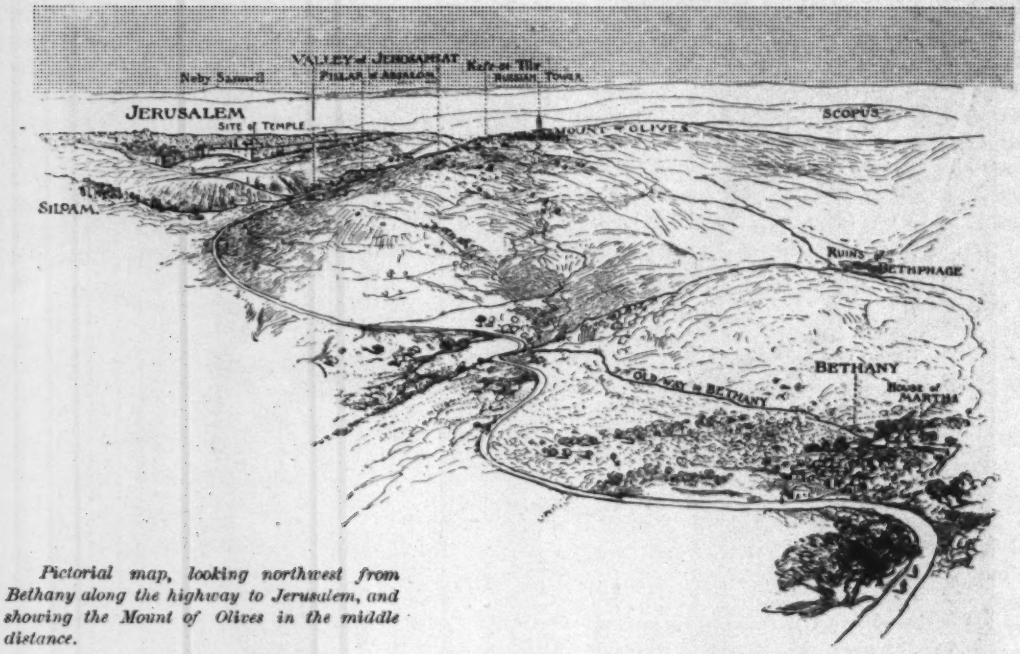
When that is done, he will have a conference with his soul; and if you be allowed to hear a man and his soul speak together, you understand the man. Jesus takes us to the door of the room (or was it a barn?), and we overhear one of the choicest of conversations—that between this kind of rich man and his soul. It could only by courtesy be called a conversation, as the soul of such a man has been so browbeaten and reduced and ignored that it has nothing to say, and hardly exists.

"Soul," said he—and then it occurs to one how strange he should, with his fruits and his barns, remember that he has such a thing as a soul; and, next, one wonders what he can have to speak about with his soul. But he is not to make any rash excursion into religion. "Soul, thou hast much goods"—wheat, that is, and barley, and oil, and wines—"laid up"—that is, in the new barns which are the admiration of the countryside—"for many years"—perhaps ten, not very long as a soul's life goes, yet every man must speak in the only terms he understands. "Take thine ease"—he is speaking to the spiritual part of him—"eat"—to his soul—"drink"—his soul—"and be merry"—his immortal soul. Nothing so scathing, so contemptuous, so unanswerable ever fell from the lips of Jesus. "Fool," said God; for that night the man died, and an heir emptied the barns, while the soul of the man entered, a friendless pauper, into the spiritual world.

The third man of riches is a stronger figure and a more complicated character; he has taken his place in history and made for himself a name, because he has been used to throw into relief the contrast between poverty and riches. He is not a sordid, ignorant wretch like the man of the barns, nor a student like the young ruler, but rather stands for the luxury and magnificence of riches. His house was the castle of the district. His feasts were known far and wide; he was a patron of the arts, and had an eye for beautiful things. His days were so occupied with large affairs, and his evenings with splendid hospitality, that he had no leisure for private charity; but there was in him a generous heart, and he would have done kindly things if he had only thought. As it was, in the greatness of his way he did not notice the beggar, whose place was by his gate, and who, with others of his kind, depended on the largesse from the rich man's overflowing table. Without was Lazarus in his sores and misery, within was Dives in his purple and fine linen, and so occupied was Dives with his affairs and his feasts that he passed Lazarus every day without a thought. Amid his easy environment his imagination had died, and he could not put himself in his brother's place, nor did the contrast between the two lots affect his comfort. The afterlook and the discipline of remorse awoke what, unspoiled by riches, had been a kindly, brotherly heart. In spite of the years of thoughtless luxury and unconscious selfishness, the heart of Dives still remained, and in his hour of sore trouble he bethought himself of his brethren; but it needed fire to shake this victim of prosperity out of self and set him free from the grip of riches and their insidious, deadening power.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, . . . and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores: . . . moreover the dogs came and licked his sores.
—LUKE, xvi. 19-21.



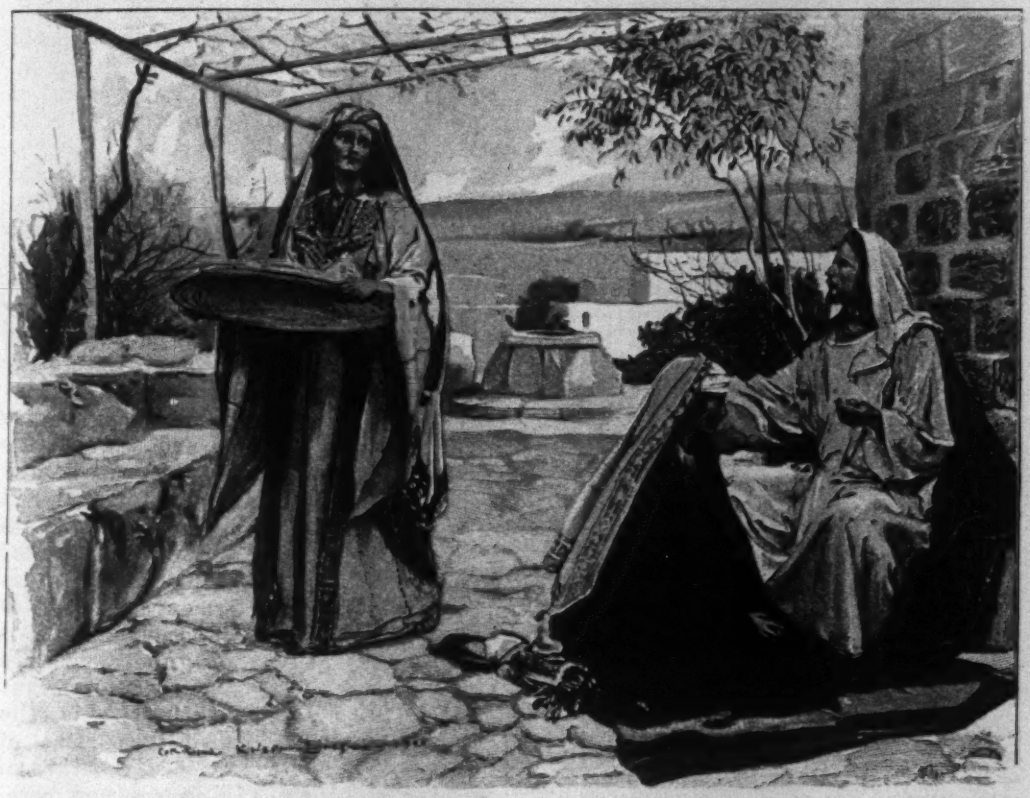
Pictorial map, looking northwest from Bethany along the highway to Jerusalem, and showing the Mount of Olives in the middle distance.

So three men are ruined by riches: one by fastidious refinement, one by coarse greed, one by unrestrained luxury; and Jesus was terrified, lest His disciples should share their doom, and declared with emphasis that for a rich man to enter God's kingdom would be as great a marvel as that a camel should pass through the eye of a needle.

The Gospels show us the Master in public, in the Temple of Jerusalem, in the High Priest's palace, in Pilate's Judgment Hall, on the green hill outside the gate, or on that other hill where He delivered His sermon, or in the meadow where He fed 5,000, or in the synagogue of Capernaum, or on the lake where the eager people crowd the shore. We see Him as a Prophet, Reformer, Teacher, Martyr, as the Messiah and Redeemer. But the same Gospels lift the veil from Jesus' private life, so that we know some of the houses where He found a home in the hard years of His ministry, and some of the friends who comforted His heart. There was one house in Cana where there would ever be a welcome for Him, because on the chief day of life He had turned the water of marriage joy into wine; another in Capernaum, because there He had changed sorrow into gladness, and given a young girl back to her father from the gates of death. He had stayed in John's modest lodging at Jerusalem, as well as used the "upper room" of a wealthier friend. There was a room in a publican's house in Capernaum which was sacred because Jesus had feasted there, and sealed as in a sacrament the salvation of Levi; and Zaccheus, to the last day of his life, saw the Master crossing his threshold that night He slept in Jericho. The family of St. Peter could have told many things of Jesus—a fifth gospel of what He said and did at His ease—but the home of the Gospels dearest to the Christian heart is that of Bethany, where the Master found a refuge from labor and persecution, and constant sympathy with Mary and Martha and their brother Lazarus.

So brief and tantalizing are the allusions in the Gospels, and so keen and ingenious is our interest in personal details, that various incidents have been woven together into what may be called the romance of Bethany. This family first met Jesus, as is suggested, when He dined in their house in Capernaum, at the invitation of Simon the Pharisee, who was afterward to appear as Simon the leper. He was then a hard and formal Pharisee, of clean life and orthodox faith, who had his suspicions of Jesus, and desired to examine Him quietly at his own table. His only son was present, Lazarus, a quiet and thoughtful young man, who, on his father being laid aside by the most hopeless and loathsome of diseases, became head of his family, and, it is suggested, is known as the young ruler. Watching the feast that day, and noting what happened, were Simon's two daughters, Martha and Mary. One was unsentimental and

practical, like himself, with a strong sense of the legal side of religion, and an impatience of its mystical spirit. The other was spiritual and imaginative, in whom a mother now departed was living, and to her rarer soul the Pharisaic side of religion was unsatisfying and repellent. If Jesus' presence and bearing deepened Simon's suspicions and dislike, the Master made converts of his family. Martha repented of the inhospitality of her father's house, and was to repay with usury the lack of service to Jesus that day. Mary was much affected by the lowly devotion of the woman who was a sinner and will love to anoint Jesus also, but this time His head as well as His feet. And Lazarus assures himself of what he has dimly imagined, that the secret of everlasting life was not within the Ten Commandments.



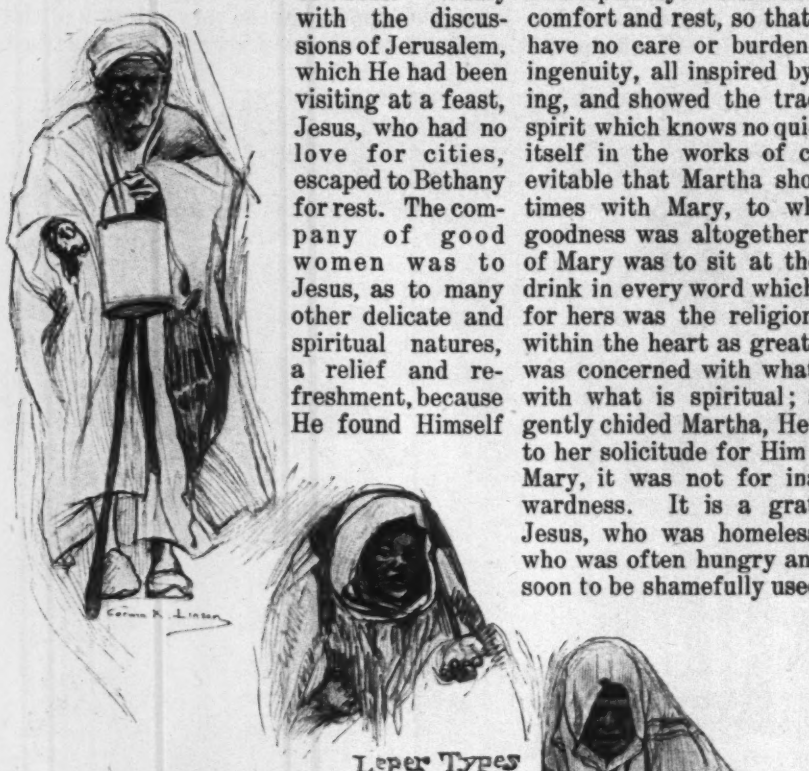
AT THE HOME OF MARY AND MARTHA.

Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things.—LUKE, x. 41.

Poor Simon, so high and mighty, so hard and self-sufficient, so unmerciful to sinners, and so bitter against Jesus—a sad thing was to befall him. He might treat Jesus as he pleased, with rudeness or with courtesy, bidding Him come with condescension, treating Him with neglect; but one visitor asks no man's leave and takes no man's insolence, even though he be Simon the Pharisee. Was it not a judgment on his exclusiveness and hardness that this superstitious Pharisee was stricken with the symbol of sin, the awful scourge of leprosy? He would not allow this woman to touch him, but now not only his Pharisaic friends, but the very outcasts of the streets shunned his presence. He loathed the sight of this miserable in his house; but Simon has to leave his house, his city, his associates, his children, and pass into seclusion. Did the unfortunate father of our friends repent of his treatment of Jesus and seek His help? And was Simon the leper, healed now of his disease as well as of his pride, present at the second anointing of Jesus in his home of Bethany? We dare to hope that He who saved the children failed not with the father, and that the woman who was a sinner, and the man who was a Pharisee, met in the kingdom of God.

Whether we can be certain in identifying Simon the Pharisee with Simon the leper,

and the young ruler with Lazarus, the Gospels at least give us three scenes in the family life of the two sisters and their brother, in each of which Jesus is the central figure. The first is a picture of quiet life, and shows us that the Master was not always working at the highest pressure, but had His hours of rest. Weary with the discussions of Jerusalem, which He had been visiting at a feast, Jesus, who had no love for cities, escaped to Bethany for rest. The company of good women was to Jesus, as to many other delicate and spiritual natures, a relief and refreshment, because He found Himself in an atmosphere of emotion and sympathy. The sisters were of different types, although one in kindness and loyalty, and their separate individualities stand out in relief from the story. Martha was chiefly concerned that their Guest should be served, and her desire was to compass Him with every observance of hospitality. She was full of plans for His comfort and rest, so that for once He should have no care or burden. Her energy and ingenuity, all inspired by love, were unceasing, and showed the traces of the religious spirit which knows no quietness, and expends itself in the works of charity. It was inevitable that Martha should be impatient at times with Mary, to whom this bustle of goodness was altogether foreign. The joy of Mary was to sit at the Master's feet and drink in every word which fell from His lips, for hers was the religion which hides truth within the heart as great treasure. Martha was concerned with what is external, Mary with what is spiritual; and if the Master gently chided Martha, He was not indifferent to her solicitude for Him; and if He praised Mary, it was not for inaction, but for inwardness. It is a grateful thought that Jesus, who was homeless and a wanderer, who was often hungry and thirsty, who was soon to be shamefully used and tortured, had Bethany with its two hostesses. One of them cared for His body, and this is good woman's work, so that Martha is the patron saint of all good housewives and careful mothers and skillful nurses; and the other entered into His thoughts and plans, so that Mary is the chief type of the women who see visions and understand deep things, and show us the example of saintship. Within this haunt of Jesus were found the two people who make the complement of religion —Martha, the type of action; and Mary, of meditation. They stand together in the

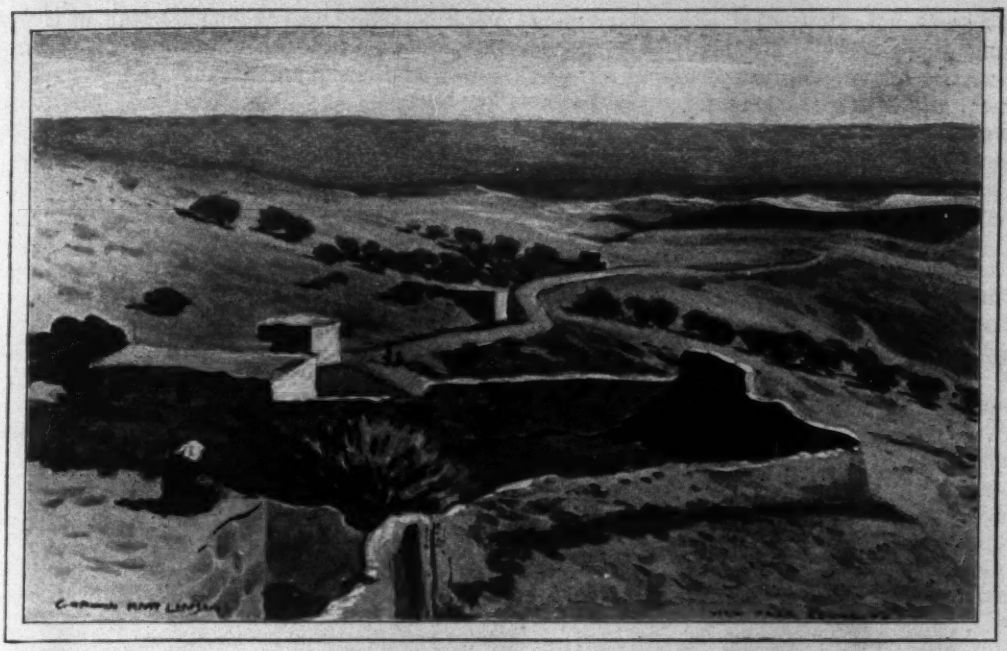


Leper Types

The lepers are the saddest of many unhappy sights to meet one's eyes in Palestine. I have refrained from illustrating the worst types. Into Jerusalem itself they do not enter, but the wretched creatures throng the eastern, or Mount of Olives, approach, and the road from the south leading to the Jaffa gate. They have houses near Siloam, built by the government.

Leprosy is not, ordinarily, contagious, and the passer-by is in no danger, only one is careful to brush away the persistent fly, that industrious carrier of microbes.

Along the line of travel, lepers are met with frequently. The morning after my arrival at Nablus, awakened by a low murmur like a suppressed plaint, I ventured forth to see what might be the cause. I was accustomed to the talking of the men and the sounds from the horses, but this was unlike either. At once, upon the parting of the tent flap, several uncanny forms separated themselves from the shadows of the knotted olive trunks, and the murmur became a weird chanting. They were lepers, awaiting my appearance, in all stages of the loathsome disease, and, exhibiting their maimed and distorted bodies, besought charity in wailing chorus. They crouched, they hobbled, they crawled, they sat in clumps with upstretched hands, they supplicated with discordant voices. I sat depressed for many minutes as I watched their painful departure.—ARTIST'S NOTE.



VIEW FROM BETHANY TOWARD JERICHO.

This picture is seen from the ruins of the so-called house of Mary and Martha. The house is mediæval, possibly older; but whatever its history it stands a landmark, overlooking the village and the whole stretch of country to the Dead Sea.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

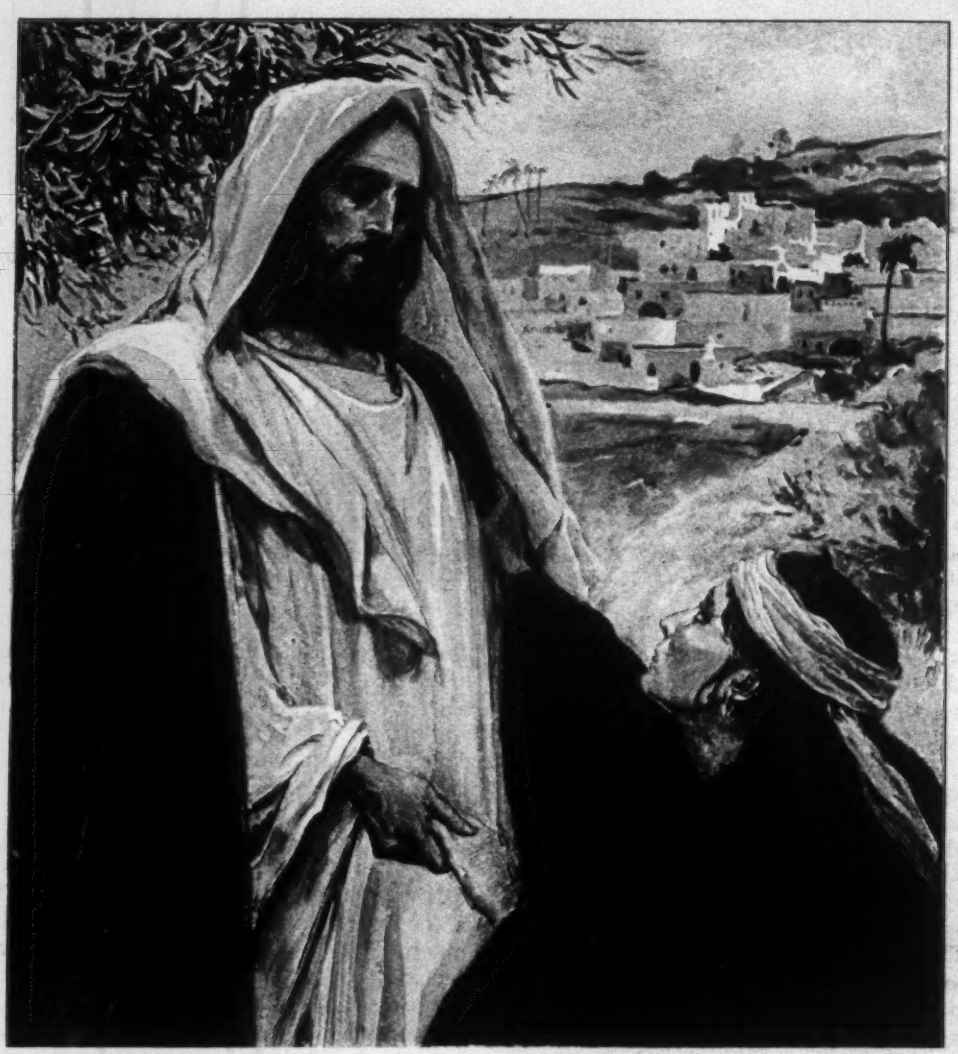
great affairs of the Church: St. Peter and St. John, St. Francis and St. Dominic, Erasmus and Luther; they are in our homes the eager, strenuous, industrious people on whom the work falls, and the gentle, gracious, thoughtful souls who are the consolation and quietness of life. Between the two kinds no comparison must be made, upon neither must any judgment be passed; both are the friends of Jesus, and the helpers of the world.

The second visit of Jesus to Bethany is associated with one of those swift and unexpected family calamities which affect the imagination by their poignant contrast, and invest life with a profound seriousness.

The light does not shine so fully on Lazarus in his home as on his sisters; but it is easy to understand his position. The father of the family was either dead or in seclusion; the mother must have been dead, and was a pious memory. In such circumstances a brother takes a father's part to his sisters, and they do their best to mother him. The charge of their common possessions and the care of his sisters would fall on Lazarus, and they could not have had a more honorable or affectionate guardian. Jesus' attachment to this man was so marked and warm that the family took note of it, and spake of it with jealous pride. Jesus loved them all; but it was with emphasis Martha said, "Him whom Thou lovest"; and Jesus said to the disciples who had caught the same affection, "Our friend Lazarus." These words of the sisters and the Master are the portrait and biography and judgment of Lazarus. What crystal purity of soul, what silent understanding of spiritual mysteries, what rare perfection of character must have been his! What longed-for meetings these two must have had when Lazarus would be watching in the garden for the Master, and Jesus would kiss his friend and say, "Peace be unto thee, Lazarus!" What long conferences, when the hours were too short, and Jesus told to this quiet man all He hoped to do and suffer! What longing, regretful partings when Jesus left the garden to return to Galilee! "All the commandments have I kept from my youth up," said the young ruler to Jesus. "Ye are my friends," said Jesus once to His disciples, "if ye do whatsoever I command you"; and now He said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth."

Within the home of Bethany some rapid and deadly sickness had run its familiar course. There would be the first stage, when Lazarus did not seem to be himself,

but knew not what ailed him—Mary imagining some secret care for which she reproached herself, Martha insisting on overwork, which she had long prophesied would some day lay him aside. There would come ing this time Lazarus would speak as if the sickness was a thing of a day, and the sisters would cheer one another with fancies of his betterness. With the next stage all hopeful, kindly make-believe would be at an



THE MEETING OF JESUS AND MARTHA.

I am the resurrection, and the life.—JOHN, xi. 25. Jesus has been in retirement, in that undefined region "beyond Jordan," known as Perea, and living in that still more uncertain place called Bethabara, where John had baptized. The messenger sent by the sorrowing family must have had a two or three days' journey to make, to find Jesus, and it could have been nearly eight days ("He abode two days still in the place where He was") before the arrival in Bethany. Lazarus, therefore, must have died while Jesus still tarried in Perea, which, indeed, is evinced by Christ's own statement to his disciples, so that Jesus found that Lazarus "had lain in the grave four days already." And then it was that Martha, the active, nervous, anxious Martha, went out to meet Him, "but Mary sat still in the house." And it was Martha's privilege to hear, directly, the remarkable words, "I am the resurrection, and the life."

the second stage, when Lazarus, after much protesting, would be obliged to yield before the rising fever and the sisters would give all their strength and love to his service—Mary with delicate, grateful attentions, Martha with many ingenious expedients. Dur- end, and they would know that it was already a fight with death for Lazarus, when physicians and remedies and love itself seemed poor opponents to the dread, confusing power. And then the end came, when two broken-hearted, clinging women, praying, watching,

weeping, saw their brother slip from their hands and fall asleep. It was the tragedy which is acted sooner or later in every human home, but which never grows commonplace, which ever retains its austere and awful grandeur.

When Jesus came at last to the help of his friends, it was characteristic of Martha that on the first rumor of Him she should rush to meet Him; and on His comforting her with the assurance that Lazarus would yet live, should declare her faith in terms of the Pharisaic doctrine of the Resurrection. It was also characteristic of Mary, who did not love public scenes, that she should remain in the house. As soon as Jesus began to unfold His idea of everlasting life, which was something Death could not touch, Martha, without any further word, sent for Mary. When Jesus touched on deep things, it was the same as calling for Mary. As He came to the place where we lay so often our love, our life, our hope, Jesus was stirred in the depths of His soul. He had sympathized with others, fathers and mothers, in their losses. Now death had rifted His own heart; and as He thought of Lazarus lying unconscious, cold, corrupting, the tragedy of human life overcame Jesus, and He, who rather concealed than paraded emotion, and had Himself rebuked the wailing over Jairus' daughter, wept aloud in that garden after such a lamentable fashion that the Pharisees, friends of the family who were present, said: "Behold, how He loved him!"

"Lazarus," said Jesus in full, as He stood before the barred prison of death, "this is the first time I have visited Bethany and that thou hast not come to meet Me. It is not Bethany without thee; I wait and weary for My friend. I have not many friends, and I cannot spare thee, Lazarus. Thou hast gone on a long journey, and hast seen strange sights; but thou hast not gone so far but My voice will reach thee, and there will be no sight so welcome as thy face. His is a strong hand which holds thee, and no man dare disobey his word; but the key of Death's stronghold is at my girdle, and I am his Lord. Before I go to my agony and the cross I must see thee, Lazarus. It is thy Friend who calls —Lazarus, come forth!" And Death had no power to prevent the meeting of Jesus and His friend.

Once more we see Jesus with His friends, and now the circumstances are less harrowing, and still more beautiful. As Jesus has arrived for the Passover—His last feast before all things should be fulfilled—He goes to stay with them during Passion Week, so that, whatever may be the controversy and dispeace of the day in Jerusalem, He might cross the Mount of Olives, and rest in Bethany. To celebrate His coming, and as a sacrifice of thanksgiving for a great deliverance, the family give a feast, and each member thereof fills a natural place. Lazarus, the modest head of the household, and now surrounded with a mysterious awe, sits with Jesus at the table; Martha, as was her wont, was superintending the feast with an access of zeal; and Mary was inspired of the Spirit of Grace, and did a thing so lovely and so spiritual that it will be told unto all time, and will remain the picture of ideal devotion. With a wealthy family it was customary to have in store a treasure of fragrant ointment for the honoring of the dead; but there came into Mary's mind a more pious use for it. Why pay the homage for a dead body, and render it when the person can receive no satisfaction? Far better that in their lifetime our friends should know that they are loved, and should be braced for suffering by the devotion of loyal hearts. Before His enemies have crowned Him with thorns Mary will pour the spikenard on His head, and before they have pierced His feet with nails she will anoint them with her love, so that the fragrance of the precious ointment will be still on His hair when He hung upon the cross.

The odor of the ointment filled the room, and four people passed judgment. One understood and condemned—Judas, who was arranging the betrayal of Jesus, and had lost an increase for his bag. One did not understand, but condemned—a Pharisee of Jerusalem, who did not know that the plot was so ripe, but hated to see Jesus honored. One did not understand, but approved, and that was an apostle—say, St. Peter—who could not believe that Jesus would be crucified, but who rejoiced that He should receive any honor. One understood and approved, and that was the Master, who, with the shadow of the cross falling on His soul, was comforted by a woman's insight and a woman's love. Her own heart taught her the secret of sacrifice; her heart anticipated the longing for sympathy; and so beautiful in its grace and spiritual delicacy was her act that Jesus declared it would be told to her praise wherever the Gospels were read.

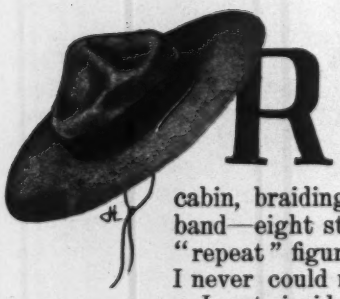
The family of Bethany will ever have a place in the heart of Jesus' disciples because they made a home for Jesus in the days of His ministry, and because they compassed

Him with tender offices of friendship during the strain of Passion Week. Very soon He would be done with earthly homes and the land in which He had lived as a wayfaring man, but forever this Friend of man, hungering for love and fellowship, passes down the paths of life, and knocks at the door of the heart. Blessed are they who hear His voice and give Him welcome, who are not ashamed of Him or of His cause, who serve Him with their best, and pour upon His head the riches of their love!

(To be continued.)

A CHANCE SHOT.

By Henry Wallace Phillips.



READDY and I were alone at the Lake beds. He sat outside the cabin, braiding a leather hatband—eight strands, and the "repeat" figure—an art that I never could master.

I sat inside, with a one-pound package of smoking tobacco beside me, and newspapers within reach, rolling the day's supply of cigarettes.

Reddy stopped his story long enough to say: "Don't use the 'Princess's Slipper,' Kid—that paper burns my tongue—take the 'Granger'; there's plenty of it."

Well, as I was saying, I'd met a lot of the boys up in town this day, and they threw as many as two drinks into me; I know that for certain, because when we took the parting dose, I had a glass of whiskey in both my right hands, and had just twice as many friends as when I started.

When I pulled out for home, I felt mighty good for myself—not exactly looking for trouble, but not a-going to dodge it any, either. I was warbling "Idaho" for all I was worth—you know how pretty I can sing? Cock-eyed Peterson used to say it made him forget all his troubles. "Because," says he, "you don't notice trifles when a man bats you over the head with a two-by-four."

Well, I was enjoying everything in sight, even a little drizzle of rain that was driving by in rags of wetness, when a flat-faced swatty at Fort Johnson halted me.

Now it's a dreadful thing to be butted to death by a nanny-goat, but for a full-sized cowpuncher to be held up by a soldier is worse yet.

To say that I was hot under the collar don't give you the right idea of the way I felt.

"Why, you cross between the Last Rose of Summer and a bob-tailed flush!" says I, "what d'yer mean? What's got into you? Get out of my daylight, you dog-robber, or I'll walk the little horse around your neck like a three-ringed circus. Come, pull your freight!"

It seems that this swatty had been chucked out of the third story of Frenchy's dance emporium by Bronc. Thompson, which threw a great respect for our profesh into him. Consequently he wasn't fresh like most soldiers, but answers me as polite as a tin-horn gambler on pay-day.

Says he: "I just wanted to tell you that old Frosthead and forty braves are some'ers between here and your outfit, with their war paint on and blood in their eyes, cayoodling and whoopin' fit to beat hell with the blower

on, and if you get tangled up with them, I reckon they'll give you a hair-cut and shampoo, to say nothing of other trimmings. They *say* they're after the crows, but it's a ten-dollar bill against a last year's bird's-nest that they'll take on any kind of trouble that comes along. Their hearts is mighty bad, they state, and when an Injun's heart gets spoiled, the disease is d—d catching. You'd better stop a while."

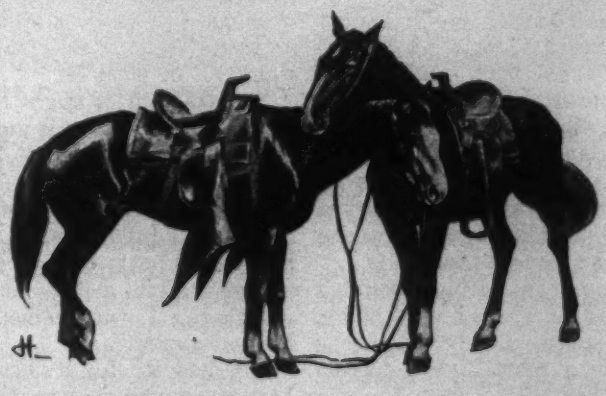
"Now, cuss old Frosthead, and you too!" says I. "If he comes crow-hopping on my reservation, I'll kick his pantalettes on top of his scalp-lock."

"All right, pardner!" says he. "It's your own funeral. My orders was to halt every one going through; but I ain't a whole company, so you can have it your way. Only, if your friends have to take you home in a coal-scuttle, don't blame me. Pass, friend!"

So I went through the officers' quarters forty miles an hour, letting out a string of yells you might have heard to the coast, just to show my respect for the United States army.

Now this has always been my luck: Whenever I make a band-wagon play, somebody's sure to strike me for my license. Or else the team goes into the ditch a mile further on, and I come out about as happy as a small yaller dog at a bob-cat's caucus.

Some fellers can run in a rhinecaboo that 'ud make the hair stand up on a buffeler robe, and get away with it just like a mice; but that ain't me. If I sing a little mite too high in the cellar, down comes the roof a-top of me. So it was this day. Old Johnny Hardluck socked it to me, same as usual.



Gosh a'mighty! The liquor died in me after a while, and I went sound asleep in the saddle, and woke up with a jar—to find myself right in the middle of old Frosthead's gang; the drums "*boom*-blipping," and those forty-odd red tigers "hyah-hayahing" in a style that made my skin get up and walk all over me with cold feet.

How in blazes I'd managed to slip through those Injuns I don't know. 'Twould have been a wonderful piece of scouting if I'd meant it. You can 'most always do any darn thing you don't want to do. Well, there I was, and, oh Doctor! but wasn't I in a lovely mess! That war-song put a crimp into me that Jack Frost himself couldn't take out.

It was as dark as dark by this time. The moon just stuck one eye over the edge of the prairie, and the rest of the sky was covered with cloud. A little light came from the Injuns' campfire, but not enough to ride by, and, besides, I didn't know which way I ought to go.

Says I to myself, "Billy Sanders, you are the champion all-around, old-fashioned fool of the district. You are a jackass from the country where ears less'n three foot long are curiosities. You sassed that poor swatty that wanted to keep you out of this, tooting your bazoo like a man peddling soap; but now it's up to you. What are you going to do about it?"—and I didn't get any answer, neither.

Well, it was no use asking myself conundrums out there in the dark when time was so scarce. So I wraps my hankercher around Laddy's nose to keep him from talking horse to the Injun ponies, and prepared to sneak to where I'd rather be.

Laddy was the quickest thing on legs in that part of the country—out of a mighty

spry little Pinto mare by our thoroughbred Kentucky horse—and I knew if I could get to the open them Injuns wouldn't have much of a chance to take out my stopper and examine my works—not much. A half-mile start, and I could show the whole Sioux nation how I wore my back hair.

I cut for the place where the Injuns seemed thinnest, lifting myself up till I didn't weigh fifteen pound, and breathing only when necessary. We got along first-rate until we reached the edge of 'em, and then Laddy had to stick his foot in a gopher-hole, and walloped around there like a whale trying to climb a tree.

Some darn cuss of an Injun threw a handful of hay on the fire, and, as it blazed up, the whole gang spotted me.

I unlimbered my gun, sent the irons into Laddy, and we began to walk.

I didn't like to make for the ranch, as I knew the boys were short-handed, so I pointed north, praying to the good Lord that I'd hit some kind of settlement before I struck the North Pole.

Well, we left those Injuns so far behind that there wasn't any fun in it. I slacked up, patting myself on the back; and, as the trouble seemed all over, I was just about to turn for the ranch, when I heard horses galloping, and as the moon came out a little I saw a whole raft of redskins a-boiling up a draw not half a mile away. That knocked me slab-sided. It looked like I got the wrong ticket every time the wheel turned.

I whooped it up again, swearing I wouldn't stop this deal short of a dead sure thing. We flew through space—Laddy pushing a hole in the air like a scart kiyote making for home and mother.

A ways down the valley I spotted a little shack sitting all alone by itself out in the moonlight. I headed for it, hollering murder.

A man came to the door in his underrigging.

"Hi, there! What's eating you?" he yells.

"Injuns coming, pardner! The country's just oozing Injuns! Better get a wiggle on you!"

"All right—slide along, I'll ketch up to you," says he.

I looked back and saw him hustling out with his saddle on his arm. "He's a particular kind of cuss," I thought; "bareback would suit most people."

Taking it a little easier for the next couple of miles, I gave him a chance to pull up.

We pounded along without saying anything for a spell, when I happened to notice that his teeth were chattering.

"Keep your nerve up, pardner!" says I. "Don't you get scared—we've got a good start on 'em."

He looked at me kind of reproachful.

"Scared be derned!" says he. "I reckon if you was riding around this nice cool night in your drawers, *your* teeth 'ud rattle some, too."

I took a look at him, and saw, sure enough, while he had hat, coat, and boots on, the pants was missing. Well, if it had been the last act, I'd have had to laugh.

"Couldn't find 'em nohow," says he; "hunted high and low, jick, Jack, and the game—just comes to my mind now that I had 'em rolled up and was sleeping on 'em. I don't like to go around this way—I feel as if I was two men, and one of 'em hardly respectable."

"Did you bring a gun with you?"

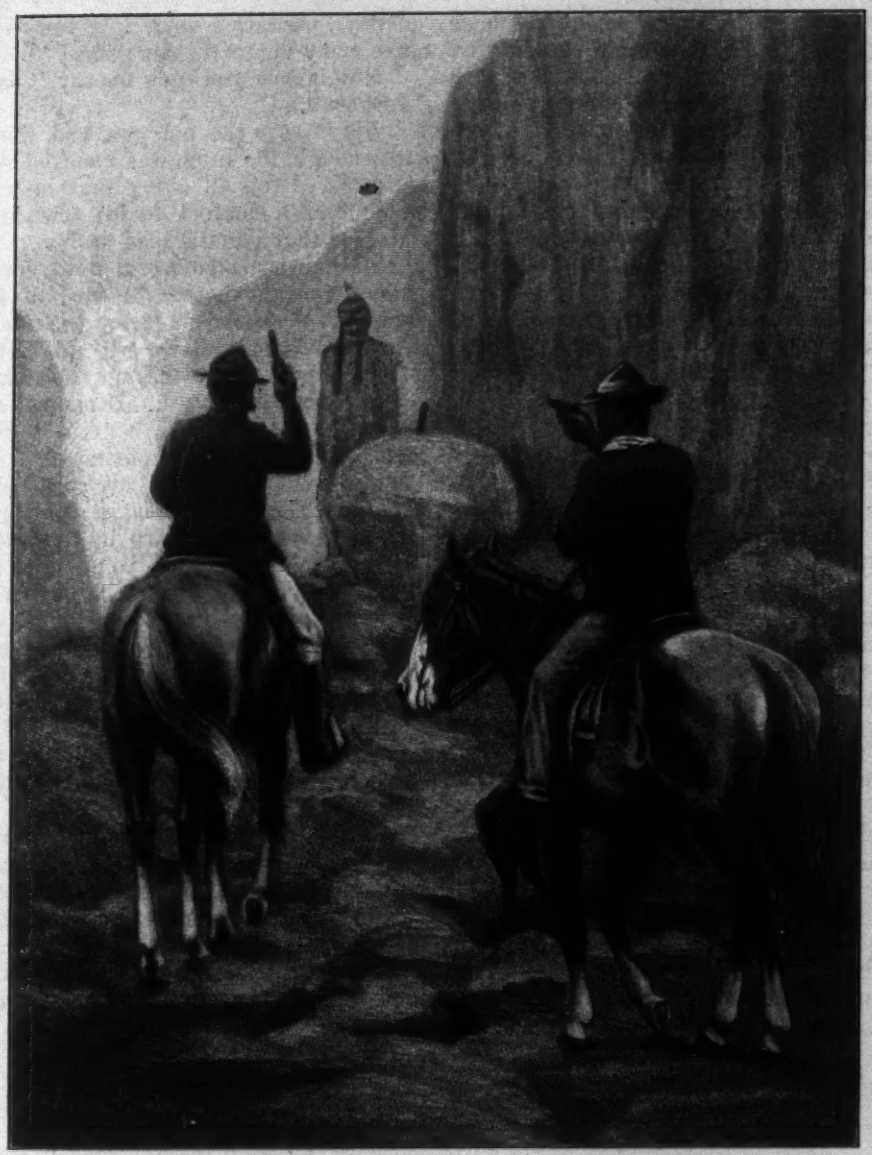
He gave me another stare. "Why, pardner, you must think I've got a light and frivolous disposition," says he, and with that he heaves up the great-grand-uncle of all the six-shooters I ever did see. It made my forty-five-long look like something for a kid to cut its teeth on. "That's the best gun in this country," he went on.

"Looks as if it might be," says I. "Has the foundry that cast it gone out of business? I'd like to have one like it, if it's as dangerous as it looks."

"When I have any trouble with a man," says he, "I don't want to go pecking at him with a putty-blower, just irritating him, and giving him a little skin complaint here and there; I want something that'll touch his conscience."

He had it, for a broadside from that battery would scatter an elephant over a township.

We loped along quiet and easy until sun-up. The Grindstone Buttes lay about a mile ahead of us. Looking back, we saw the



"THE INJUN STOOD UP STRAIGHT AND TALL, AND LOOKED US SQUARE IN THE EYE."

Injuns coming over a rise of ground 'way in the distance.

"Now," says my friend, "I know a short cut through those hills that'll bring us out at Johnson's. They've got enough punchers there to do the United States army up—starched and blued. Shall we take it?"

"Sure!" says I. "I'm only wandering around this part of the country because this part of the country is here—if it was anywheres else I'd be just as glad."

So in we went. It was the steepest and narrowest kind of cañon, looking as if it had been cut out of the rock with one crack of the axe. I was just thinking: "Gee whiz! but this would be a poor place to get snagged in," when bang! says a rifle right in front of us, and m-e-arr! goes the bullet over our heads.

We were off them horses and behind a couple of chunks of rock sooner than we hoped for, and that's saying a good deal.

"Cussed poor shot, whoever he is," says my friend. "Some Injun holding us here till the rest come up, I presume."

"That's about the size of it—and I'd like to make you a bet that he does it, too, if I thought I'd have a chance to collect."

"Oh, you can't always tell—you might lose your money," says he, kind of thoughtful.

"I wouldn't mind that half as much as winning," says I. "But on the square, do you think we can get out? I'll jump him with you if you say so, although I ain't got what you might call a passion for suicide."

"Now you hold on a bit," says he. "I don't know but what we'd have done better to stick to the horses, and run for it, but it's too late to think of that. Jumping him is all foolishness; he'd sit behind his little rock and pump lead into us till we wouldn't float in brine—and we can't back out now."

He talked so calm it made me kind of mad. "Well," says I, "in that case, let's play 'Simon says thumbs up' till the rest of the crowd comes."

"There you go!" says he. "Just like all young fellers—gettin' hosstyle right away if you don't fall in with their plans. Now, Sonny, you keep your temper, and watch me play cushion carroms with our friend there."

"Meaning how?"

"You see that block of stone just this side of him with the square face towards us? Well, he's only covered in front, and I'm a-going to shoot against that face and ketch him on the glance."

"Great, if you could work it!" says I. "But Lord!"

"Well, watch!" says he. Then he squinched down behind his cover, so as not to give the Injun an opening, trained his cannon and pulled the trigger. The old gun opened her mouth and roared like an earthquake, but I didn't see any dead Injun. Then twice more she spit fire, and still there weren't any desirable corpses to be had.

"Say, pardner," says I, "you wouldn't make many cigars at this game!"

"Now, don't you get oneasy," says he. "Just watch!"

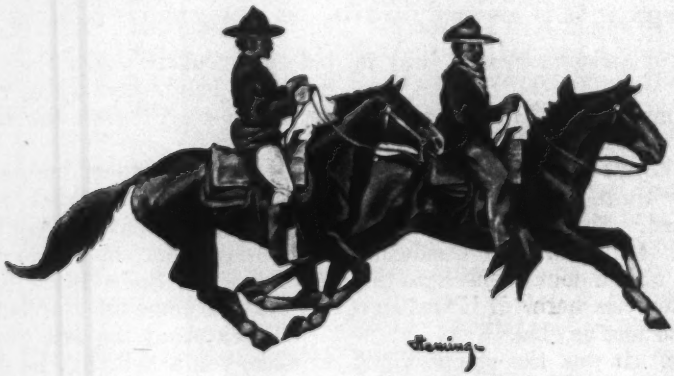
"*Biff!*" says the old gun, and this time, sure enough, the Injun was knocked clear off the rock. I felt all along that he wouldn't be much of a comfort to his friends afterwards, if that gun did land on him.

Still, he wasn't so awful dead, for as we jumped for the horses he kind of hitched himself to the rock, and laying the rifle across it, and working the lever with his left hand, he sent a hole plumb through my hat.

"Bully boy!" says I. I snapped at him, and smashed the lock of his rifle to flinders. Then, of course, he was our meat.

As we rode up to him, my pard held dead on him. The Injun stood up straight and tall, and looked us square in the eye—say, he was a man, I tell you, red-skin or no red-skin. The courage just stuck out on him as he stood there, waiting to pass in his checks.

My pardner threw the muzzle of his gun up. "D—n it!" says he, "I can't do it—he's game from the heart out! But the Lord have mercy on his sinful soul if he and I run foul of each other on the prairie again!"

Then we shacked along down to Johnson's and had breakfast.

"What became of Frosthead and his gang?" Oh, they sent out a regiment or two, and gathered him in—'bout twenty-five soldiers to an Injun. No, no harm was done. Me and my pard were the only ones that bucked up against them. Chuck out a cigarette, Kid; my lungs ache for want of a smoke.